AUGUST

REDBOOK MAGAZINE

25 CENTS

Beginning **The $10,000 Prize Novel** *by* **HARLOW ESTES**

"A Lonely, Lovely Lady"

A Complete Book-Length Novel — by **RUFUS KING**

AVERAGE PAID CIRCULATION MORE THAN 1,200,000

6 YEARS OLD
4 YEARS OLD
11 YEARS OLD
4 YEARS OLD
5 YEARS OLD
Rich Body
Distinctive Character
Delicate Aroma
Luxurious Flavor
Stimulating Tang
FINCH
Golden Wedding
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
FIVE GREAT WHISKIES Wedded INTO Golden Wedding
A sip of any one of these whiskies would be delightful. For, as you see, they are aged 4 to 11 years, and each is noted for one very desirable, outstanding quality. But, in tasting each *separately*, you'd miss the contribution of the other four.
No *one* whiskey has the full-rounded taste of *Golden Wedding*—which is Five Great Whiskies Skillfully "Wedded" into One! Tonight...serve *Golden Wedding* at home.
"HAS HAD NO PEERS FOR 50 YEARS"

A Blend of Straight Whiskies—90 Proof. As you prefer—in Bourbon or Rye. The straight whiskies in *Golden Wedding* are 4 years or more old. 11%, one straight whiskey 5 years old. 2%, one straight whiskey 6 years old. 1%, one straight whiskey 11 years old. 86%. two straight whiskies 4 years old. Copyright 1940, Jos. S. Finch & Company, Incorporated, Schenley, Pennsylvania.

"You may be on the Honor List—but I know enough not to fool with 'Pink Tooth Brush'!"

Guard your precious smile! Let **IPANA AND MASSAGE** *help make your gums healthier, your teeth brighter.*

"*SURE you're smart, Ida, the smartest girl I know! But you'd never make the Honor List when it comes to the care of your teeth and gums!*

"*Oh, yes—you brush your teeth regularly. But you never think that gums as well as teeth need constant care.*

"*Maybe that tinge of 'pink' doesn't mean you're in for trouble. Perhaps it's just a sign that your gums have grown soft, tender.*

"*But 'pink tooth brush' is a warning all the same. And if you're really smart, you'll see your dentist right away. And whatever he tells you to do—do it!*"

* * *

And that's good, sound advice for you, too! For the sake of your teeth, your gums and your smile...don't take chances with "pink tooth brush"! *See your dentist!*

He may tell you that your gums, denied vigorous chewing by today's soft, creamy foods, have become tender, flabby—that they need more exercise. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

A Sensible Way to Brighter Teeth

Ipana is designed to do more than clean teeth. For Ipana, with massage, gives your gums the stimulation they often need. When you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang" you feel is exclusive with Ipana and massage. It means that gum circulation is being speeded up—helping them to become firmer, healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana today! Let Ipana and massage help you to firmer gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier smile!

TRY THE NEW D.D TOOTH BRUSH
Designed to clean teeth more thoroughly and massage gums more efficiently because of the scientific twist in the handle.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

NIGHT DRIVING WAS DRIVING ME CRAZY!

...till I tripled the light on my old car this easy way!

THE strain of night driving was wearing me to a frazzle. Then I heard about the new auxiliary road lights—with two new G-E MAZDA lamps that work automatically with present headlights to triple old lighting (after cleaning old lenses and reflectors).

Here's how they look. The G-E MAZDA "Driving Lamp" lights up the whole road. When meeting other cars I switch to the "Passing" beam which directs light far down the right side of the road.

THE EXPLANATION is the hermetically sealed G-E "All-Glass" construction. No inner bulb. No dirt or moisture can seep in to dim reflectors and cut down light.

GLASS REFLECTOR FUSED TO LENS...NO DIRT OR MOISTURE CAN SEEP IN
FIXED FOCUS... ONE 30 WATT FILAMENT
MIRROR-LIKE REFLECTING SURFACE OF VAPORIZED ALUMINUM

FOR BEST RESULTS be sure to get a "Glaseal" System that includes: two "All-Glass" G-E MAZDA Lamps, proper wiring and dash switch and relays if necessary.

Approved for use in most states. Ask your dealer.

NEW G-E MAZDA
DRIVING AND PASSING LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

AUGUST VOL. 75

REDBOOK MAGAZINE

1940 No. 4

EDWIN BALMER, *Editor*
Associate Editors, DONALD KENNICOTT *and* VOLDEMAR VETLUGUIN
SID L. HYDEMAN, *Art Editor*

REDBOOK'S NOVEL OF THE MONTH

A Lonely, Lovely Lady — *Rufus King* — 127
COMPLETE—BOOK-LENGTH—50,000 WORDS

REDBOOK'S NOVELETTE OF THE MONTH

The Touch of a Stranger — *Whitfield Cook* — 20

REDBOOK'S ENCORE OF THE MONTH

How It Happened the Last Time — *Former Crown Prince of Germany* — 36
Reprinted by Special Arrangement with Charles Scribner's Sons

THREE SERIALS

Hildreth—Her Story (Part I) — *Harlow Estes* — 14
A Man without a Past (Part IV) — *William E. Barrett* — 46
Whiteoak Heritage (Part V) — *Mazo de la Roche* — 54

SIX SHORT STORIES

"The Gestapo Is Always Right" — *Franz Hoellering* — 24
Reward — *Parke Cummings* — 29
The Right to Wrangle — *Frank R. Adams* — 30
Lonesome — *Putnam Fennell Jones* — 34
That Other Heartbreaking Miracle — *Kathleen Coyle* — 38
Everything Will Be All Right — *Pauline Partridge* — 50

THREE ARTICLES

The Third Horseman of the Apocalypse — *Hendrik Willem Van Loon* — 13
"Today Europe, Tomorrow the Whole World!" (Part I) — *Pierre van Paassen* — 18
Prelude to a Tyrant (Conclusion) — *Pierre van Paassen* — 58

TEN SPECIAL FEATURES

News about Redbook — 4
Our Readers Speak — 6
The Coming of the Day — *Phyllis McGinley* — 9
Redbook's Picture of the Month — *Douglas W. Churchill* — 10
A Broadway Miracle — 12
Redbook's Records of the Month — *Deems Taylor* — 28
Around the Clock with America's Ace Jockey — 42
Our Prize-winning Snapshots of the Month — 44
Book Suggestions for August — *Harry Hansen* — 60
The Rules of our New Photographic Contest — 158

DEPARTMENTS

The Waterfinder — *Angelo Patri* — 116
Redbook's Camp and School Department — 116

Cover: Natural-color photograph by Paul Hesse
Posed by Miss Eugenia Falkenburg — Taken at Arrowhead Springs, Calif.
Bathing suit by Mabs of Hollywood
Accessories by I. Magnin

The short stories, serials, novel and novelette herein are fiction and intended as such. They do not refer to real characters or actual events. If the name of any living person is used, it is a coincidence

REDBOOK MAGAZINE is published monthly by McCall Corporation, William B. Warner, President; Marvin Pierce and Malcolm MacHarg, Vice Presidents; Francis Hutter, Secretary; J. D. Hartman, Treasurer. Publication and Subscription Offices: McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio. Executive and Editorial Offices: 230 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. MANUSCRIPTS and ART MATERIAL will be carefully considered but will be received only with the understanding that the publisher and editors shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto. TRUTH IN ADVERTISING: Redbook Magazine will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms. SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION: $2.50 for one year, $4.00 for two years, $6.00 for three years. Nothing extra in Canada; add $1.00 per year for other countries. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions to our Publication Office, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio. IF YOU PLAN TO MOVE SOON please notify us four weeks in advance, because subscription lists are addressed in advance of publication date. When sending notice of change of address give old address as well as new, preferably clipping name and address from last copy received.

AUGUST ISSUE, 1940. VOL. LXXV, No. 4. copyrighted 1940 by McCall Corporation. All rights reserved in the United States, Great Britain and in all countries participating in the Pan American Copyright Convention and the International Copyright Union. Reprinting not permitted except by special authorization.

Entered as second class matter July 14, 1930, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under the act of March 3rd, 1879. Printed in U. S. A.

The Redbook Camp and School Directory will be found on pages 116 through 125

Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds—

Shakespeare

HOW could she have overlooked it all these years? . . . that accusing phrase of Shakespeare's underlined in Jim's own handwriting, in a book of sonnets he had given her just before he broke their engagement. Alongside, in the margin, dimmed by age, he had penciled another hint—"Do you ever read the Listerine ads?" Now, too late, she realized why Jim had dropped her . . . and why, getting along in the late thirties, she would probably be single and terribly alone, unless she did something about it.*

* * *

Nothing parts people so quickly as a case of *halitosis (bad breath). Sometimes it is due to systemic conditions, but usually and fortunately, it is caused, say some authorities, by fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine quickly halts such fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes.

Are you guilty?

The insidious thing about it is that you yourself seldom realize its presence—and consequently may often offend unconsciously. So why take chances unnecessarily? Why not take the delightful precaution against this common type of bad breath, that so many nice people employ?

Let others like you

Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine morning and night, and between times before social and business engagements. This pleasant, stimulating antiseptic immediately gets after fermentation, and your breath becomes sweeter, more agreeable, less likely to offend.

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic regularly, it may pay rich dividends in friendships and popularity.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S

LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Among the sixty thousand communications that we receive monthly, there was one which said we ought to tell more about the films we mention. True and just comment, in our opinion, but our alibi is the limitation of space. Of course, you could point out that this very paragraph might be eliminated.

And since we're going to speak of "Pride and Prejudice", we think maybe the correspondent was right. After all there is much that can be said about this newest production from the world's No. 1 cinema workshop.

★ ★ ★ ★

The Jane Austen novel has been adapted to the screen by that brilliant contemporary author, Aldous Huxley, working in collaboration with the experienced screen writer, Jane Murfin.

★ ★ ★ ★

It was produced by Hunt Stromberg, who has a long record of achievement, and directed by Robert Z. Leonard—who also has one.

M-G-M not only utilized the intrinsic quality of an outstanding work known to all who care about reading, but also bought the screen rights to the play by Helen Jerome, which ran on Broadway from November, 1935, to May, 1936.

★ ★ ★ ★

The casting was most fortunate. GREER GARSON *adds to her stature of "Goodbye Mr. Chips";*

and LAURENCE OLIVIER *actually is better than he was in "Rebecca".*

★ ★ ★ ★

But there are others that should be mentioned: Mary Boland for one, Edna May Oliver for two, Maureen O'Sullivan for three, Ann Rutherford for four, and Frieda Inescort for five.

★ ★ ★ ★

The social-climbing Mrs. Bennet and her five "little women" will bustle into your shadow world bringing with them rippling laughter and wistful romance.

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents "Pride and Prejudice" with pride. Those who have seen it have a prejudice in its favor.

★ ★

Until next month in the same place.

—*Leo*

Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

Miss Eugenia Falkenburg makes her second appearance on the cover of REDBOOK. Our February, 1940, issue presented her as a follower of winter sports. Now we see her in a bathing-suit. A resident of Los Angeles, she can both ski and swim almost any month of the year. This particular cover was taken in Arrowhead Springs. It was seventy-five in the shade there that morning; and yet but a few hours away, men, women and children were skiing in snow-covered mountains.

NEWS ABOUT REDBOOK

AT this time of the year it is our custom to take a long look backward, and another long look forward; then tell our readers what happened to some of the novels we published in the first seven months of the year, and what novels we will publish between now and the new year.

"Villa on the Hill," by W. Somerset Maugham, which we serialized in our February, March and April issues, will be made into a motion picture by Warner Brothers, with either Merle Oberon or Miriam Hopkins playing the part of Mr. Maugham's heroine.

"High Sierra," by W. R. Burnett (brought out in book-form by Alfred A. Knopf), will be made into a motion picture by Warner Brothers, with Paul Muni playing the part of the paroled convict.

"Whiteoak Heritage," by Mazo de la Roche (the fifth installment of which appears in our current issue), will be brought out in book-form by Little, Brown and Company early in the fall. Considering the size of Mazo de la Roche's audience, it is entirely safe to predict that "Whiteoak Heritage" will become an even bigger best-seller than its predecessor, "Whiteoak Harvest." "Prelude to a Tyrant," by Pierre van Paassen (the last installment of which is in this issue), is at present the subject of lively bidding between several publishing houses.

"The Morning Is Near Us," by Susan Glaspell (our December, 1939, complete novel), and "Portrait of Jennie," by Robert Nathan (one of our 1939 serials), are still very much in evidence on the list of national best-sellers. Miss Glaspell's book was a Literary Guild selection; and Mr. Nathan's book, according to his publishers, outsold any of his previous novels.

So much for the past. Now as to the future. We will fire two of our biggest guns in our next issue. It will contain the first installment of "Fame Is the Spur," by Howard Spring (the author of "My Son, My Son!") and it will offer to our readers a 50,000-word condensed version of "The Fire and the Wood," by R. C. Hutchinson. Mr. Spring's book will be published by Viking Press in the fall, while Mr. Hutchinson's book will be brought out early in September by Farrar and Rinehart. It is our sincere belief that "Fame Is the Spur" will be read by more people than any other novel published since "Gone with the Wind," and that "The Fire and the Wood" will appear for many a month on the list of national best-sellers.

NOW a word as to the current issue. Do not fail to read "Today Europe, Tomorrow the Whole World!" the first of a series of articles by Pierre van Paassen dealing with the most fantastic and yet fully-worked-out plan of the Nazi designs on the United States.

●

OUR AUGUST CREDITS

"Hildreth—Her Story," by Harlow Estes, illustrated by Frank Bensing: dress by Omar Kiam and hat by Lilly Daché. "Everything Will Be All Right," by Pauline Partridge, illustrated by Elmore Brown: hat by Lilly Daché. "The Right to Wrangle," by Frank R. Adams, illustrated by Alan Foster: bed-jacket by Carol, suit by Germaine Montiel, and hat by Lilly Daché. "Lonesome," by Putnam Fennell Jones, illustrated by William Reusswig: suit by Joseph Whitehead and hat by Lilly Daché.

It's really a treat for a baby's relatives to hear his mother say, "Dear—dear! I just can't get him to eat his vegetables!"

At this signal, they're off, each with a screamingly good trick, guaranteed to charm a baby into eating. Usual upshot: a tantrum.

And it's so unnecessary—*you don't need tricks if he likes the taste!* Try him on the flavors and textures that have made a hit with so many babies—try him on Clapp's! Watch him eat when he gets food that he likes!

Dodge those family pow-wows . . .
BABIES TAKE TO CLAPP'S!

Get your baby's advisory council to make a taste test—they'll soon find out why babies like Clapp's so well. Vegetables are more pleasant to *anybody's* taste when they're canned at the peak of freshness and lightly salted according to doctors' directions.

And with Clapp's rich flavor goes a growth-producing supply of vitamins and minerals, too.

Yes, and it's the feel as well as the taste! Clapp's Strained Foods feel smooth—though not liquid. Clapp's Chopped Foods are uniformly cut.

For 19 years, Clapp's have been getting tips from doctors and mothers . . . you learn a lot in 19 years! Clapp's were first to make both Strained and Chopped Foods commercially, and they make nothing *but* baby foods.

17 Strained Foods for Babies

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Vegetables with Beef • **Vegetables**—Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans Mixed Greens • **Fruits**—Apricots • Prunes Applesauce • Pears-and-Peaches • **Cereal**—Baby Cereal.

12 Chopped Foods for Toddlers

Soup—Vegetable Soup • **Combination Dinners**—Vegetables with Beef • Vegetables with Lamb • Vegetables with Liver • **Vegetables**—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • **Fruits**—Applesauce Prunes • **Dessert**—Pineapple Rice Dessert with Raisins.

Clapp's Baby Foods

OKAYED BY DOCTORS AND BABIES

OUR READERS Speak

EACH month we will publish not less than ten letters from our readers, and will pay ten dollars for each one published. Address all letters to Editor of Letters, Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Keep your letters within one hundred words. No letters will be returned, and all of them will become property of McCall Corporation.

"If It Is True—"

Dear Sir:

In "A Suitable Partner" Franz Hoellering paints a horrible picture of Young Germany. If it is true, the author has given the world something to challenge the thought of every civilized human being.

It seems incredible to give a pleasant lad of twenty, still a child in most ways, authority to order his parents about like slaves and to debase his own adoring younger sister to the level of a brood-mare, as soon as she is biologically able to bear children for the New Reich.

Tell us, REDBOOK, that the picture he has presented is not true.

Phil Dare,
Knoxville, Tenn.

"I See It Plainly Now"

Dear Sir:

When I finished reading "A Suitable Partner," I had the odd feeling of having been insulted, beaten. Of course, I'd read articles, factual treatises, which catalogued figures and told of the Hitler way—but somehow all seemed a matter of pretense. But this story had the simple yet adroit means of stripping fact from fancy, leaving a family caught in this mesh of fact. I see it all plainly enough now.

Mrs. E. Hibbitts,
Portsmouth, Ohio.

"An Insult to Mazo de la Roche"

Dear Sir:

In your May issue you inform us readers that we are to have a series of stories by Franz Hoellering. The idea of you printing a story like his in the same issue as that masterpiece "Whiteoak Heritage" is an insult to Mazo de la Roche.

As a writer Miss de la Roche is tops, while Mr. Hoellering is— Oh, well, let's skip it.

Edna Finch,
Long Beach, California.

"A Hero Who Can Keep a Tune"

Dear Sir:

Will you inform a wondering reader why, in every modern story in which a hero sings, it has to be off-key? Is there any vital objection to a man having a decent sense of tune? Always, always, always the modern story-book man sings in his shower, or hums at his work, "slightly off-key." For Pete's sake, give us a hero who can keep a tune. He need not necessarily be a long-haired dreamer. Good voices are just as often bestowed on he-men as on sissies. A man who can sing is a glorious thing.

Abby Townsend,
Fort Myers, Florida.

Westerners are "Selective"

Dear Sir:

Out here in a copper-mining town, men who literally dig a living out of the rocky earth like to relax with a good magazine when they come "off shift," even as do their white-collared Eastern brethren. And contrary to popular opinion, most Westerners are not only literate; they are selective in their choice of reading matter. They want to read about real people, not vanilla-flavored imitations. So they read REDBOOK, because it offers a convincing cross-section of life's contradictions and weaknesses and underlying sincerity.

D. M. Johnson,
Superior, Arizona.

"Dear Ferdinand—"

Dear Sir:

Contributions to this column should be addressed, "Dear Ferdinand," as you all certainly love to smell flowers.

Of course, you are proud of the illuminating articles, the scintillating stories, the never-stale make-up and variety which is REDBOOK—but do you have to be so vain?

Think of the hours wasted by readers hunting new ways of saying, "You're wonderful," that won't sound too fishy.

Ira C. Ellis,
Hannibal, Missouri.

Vi'let

Dear Sir:

Give us more of *Vi'let*, "An Evacuated Child." Bring us down to the realism of a troubled world as portrayed by Howard Spring. I, for one, am tired of the weak-kneed, neurotic heroines and their alleged sophistication so popular with many writers.

Although the story of *Vi'let* appeared in the February REDBOOK, she stands vividly before me every time the headlines scream of bombings over England. *Vi'let* is too big for a short story—she is best-seller material.

R. J. Swanson,
Red Wing, Minnesota.

Our Covers

Dear Sir:

I am a checker. Twice a week for a wholesale news-agency, I count them over one by one on each dealer's stand in fifty miles of territory—those on-sale magazines. If I find too many of any book, I recover: if too few, I resupply. Because of the distinctive cover REDBOOK is easily spotted on a rack: the void of its absence is a warning. In a year I count hundreds of thousands of copies from the list of American periodicals, until my eyes are weary of garish covers; yet not of REDBOOK.

Randall Davenport,
Glens Falls, New York.

Mr. Tunis Takes a Bow

Dear Sir:

May I take this opportunity to say that the noise you hear in the distance isn't thunder. It is only the resounding echoes of a round-table family discussion on the articles "What College? And Why?" by John R. Tunis. I can truly say that these articles alone have caused more study, activity and upheaval in my family than any other one thing that has occurred since Hitler took his European stand.

My husband has been discussing these articles in class with his students and has aroused a good deal of interest and lively comment. I sold my husband REDBOOK on the strength of these articles alone.

(Mrs.) Muriel B. Stanley,
Oneida, Tennessee.

Our Quizless Policy?

Dear Sir:

I may pout at your articles and frown at your fiction, but I've nothing but praise for REDBOOK's quizless policy. I am delighted to find one magazine still free of the "Information, Please" type of test.

America is rapidly becoming cluttered with bits of unassimilated knowledge. Periodicals are full of foolish little exams. Radios shout about "Termagant and Ptarmigan," "Caracul and Caricole," "Oriel and Oriole." Subways are plastered with stray geographical and zoological information.

I'm sick of either feeling like a ninny or cramming my mind with silly *stuff*.

Betty Shriberg,
Mattapan, Massachusetts.

Laugh—and Like

Dear Sir:

I like "Princess of the First Part," by Eric Hatch.

Give us more stories like that—of people with whom we can laugh, though we do not agree with them, and whom we can love, though their faults are glaringly apparent.

Emile O. Kaserman,
Winchester, Tenn.

Lovely Brides Thrilled by this Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps!

Mrs. J. H. Richardson, Alameda, Cal. "New Camay is so amazingly mild!" says Mrs. Richardson. "My skin is rather delicate—but new Camay is so gentle that it actually seems to soothe as it cleanses!"

Camay now Milder than other Leading Beauty Soaps!

EVERYWHERE women are talking about this wonderful new Camay... finding in new Camay the beauty soap to help them in their search for greater loveliness!

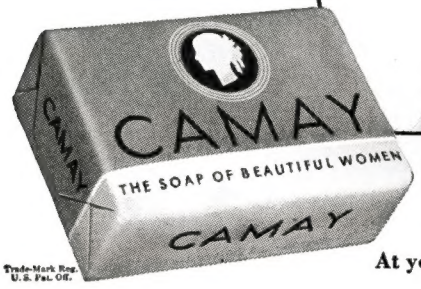
And no wonder—for tests against six of the best-selling beauty soaps we could find proved that new Camay was milder than any of them... gave more abundant lather in a short time.

If, like many beautiful women, you have a skin that seems rather sensitive try this wonderful new Camay... see for yourself how much its extra mildness... its more gentle, thorough cleansing... can help you in your search for a lovelier skin!

Mrs. G. Anderton Burke, Alexandria, Va. "To women who take extra care with their skin as I do its amazing mildness is a tremendous help," writes Mrs. Burke. "And that enchanting new fragrance is so wonderful, too."

"I don't know what delighted me most about new Camay—that lovely new fragrance or its wonderful mildness. Every woman who has sensitive skin ought to try Camay!"

Mrs. A. H. Sherin, Jr., Schenectady, N. Y.



Trade-Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

The Beauty News of 1940 is the New Camay!

At your dealer's now—no change in wrapper.

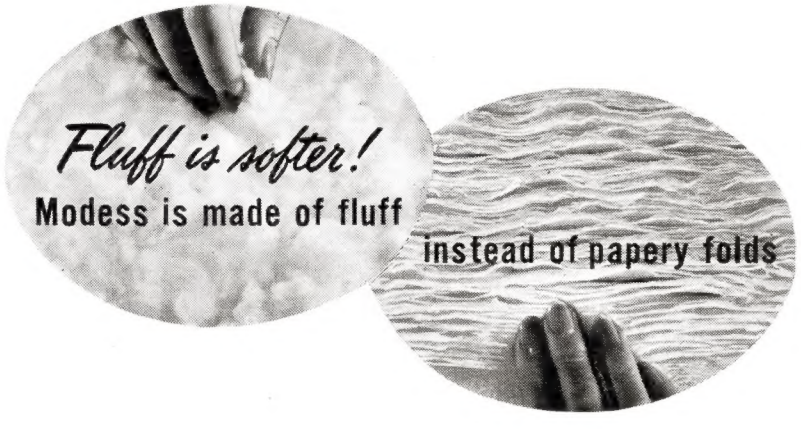
The lady in blue was a mystery...

She was a dream of loveliness in clouds of blue chiffon. Music below—the captain's ball—and yet she stood alone at the rail. Then she sighed—and because I'm the cruise nurse, I asked her what was wrong. The poor thing was having one of her "difficult days." She felt so chafed she didn't dare dance, So . . .

I sped her to the ship's hospital and reached for my box of Miracle Modess. "Feel this, and stop your sighing," I told her as I snipped into a pad and showed her the soft, downy filler. "Modess is made of fluff—not papery folds. Fluff so wonderfully soft it brings glorious new comfort!" Well . . .

The lady in blue went to the ball—and danced every dance till the last "good night" waltz. This morning I got a tiny gift package and a note: "This perfume is a gift from the lady in blue, to thank you for a very happy evening! I'll never forget this cruise—thanks to you and Miracle Modess."

Cut a "layer-type" napkin—then cut a Modess pad. Feel the difference! Modess is made of fluff—not close-packed papery folds. Soft, gentle fluff . . . a miracle of comfort! And thanks to "moisture-zoning," Modess *stays* softer!



Press the fluff in a Modess pad—see how it yields. That's why Modess moulds to the body so smoothly without bulk or bunching . . . why it stays flat where you want flatness! Modess' moisture-resistant backing makes it safer, too!

Get curious! Get comfortable! Get the New Miracle Modess!

THE COMING OF THE DAY

Too long the Stars of Hollywood
A static galaxy have stood,
And twinkled brightly from their stations
In fixed, unchanging constellations.

But now a new, a shining ray
Heralds the coming of the Day.
Quick, train your glasses on the skies.
A star is rising. Watch it rise!

—*Phyllis McGinley*

SOME six months ago Douglas W. Churchill, who selects REDBOOK's Picture of the Month, and who is thoroughly immune to the superlatives hurled by Hollywood's press-agents, walked into a projection-room on the United Artists' lot and saw what the others were destined to see several months later. Mr. Churchill saw the uncut version of "My Son, My Son!" a picture based on Howard Spring's novel. He admired the picture, praised its producer and director; but what moved him was the performance given by a young girl called Laraine Day. *(Please turn to page 97)*

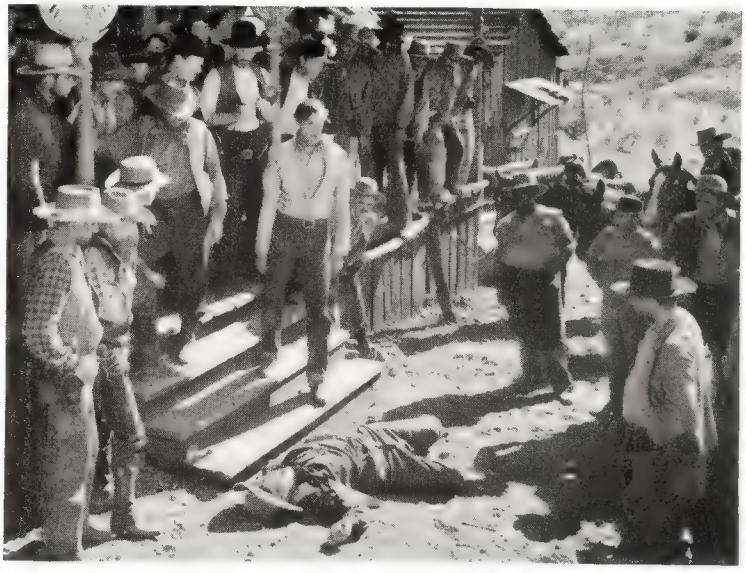
The Westerner

"The Westerner," starring Gary Cooper and featuring Walter Brennan, Fred Stone and Doris Davenport, was produced by Samuel Goldwyn and directed by William Wyler.

IN the face of world tragedy and summer heat, Hollywood has laid a cool and soothing hand on the brow of the customer. This, the cinema reasons, is no time for social significance; this is no time to try and be provocative and intellectual.

If there was ever a period when escapist drama, for which the screen has been condemned, was needed, it is the summer of 1940.

And so Hollywood has assumed its place in world affairs and is trying valiantly to spread the philosophy of life, love and laughter.



With a series of excellent films, the thought-content of which is negligible, the screen this month is affording several hours of diversion through sheer entertainment, adventure and humor. If the pounding of guns can be drowned by laughter, Hollywood is determined to do it. If attention can be diverted for a moment from a real and somber life, all the sins of the screen can be forgiven, if not forgotten.

Number One picture of the month is "The Westerner." Across the plains of Texas, ever alert to avenge injustice and aid the weak, rides Gary Cooper in a rootin', tootin' melodrama of the sagebrush. With that courage and virtue with which all men—except blackguards named Pedro—in the great open spaces were endowed, you expect Mr. Cooper at any moment to growl, with a steely glint in his eye: "Unhand that gal, yuh cur!"

There is killin' and feudin' all over the place. To avert unnecessary suspense, it may be disclosed without breach of confidence that Mr. Cooper is quicker on the draw and surer of shot than any of the varmints that infest the territory around Vinegarroon, Texas. Being blessed with such skill, he uses it to fight oppression and rescue beauty in distress.

THE yarn is rather loosely based upon Stuart Lake's tales of *Judge Roy Bean,* famous as the Law west of the Pecos, who so admired Lily Langtry that he named his settlement after the actress. And if any man spoke of the Jersey Lily in any except the most reverent terms, *Judge Bean* first filled him full of lead and then hanged him. It might be said in passing that, outwardly at least, everyone in the neighborhood of Vinegarroon shared *Judge Bean's* respect and love.

Using Lake's stories as a spring-board, Jo Swerling and Niven Busch jumped into the middle of the old West in behalf of Samuel Goldwyn, who produced the film. They wrote of *Cole Harden,* a mysterious stranger portrayed by Cooper, who, like the Lone Ranger, came out of nowhere but was definitely faced with a destination when he was convicted of horse-stealing in *Bean's* court. Also like the Lone Ranger, *Cole* was a man of resources, and divining the Judge's worship of the Jersey Lily, he not only told *Bean* he was her friend, but that he possessed a lock of her hair. Unable to produce it before hanging-time because he had thoughtlessly left it in El Paso, he was given a reprieve until he could get it and present it to the Judge.

Into this drama came *Jane Ellen Mathews* (Doris Davenport, a newcomer), who was as fair a flower as ever bloomed in that wasteland. One look at her, and the wandering Robin Hood lost his desire to roam. He decided, instead, to aid *Jane Ellen* and her pa, who were homesteading, to fight the tyrannical cattle barons who cut the homesteaders' fences and stampeded cattle across their crops. In this heinous crime they were abetted by *Bean,* who found all homesteaders guilty of anything with which they were charged, and all cattlemen innocent of any offense.

As peace-maker, *Harden* was suspected by both sides of duplicity, particularly by *Jane Ellen,* who, after she had been burned out and her father slain by the cattlemen, ordered *Harden* from her sight while she fought on. As in all well-regulated melodramas, *Harden's* innocence is established, and *Jane Ellen* looks at him soulfully, knowing that beneath that rough exterior beats a heart of gold.

"The Westerner" is grand entertainment, done with a flourish and possessing excitement and humor in abundance. It contains all the elements of a first-rate horse opera done with the Goldwyn touch. Cooper, as the strong, silent man of the great clean West, is at his best; and Walter Brennan as the disreputable and hard-drinking *Judge Bean* contributes a rare performance. . . .

Another film designed for the sole purpose of taking your mind off this hot and solemn life is Paramount's "The Ghost Breakers," with Bob Hope and Paulette Goddard. The chills it provides should be most welcome during torrid months, and the eerie dangers faced by the impudent Hope and the lovely Miss Goddard are so far removed from a realistic world that it takes some time to get back to earth after sharing them.

The film is a companion-piece to "The Cat and Canary" of some months ago, and was done in much the *(Please turn to page 82)*

REDBOOK'S PICTURE *of the* MONTH
Selected by **DOUGLAS W. CHURCHILL**

Vandamm and Charles Phelps Cushing

A BROADWAY MIRACLE

Robert E. Sherwood, the tallest playwright in America,—he stands six feet six in his stocking feet,—the author of numberless hits, and the man who has won the Pulitzer Prize for the best play of the year on two occasions, has added still another achievement to his very long list of achievements: He has managed to make a Broadway audience act as it has never acted before. Every night some twelve hundred people, who come to the Alvin Theater to see Mr. Sherwood's latest play, "There Shall Be No Night," cry unashamedly, cheer boisterously, and some of them hiss and jeer. Nothing like that has ever happened on Broadway. Unlike Parisians and Londoners, New Yorkers used to take even the most controversial play in their stride, and let the critics do their fighting for them. Mr. Sherwood, we repeat, has managed to create a new kind of Broadway audience.

No one, not even a dyed-in-the- *(Please turn to page 95)*

Hunger and famine are certain to descend upon Germany and the Nazi-conquered countries, warns this noted historian.

From the collection of Otto Kurth

THE *Third Horseman* OF THE APOCALYPSE

THE Four Horsemen are riding again. Riding as they never have ridden before. Conquest, Slaughter, Famine and Death on their white, red, black and pale horses are madly galloping up and down the plains of western Europe. But Famine, though now still somewhat in the rear of the other three, will in the end prove the most devastating of these foes of mankind. Therefore it is of famine that I shall speak here.

Ten thousand German bombers, manned by bright young patriots who love destruction for the sake of destruction, cruelty for the sake of cruelty and death for the sake of death, can do an incredible amount of damage in an incredibly short space of time. They can reduce the "vital statistics" of an entire population to something sadly approaching the absolute zero; and as for the food supply of a nation—well, suppose you take out your mental map of Europe for a moment and allow me to take you on a short personally conducted tour.

Perhaps I had best begin with my native country.

The first thing the Germans did, after they had bombed the greater part of the city of Rotterdam out of existence, was to ruin the Dutch guilder. This was easy: a shotgun wedding between the Dutch guilder and the German mark took care of that little item. The Dutch guilder, one of the few robust survivors of the good old times when money was money and not a word found in the dictionary, a respectable and sturdy member of the monetary family, still completely solvent and with a nice little nest-egg tucked away safely in Uncle Sam's famous strong-box, was now wedded to the Reichsmark, which for the last seven years has been based upon the unholy expectation that Hitler would win his war of *Schrecklichkeit*. Hereafter every Dutchman will have to surrender his honest silver guilders for a few doubtful notes upon a very uncertain future. He will of course try to spend as few of his guilders as possible; but the German army of occupation will feel compelled to follow an opposite course. They will hasten to profit from this unexpected chance to plunder a country under a cloak of complete legality.

But the Danish, Norwegian or Dutch storekeeper who sees his shop invaded by heavy-booted Nazi soldiers, buying him out of house and home and forcing him to accept doubtful pieces of paper for articles which until the invasion were worth real money, won't love these unwelcome customers.

Soon his store will therefore be as empty as the drawer of that cash-register he had so proudly bought only last year from the energetic young American salesman.

In the case of Denmark and Norway, the German attack came as a surprise to everyone except those traitors who were in league with Berlin. But the Netherlands had their Indian Empire, which (a fact which few people seem to realize) can be defended very nicely. Unlike the mother country, where you cannot even dig an air-raid shelter,—because the land is merely a pancake floating on water,—the mountain ranges of Java offer an impregnable stronghold. And gradually all the big Dutch business concerns had moved their headquarters to Batavia, just as today some Swiss chocolate firms are establishing themselves in Connecticut.

Therefore, when the Germans destroyed Rotterdam and took Amsterdam, they got an empty hulk. The real nerve-center of all the important local business-houses were now functioning in safety at the other end of the earth. That means that the main source of revenue for the Hollanders had ceased to flow. The Netherlands had always been the counting-house, the central business office, for a vast colonial empire. The spices from the Indies, the tobacco, the oil, the zinc and other mineral products had been traded on the Amsterdam exchange and on that of Rotterdam. From now on, Batavia will take care of these complicated transactions. The banks of New York will benefit from this change, but many Dutch banks will have to suspend business. Holland's gold supply had been moved to a safe shelter as soon as the war broke out. Some twenty million of gold had remained in the kingdom itself for immediate needs; but otherwise the vaults were empty.

You can easily imagine what will happen. The kingdom of the Netherlands today resembles one of those ghost towns of our own West, left behind when the local silver or gold mines had become exhausted.

HOLLANDERS like their food. The absence of three meals a day, a complete disappearance of tea, coffee and tobacco, will add to their hatred for the invaders, and Hitler will have seven million disgruntled subjects on his hands; and in that country, where a broken dike may do almost irreparable harm, sabotage is comparatively easy. It will, however, take next winter to make the people of the Netherlands feel the curse of the Nazi domination in all its severity; and in the meantime, how will they get enough to eat? As a matter of fact, nobody seems to know. The central part of the country was inundated in a vain effort to stop the German invasion. The meadows will be ruined for years to come, and thousands of head of cattle will have been drowned.

The people of the Netherlands are therefore doomed to starve. The same fate awaits the Belgians. According to the latest reports, the entire industrial region of Belgium is a shambles. Belgium was not an agricultural state. It was a nation which converted raw materials into finished products. Now the factories are ruined. The raw materials can no longer be imported; and Antwerp, the famous seaport, will become a dead city. *(Please turn to page 83)*

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

HILDRETH

By HARLOW ESTES

Geoffrey thought: "Why, she's young. But she can't be! And she isn't like Mrs. Carsidine at all."

—Her Story

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK BENSING

NOW she could leave her mother with a clear conscience. . . . Well—almost clear.

Hildreth laid down the book, her voice trickling off into silence. How quiet the night was! The tide must be very far out. The murmur of distant surf was as gentle as Madeleine's puffing snore. "I'll leave one lamp burning," thought Hildreth, "in case she has a bad dream and wakes up before I come back."

Madeleine was afraid of the dark. It was mean to read her to sleep, on purpose, and then leave her. How innocent and sweet she looked, sleeping, her enormous body completely filling the broad rocker, her head resting against its high padded back, her chins overlapping, her round cheeks flushed, her bright brown hair curling in babyish rings on her forehead. Thirty-eight, and not a line in her face. Not a vestige of character. A lovable sweet-tempered middle-aged baby, with no malice in her, and practically no mind.

From the door Hildreth sent back a whispered apology: "I hate doing this to you, darling. But I have to see Geoff!"

Out in the darkness of the beach road, she broke into a run, and something small and furry shot out of the bushes and galloped beside her, as pleased as she was to be out at night. She slowed and said, "Is that you, Mr. Higgins?" and the cat whisked past her around the corner into Geoffrey's road. How did he know where she was going? Did she make that turn so often? How silly! There were mice in Geoffrey's woodshed. But her face burned. Self-consciousness about Geoff was new this year, and mortifying. Her mother had said that ghastly thing their first week down here: "It's all right for you to go swimming every day with Geoff, but I wouldn't see too much of him, Hildy. I mean, you're not children any more, and you don't want the old ladies to think you're chasing him, the way that little schoolteacher did last summer."

Chasing him! Abominable unjust suspicion! She wouldn't let her only satisfying friendship be spoiled by what people might think! But the pettiness of older women's minds appalled her. They seemed to think of nothing but marriage and babies and food and bridge. Would her mind be like that when she was old? It would if she didn't get some discipline for it pretty soon. She shuddered. Nineteen years wasted so far. Nineteen years old, and she still knew nothing, had accomplished nothing. (O God, don't let me be wholly wasted, please! And don't let Geoff be wasted, either!) He's worth saving. . . .

Presenting the winner of the second $10,000.00 prize offered by Redbook Magazine and Dodd, Mead & Company, Publishers. This rich and understanding novel, dealing with the things for which each generation lives and hopes, received the unanimous vote of the judges of our contest.

Copyright, 1940, by McCall Corporation (Redbook Magazine). All rights reserved.

Already the boys worshiped Geoffrey. He was big; he was male; he could outrun and

His house was dark. He couldn't have gone to bed this early! But he had no other place to go except to see her, and he wouldn't just go walking, alone, at night. Last year, of course there had been Cathy and Cathy's car.

Hildreth stopped in her tracks. Had Cathy come back to try again?

"And I can't lift a finger to protect him," she thought in despair. "If I do one thing, say one thing against her, the old ladies, even Mother, perhaps even Geoff, will think I'm jealous."

But he might have gone to bed, mightn't he?

SHE whistled her signal, a loop of feeble notes. He had taught her to whistle ten years ago. She couldn't do it liquidly, as he did, even now, but she was still trying her damnedest. He had taught her not to cry, too. A useful lesson; tears were a waste of strength.

"Geoff! Oh, Geoff!"

From the dark screened porch his voice snubbed her by its very quiet, "Pipe down! Do you think I'm deaf?"

He had been there all the time.

"You might have answered before. Do you think I can see in the dark like Mr. Higgins?"

He struck a match and lifted the chimney of the oil lamp. The wick flared up smokily. Hildreth flopped down on the hard oak settle and braced her folded arms on her trousered knees. Not even to please Madeleine would she wear skirts in summer, or let her fine unmanageable dark-brown hair grow out enough to be waved. What did it matter how she looked? Geoff didn't notice. He took her for granted. He was used to her. And nobody ever dressed up, down here. It wasn't a resort. Only one thing was important: that she should be shabbier than he, because his budget didn't allow for clothes. It didn't allow for much of anything except taxes and the cheapest, most filling food.

He settled back in the glider, and its chains creaked under his weight. He was big and broad, his bones better covered than hers were, so obviously he wasn't starving—yet. But that tiny annuity from his grandmother wouldn't last for more than a few years, would it? Besides, a man needed more than food and a roof. He needed a job, and status, and self-respect, and hope. It was his hopelessness this year that worried her the most. His face seemed to be settling into habitual sullenness. Last year Cathy had kept him somewhat roused. Better Cathy and torment, thought Hildreth grudgingly, than just giving up and letting go. He ought to have more spirit! He wasn't naturally phlegmatic. He couldn't be. Not with that dark-red hair. If only she knew how to rouse him without letting him think she was trying to run his life! He was very touchy about being bossed, especially by a woman.

"Geoff, we've had a second wire from my aunt. She's bringing the little boys with her, all four. Isn't that awful?"

"Why? They'll liven this dead place up," he said.

"But we haven't room! Only three beds, two of them narrow singles, and a couple of sofas, and there isn't a hotel nearer than the Port, fourteen miles, or an overnight camp or anything—and Laura knows it. Even if she hasn't been here for twelve years, Mother's kept her posted. Mother's so loyal and patient about writing, and I don't believe Laura even reads the letters. She hasn't written Mother one line since Uncle Drake died. I know his death was a terrible shock to her; he was sick only three days, and she was sick too; they both had pneumonia; so they couldn't even tell her, till he'd been buried a week. But everybody has to meet trouble sometime. It's silly to run away and hide the way she did. She should have come straight to Mother. That would have been natural. Her only sister! Mother would have gone to her, even without being asked, only of course she couldn't travel alone, and I had to finish school. It was my last year. I had to!"

"When is she coming?" asked Geoffrey.

"She didn't say. That's like her. She didn't tell us one thing we really wanted to know: when to expect her, or how long she'll stay, or whether she's sick and I'll have to wait on her hand and foot, or whether she's strong enough to drive her car, or will just step off the train at the Port some day this week or next, and wonder why we aren't there to meet her. I don't say she's deliberately inconsiderate. Just thoughtless. And small wonder: Uncle Drake did her thinking for her. I guess he liked her to be helpless and silly. He was a bullying, egotistic sort of man. Mother couldn't bear him. He was simply beastly to her and to Granny that one time we ever visited Laura, five years ago. I expect he was jealous of us. That's why he wouldn't ever let her

outjump any of them; he could swim under water and pick things off the bottom of the sea.

come East to see us, with or without him. She could have come, between babies. It wasn't as if she ever had the care of her children, once they were born. I don't believe she ever so much as changed a diaper herself, or wiped a nose—or planned a meal, for that matter. The servants managed the house, and Uncle Drake managed the servants, and Laura just lay back and let her mind relax into pulp. Well, she'll have to brace up now, and make her own decisions, and take some responsibility for her children too. It's high time. I haven't any patience with a completely idle useless woman!"

She hadn't any patience with anyone, thought Geoffrey, except that fat limpet of a mother. She took everything too damned hard. No wonder her face was always a little mournful even when she was happy, which wasn't often. Or maybe it was the way her face was made, top-heavy with forehead and dark thick meeting brows, the thin cheeks sloping too sharply down to her small thin-lipped mouth and sharp chin.

"Geoff, will you rent us your upstairs rooms for the boys to sleep in? I'll make the beds myself every morning. Cass and Dillon might make their own; they're eleven and nine. But Pete and Fergus are babies. The sheets can go to Milly Coombs with our weekly wash. It won't be any trouble for you. The boys will be on the beach all day, out from under your feet. No trouble, and money in your pocket. You can use a little extra money."

EXTRA money. Shoes, he thought, a heavy sweater, socks. The ones he was wearing this minute were lumpy with enough darns to lame him. Shirts: his supply wouldn't last the summer, even with his painstaking laundering and mending. Cigarettes—no; he'd learned to do without them. And he didn't miss coffee any more. But beef—the meat-hunger was hard to kill. Potatoes and beans, rice and macaroni, the fresh vegetables he raised, fed without satisfying. Sometimes he thought about a juicy beefsteak, and he knew how Mr. Higgins felt when the cat crouched belly to the grass, whimpering and quivering, eyes on a bird.

Extra money. But he couldn't take it from Hildreth and her mother. They did enough for him. They took him with them on their weekly trips for provisions; supplies were cheaper at the Port chain-stores than at the one store here. And Mrs. Carsidine was always asking him to meals. He didn't accept often. She said she liked to feed a hungry man. She meant well, but she had no tact.

"You're welcome to my whole house if you want it, Hildy. But offer me rent, and you'll get your face pushed in."

"Idiot! Laura would be paying you! Laura, not me! She can pay for the trouble she causes. Uncle Drake left her well off. And why should you do her favors? She's a stranger to you."

A stranger. That made it different. And yet—an unknown woman snooping into his privacy to see if the house was fit for her brats to sleep in. She would, wouldn't she? A strange woman seeing his poverty: the dinginess that no amount of elbow grease could brighten, the peeling wall-paper, the tattered rugs, the kitchen linoleum with the pattern trodden away in a path from stove to sink.

"Will you swear to keep her off the premises? I won't have her spying to see how often I change the roller-towel!"

"Oh, she won't bother you!" Hildreth glowed with relief. He hadn't refused! "She's easy-going. She's much like Mother, only not so vivacious and not so pretty."

Like Mrs. Carsidine—house-bound with fat and with fallen arches? Then she couldn't be much of a problem to him. To Hildreth, poor girl, but not to him.

"I must hurry back before Mother wakes up!" She was on her feet, rubbing herself. The settle was uncushioned, and her bones had pricked through.

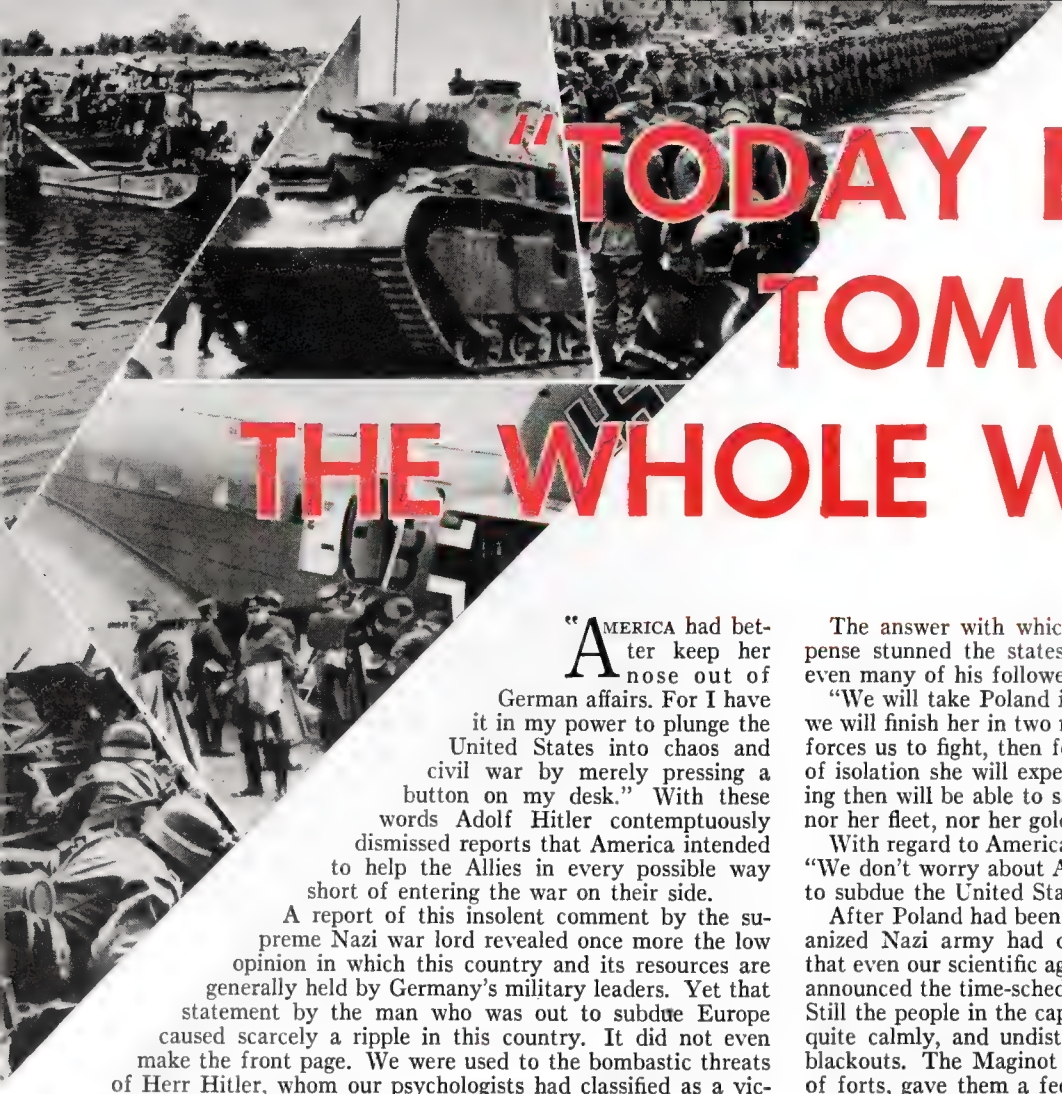
"I'll walk along with you," he said, and blew out the lamp.

That pleased her. Perhaps her companionship was important to him. He didn't have to walk back with her. He said: "Don't rush. And keep your head up, can't you? Lead with your chest. You'll get into trouble if you tear around all your life leading with your chin like that, sticking your neck out. What's the hurry, anyway?"

He didn't like the way she pampered Mrs. Carsidine; bad for both of them; the one soft spot in Hildreth's otherwise sound brain.

"But she's afraid of the dark, Geoff. A sudden fright might bring on a stroke. I worry so about her. All that weight. She may develop diabetes, or high blood-pressure, like Granny's. She's absolutely conscientious about her diet, but she just can't lose."

They came within sight of the house, *(Please turn to page 68)*



"TODAY EUROPE, TOMORROW THE WHOLE WORLD!"

"AMERICA had better keep her nose out of German affairs. For I have it in my power to plunge the United States into chaos and civil war by merely pressing a button on my desk." With these words Adolf Hitler contemptuously dismissed reports that America intended to help the Allies in every possible way short of entering the war on their side.

A report of this insolent comment by the supreme Nazi war lord revealed once more the low opinion in which this country and its resources are generally held by Germany's military leaders. Yet that statement by the man who was out to subdue Europe caused scarcely a ripple in this country. It did not even make the front page. We were used to the bombastic threats of Herr Hitler, whom our psychologists had classified as a victim of delusions of grandeur.

It was not the first time that the Nazi Fuehrer or one of his big chieftains had blurted out the deep disdain they entertain for the great democracy of the Western hemisphere. Jovial Marshal Goering, head of the Reich's air-force, has time and again smiled publicly over what he calls illusions about America's potentialities in the air. As for effeminate-looking, eloquent Dr. Joseph Goebbels, propaganda chief of the Nazi machine—whenever the subject of America comes up in conversation, he grimly retorts: *"Amerika ist noch nicht an der Reihe!"* America's turn has not yet come!

Until Hitler unloosed his Blitzkrieg against Poland, we never gave serious attention to Nazi threats against America. They were quoted in the press as mere gags. Somehow we never quite liberated ourselves from a tragi-comic conception of the ex-paperhanger parading as the Napoleon of the Twentieth Century. The shrill, disagreeably high-pitched voice of the pontiff of Nazism, reaching us through the ether, had definitely not impressed us as that of a conqueror of nations. He did not measure up to his formidable press-agentry, we concluded. We laughed at the dictator with the Charlie Chaplin mustache, and we felt rather amused that this non-smoking, non-drinking vegetarian should have assumed the pose of another Attila, another Scourge of God ready to pounce on Europe.

Only slowly has the realization dawned that this figure is not shrieking empty threats. Gradually we have come to look at Hitler as at a madman standing at the switch of the most powerful and destructive machine that the human brain has ever devised. Today, in the light of events, every one of his threats reads like an understatement. Now we understand what he meant when, at one time, he solemnly announced: "There will be a National-Socialist civilization for the next ten centuries, or there will be no civilization at all. If Germany is to be defeated, she will leave behind a world in ruins."

When Hitler gave his troops the order to advance into Poland, Europe and America gasped in unbelief. Would he dare attempt to impose his will on strong, age-old empires and kingdoms? Was Hitler really prepared to confront the British empire and France in a war of long duration and devastating proportions? Of course not, said authoritative observers. Herr Hitler's bluff had been called at last. Military experts predicted that he would not even dare to test his too-rapidly-built-up war-machine against the million and a half perfectly trained, well-equipped soldiers of Marshal Smigly-Rydz.

The answer with which the German Chancellor broke the suspense stunned the statesmen, silenced the skeptics and surprised even many of his followers at home. Here is what Hitler said:

"We will take Poland in eighteen days; and if France interferes, we will finish her in two months of fighting. As for England, if she forces us to fight, then for the first time after nine hundred years of isolation she will experience the horrors of war directly. Nothing then will be able to save England from her fate. Neither time, nor her fleet, nor her gold."

With regard to America, Dr. Goebbels is reported to have added: "We don't worry about America. No military expedition is needed to subdue the United States and teach her humility."

After Poland had been reduced to a heap of ruins and the mechanized Nazi army had demonstrated a speed and striking-power that even our scientific age had believed impossible, Hitler virtually announced the time-schedule for his lightning war against the West. Still the people in the capitals of Europe went about their business quite calmly, and undisturbed except by more or less systematic blackouts. The Maginot Line in France, with its impregnable line of forts, gave them a feeling of absolute security. As regards the eventuality of a Nazi break through Holland and Belgium, the Allied military experts shrugged their shoulders. The possibility of so foolhardy an undertaking had been fully weighed by the French and British military staffs. Let Hitler try! He would find Gamelin ready to welcome him, it was confidently stated in authoritative circles. In the meanwhile the British Ministry of Economic Warfare was daily weakening the resistance and offensive power of Herr Hitler's war-machine. The British and French might lose preliminary battles, it was drummed into disbelievers; but when it would come to the decisive struggle, the Nazis would find their masters.

"We do not believe that in the decisive hour democracy will be longer-winded than we are—it is weak in the chest," sneered Goebbels.

"If it depended only on my soldier heart, we would be glad to show how badly England can be beaten. But we do not want to unleash the horror of war over humanity. If we must, however, we will. Let the fighting start, and we will reveal war in a form hitherto unthinkable," thundered Goering.

"Our divisions will march as no humans ever marched before," snarled Hitler. "If England is idiot enough to believe that she can withstand us, let her try," taunted another big Nazi leader.

THE Allied leadership insisted Hitler was incapable of waging war on a large scale against so well-prepared an army as the French. The lack of oil, experts insisted, would halt the Nazi war-machine almost before it would get started. Other so-called reliable sources spread the word that a powerful underground political movement in the Reich would bring about the fall of Hitler as soon as his soldiers would set foot on foreign soil. Whispering campaigns sprang up from mysterious sources, telling the world that the German high command would never stand for the former painter's reckless adventures against neutral countries.

Now we know that much of this propaganda was skillfully disseminated by the Fuehrer's efficient espionage system, with the collaboration of Fifth Columns everywhere. To lull the enemy into a false sense of security, is an integral part of the Nazi war strategy. Such a campaign always precedes a surprise onslaught. . . .

It is not by armed might alone that Norway and the West were conquered. They went down before a double assault of steel and of betrayal, intrigue and double-crossing. They were thrown into hopeless confusion. Their own radio stations, suddenly overpowered by Fifth Columners, blared Hitler's lies. Troops were sent in the

wrong direction. Secret plans of the general staff were stolen by spies, necessitating not only revision of campaign strategy after attacks had begun, but also a change in the supreme military leadership in a most critical hour, as in the case of Gamelin and Weygand. Instead of the armed forces finding the enemy in front of them, bands of traitors stabbed the defenders in the back. Within a few hours a situation of chaos was created, making all resistance appear senseless and hopeless. Entire nations were overwhelmed before their armies could take up their defense positions.

Take an incident in the invasion of Holland: The piles of the main bridge linking the north and south of the country at Moerdyk, which with its fourteen arch-spans is the longest bridge in Europe, had been charged with dynamite for two years. I recall crossing it in August, 1939, and the train cautiously slowing down to a snail's pace in order not to set off the heavy charges of explosive. Patrols of Dutch soldiers were stationed at both ends and at the center arch. They were under orders to blow up the bridge at the first sign of a Nazi invasion. Yet this bridge stands today, and it served to bring the gray-clad hordes of Hitler into the heart of Holland.

Why wasn't it blown up? The answer is that on the day of the invasion a patrol of Dutch soldiers, relieving the guard, calmly proceeded to remove the dynamite from the arches of the bridge. Only after two divisions of German troops had crossed did the Dutch government discover that the relieving detachment had been made up of German soldiers dressed in Dutch uniforms, and commanded by what seemed to be a regular Dutch officer fully familiar with all the regulations affecting the safety of the bridge.

The soldiers who carried out this daring exploit, which unquestionably upset the defense plans of the Dutch high command, were found to be German residents of villages in the neighborhood of the bridge. For years these under-cover agents had been leading the life of peaceful tradesmen, at the same time patiently studying the defense works and strategic positions surrounding the bridge. When the day came, they were more at home in this military task than the regular Dutch troops who had arrived from distant garrisons.

That is a typical example of the Fifth Column at work.

Over thirty years ago a middle-aged unemployed shoemaker of Berlin, Wilhelm Voigt by name, demonstrated how easy it is to hoodwink the established agencies of a government, including well-disciplined soldiers. Our shoemaker needed a residential permit, which he could not obtain from the Berlin authorities. He decided to steal a blank form from some local police headquarters, and to fill it out and stamp it himself.

Wilhelm bought a dilapidated uniform of an army captain at a secondhand store, stopped a troop of nine soldiers returning to their barracks from special guard duty, and ordered them to follow him. He treated them to beer, and proceeded by train to Koepenick, a suburb of Berlin, where he went to the town hall, mistaking it for the police station. There our captain walked in on the mayor and placed him under arrest. He installed himself in the mayor's office and ran municipal affairs for a full day. His search for a residential permit-form, however, was fruitless.

When the municipal treasurer was ready to lock up the day's receipts, amounting to four thousand marks, he decided instead to hand them over to the captain in charge, and also gave him the keys to the safe, which contained two million marks. Wilhelm, who had wanted only a permit-blank, was thus forced to accept the four thousand marks, in order to avoid arousing suspicion. He then left Koepenick, after having given instructions to his military troop to escort the mayor to Berlin police headquarters an hour later.

All Europe, including Germany, rocked with laughter at the Royal Imperial Prussian Army. The idea that an ordinary middle-aged man, without military training, could so successfully pose as a member of the exclusive officers' corps of His Majesty's Army was applauded as the most exhilarating parody on German gullibility and respect for uniformed authority. Everybody laughed—except one man: Young Adolf Hitler, then living in Vienna. The future Fuehrer learned a lesson and stored away the experience for future use.

That is how the Fifth Column idea as a war weapon was born in Hitler's brain, I was told by one who knew him well.

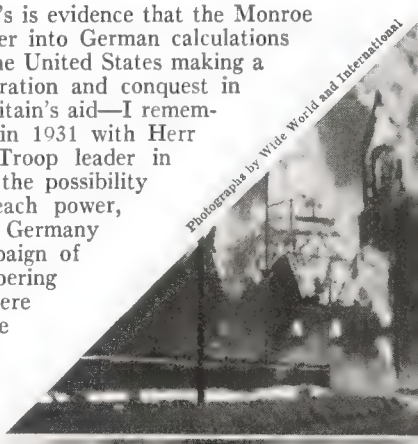
Whether such a taking-over of authority could happen in a little town of the United States, I do not know. What I do know is that Hitler is firmly convinced that America is made to order for such masquerade imposture. And I also know that the plan for sowing confusion, panic and chaos in the European countries through the radio took shape in the minds of Germany's psychologists—who work hand-in-hand with the general staff—when they saw the effect Mr. Orson Welles' broadcast about a theoretical invasion from Mars had on large masses of the American people. When the news of that panic in certain districts of New Jersey became known in Germany, Dr. Goebbels coolly remarked: "That is the way to put Americans on the run."

The never-ceasing stream of vituperation to the address of America on the one hand, and on the other, of vague assurances to the effect that Hitler intends no harm to the U.S.A., is taking on the form of a well-thought-out policy. For the time being, the threats are destined for domestic consumption only. While the Nazi press is carrying on a systematic campaign of hate against the Anglo-Saxon race, in which the United States is always included, foreign propaganda is designed to lull the people of this country to sleep, and to laugh off alarmist sentiment here.

EVEN so, Hitler makes no secret of his determination not to tolerate any interference with the Reich's ambitions to expand its conquest to this continent. It is nobody's business, he said on January 30, 1939, if Germany wants to improve her economic relations with the countries of South and Central America. "That concerns nobody but ourselves. Germany is a great and sovereign country, and is not subject to the supervision of American politicians. National-Socialist Germany and Fascist Italy are strong enough to safeguard peace against everyone, and to bring to a resolute and successful termination any conflict that irresponsible elements lightly start."

This statement of the Fuehrer's is evidence that the Monroe Doctrine's restrictions never enter into German calculations and military plans. And as to the United States making a stand to prevent German penetration and conquest in this hemisphere, or coming to Britain's aid—I remember a conversation I had back in 1931 with Herr Goering, then a mere Storm Troop leader in Munich. We were speaking of the possibility that Hitler, once he should reach power, would take up where Imperial Germany had left off in 1918 in its campaign of world conquest. Captain Goering laughed when I said that there might once more be a formidable alliance against Germany. Even the United States, I remarked, might again be found on England's side.

"Ich denke (Please turn to page 98)



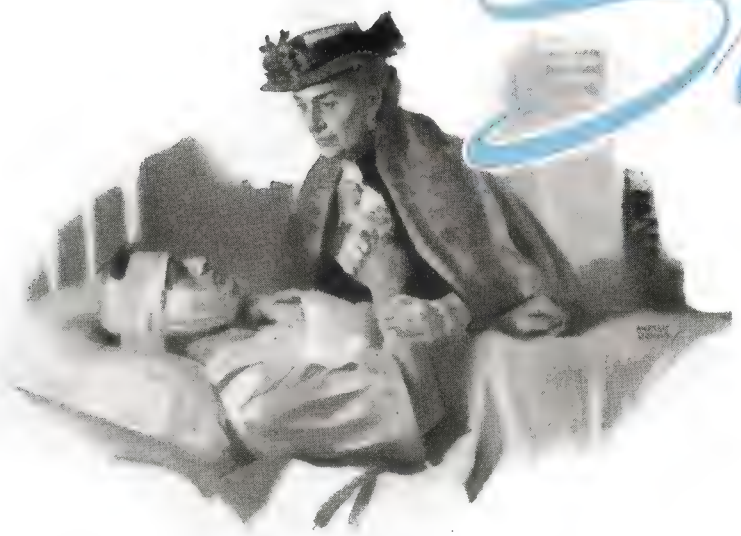
Photographs by Wide World and International

The author of "Days of Our Years" reports the almost unbelievable record of Nazi and of pre-Nazi intention toward the United States. We think you will be amazed.

By PIERRE VAN PAASSEN

"There was a man found in the park this morning. He'd shot himself."

THE TOUCH OF A *Stranger*



BY WHITFIELD COOK

Illustrated by ANDREW LOOMIS

THE shabby young man, walking along in the cold city dawn, had an idea. He stood still for a moment to consider it. It pleased him. Pinching his frayed collar tighter around his neck, then thrusting his stiff hands into his pockets, he headed for an all-night lunch-counter. Going in, he borrowed a pencil from the cashier.

Then he went to the New York City telephone-book, opened it, and turning the pages, chose six names at random. He carefully copied on a slip of paper the names:

Harry Gamler, with an address on West 24th Street
Gertrude Shackfrith, of Park Avenue
Nelson Amesferry, of East 16th Street
Louise Philbinne, of Grone Street
Earl Keldon, of East 61st Street
Mrs. Ella Donavan, of West 113th Street

At the bottom of the list he wrote: *"Please notify the above."*

That was the way to do things. That was the way men who had friends and relatives did things. At an earlier time, he would have been amused by a thing like this. There was an ironic humor in his carrying those unfamiliar names in his pocket. But it was too late for amusement now—though there was comfort of a kind. As his hand touched the slip of paper, he felt he was really ready. Walking the pavements, he had looked into a million faces; yet he knew none of them. No one knew him. But now he had acquired six friends. Maybe they would think of him a little. Maybe they would wonder and regret.

He left the lunch-wagon and went into the park. He found a bench on a hidden little path.

HARRY GAMLER, of the Gamler Exterminating Company, sat in the smoky mustiness of his little private office. It was not much of an office. The large, scarred desk at which he sat just about filled it. The one window, layered with soot, rattled loosely and let drafts of air into the room.

There were account-books spread open on the desk; and Harry, leaning his stomach against the edge of the desk, was studying them wearily with his small heavy-lidded eyes. His coat was off, his vest partly unbuttoned. He was a fattish little man with a sad, pouched face; a cheap cigar was in one corner of his mouth.

Redbook's NOVELETTE OF THE MONTH

Things were not going so good. In the exterminating business you had your ups and downs—like in everything else. Only more so in the exterminating business, thought Harry. If he was married and had kids, he'd say to them, keep out of the exterminating business. He'd been counting on landing a big hotel job. And it had gone to Mike Sumis of Super-Ex. So what? So he'd have to cut down his overhead. But how? In his heart, Harry knew how. There was too big a pay-roll; he'd have to begin dropping a few people. But he hadn't reached the point where he could admit this—yet. Harry didn't like to fire people; it was the hardest thing he ever did. Maybe he should be called an old fool—he often called himself one; but he knew what it meant to a man to lose his job.

So he kept poring over those books, trying to find some other way to cut down on overhead. But there really was no other way, and he knew it.

ALL right, he'd let some of his men go. But where to begin? Who should go first? Joe Reeth should go first; he was the last man taken on. That was only fair. But he liked Joe, and Joe was a good worker. And Joe was a married man. Well, that was none of his look-out. If these youngsters would get married, it was their own responsibility. Business is business; there can't be any sentiment about it.

Harry rang for his secretary. He scowled firmly down at the books. Miss Harris came in, chewing her usual morning gum.

"Send Joe Reeth in to see me," said Harry.

"Yes, Mr. Gamler." The words were definitely gummy.

She went out; and Harry snapped a rubber band between his fingers, thinking just how he'd tell Joe, and how Joe would take it. He could pass the buck, let somebody else have the dirty work of telling Joe. But usually he tackled these things himself. Better to be straightforward about it. Make the men understand why it was necessary.

In a moment Miss Harris was back.

"There's a police officer to see you," she said.

Harry took the cigar out of his mouth. Policeman! That must mean trouble.

The policeman came in. "Mr. Gamler?" he said.

"In person."

"Sorry to trouble you. But an unidentified man, about thirty years old, was picked up in Central Park this morning. He'd shot himself in the head. In his pocket was a slip of paper asking that you be notified. Have you any idea who he might be?"

"My God," said Harry. "No. None at all!"

"He's at Bellevue Hospital, in pretty serious condition. Will you go over and identify him?"

"Sure, sure," said Harry, getting quickly into his coat. "My God, who can it be?"

As they went out, Harry saw Joe Reeth standing in the outer office, waiting to see him. Joe was bright-eyed and nice-looking. And right now he looked happy; it was pay-day.

"Oh, Joe," said Harry, "I've got to leave the office. I'll see you this afternoon."

Joe glanced at the clock. It was quarter of twelve. "This is Saturday, Mr. Gamler," he said, hesitating a little. He had promised Leila they'd go to a movie this afternoon. It was cheaper in the afternoon. He'd hate to disappoint Leila.

"Sure. So it is," said Harry. "All right. Make it Monday."

"O.K., sir," said Joe, smiling.

AT one o'clock, Joe Reeth stopped work and started for home. He walked fast, buoyantly, trying to make his body match the lightness of his heart. Leila would be home, waiting for him. She would have hot dogs and rolls for lunch, maybe; with lots of mustard. They were both crazy about hot dogs. And then for fifteen cents apiece they could go to the movie around the corner. Leila sure did love movies; and she hadn't seen one in months, poor kid. Then tomorrow was Sunday. Sundays were swell in their new little apartment. They sat around and relaxed and made plans for the future, like what they'd do when Joe got a raise, and whether they wanted the baby to be a boy or a girl. And Joe would do a few little odd jobs, maybe, like paint the radiator or putty up that hole in the baseboard. And they'd laugh a lot and feel real good, because at last things seemed to be breaking for them.

Joe didn't like to think of the past three years. Just after they'd been married, he'd lost his job with Evhart Real Estate. And they'd had nothing. Leila had had to go back to her family in Paterson. And Joe had sponged off a friend in the city, sleeping on his couch. They saw each other only on Sundays. Joe'd go out to Paterson, and he and Leila would have to listen to Leila's folks saying how foolish young people were to get married when they hadn't ought to, and how Leila had had a chance to marry a boy whose father owned a big canning factory. Leila and he had nowhere to be alone, except the park. And they'd go and sit on a bench; but there wasn't much to say. They'd try to keep each other's courage up, but after a while Leila would start crying, just crying motionlessly, without making any noise. That had gone on for over two years. Once in a while, when Leila had managed to save a few dollars, she'd come into town, and they'd rent a room and spend the night together. But that was no kind of marriage. And then to make things worse, Leila found she was going to have a baby.

That was three months ago. And a month later, just when things seemed hopeless, Joe had landed this job with Gamler. Oh, Lord, how wonderful it had been to be able to hope a little again! And then three weeks ago, they had found an apartment and moved in. It was really only a big room in a kind of apartment-boarding-house. But they had kitchen privileges; and that made it seem like an apartment.

Walking quickly along the street, Joe felt that life was good. His heart was bursting with warmth and gratefulness. On a corner, a scraggly-fingered old woman was selling gardenias, spread out in a cardboard box. They were not too fresh, but they were only ten cents. Joe bought one for Leila. It was extravagant. But what of it? This was pay-day.

Entering the house, he walked down the long hall and knocked on the door of their room.

"Who is it?" called Leila.

"It's the exterminator, madam."

"Don't want any," giggled Leila, opening the door.

And then they were in each other's arms, Leila burrowing her soft brown hair in his neck. "I love you, Mr. Exterminator Man," she whispered.

"Look," said Joe, and he gave her the gardenia.

Leila smiled shyly with gratitude.

It was wonderful to see Leila happy again, to see her lovely blue eyes clear and sparkling. She had been putting up new cretonne curtains, and she was satisfied with her work.

"Gee, they look swell, honey," said Joe.

"Lunch is ready," said Leila.

She went down the hall to the kitchen and brought back a platter of steaming frankfurters and hot rolls and coffee. They sat down at a card-table to eat.

"You know what I did today?" said Leila. "I figured up how much we could save between now and the baby. Seventy-two dollars and fifty cents!"

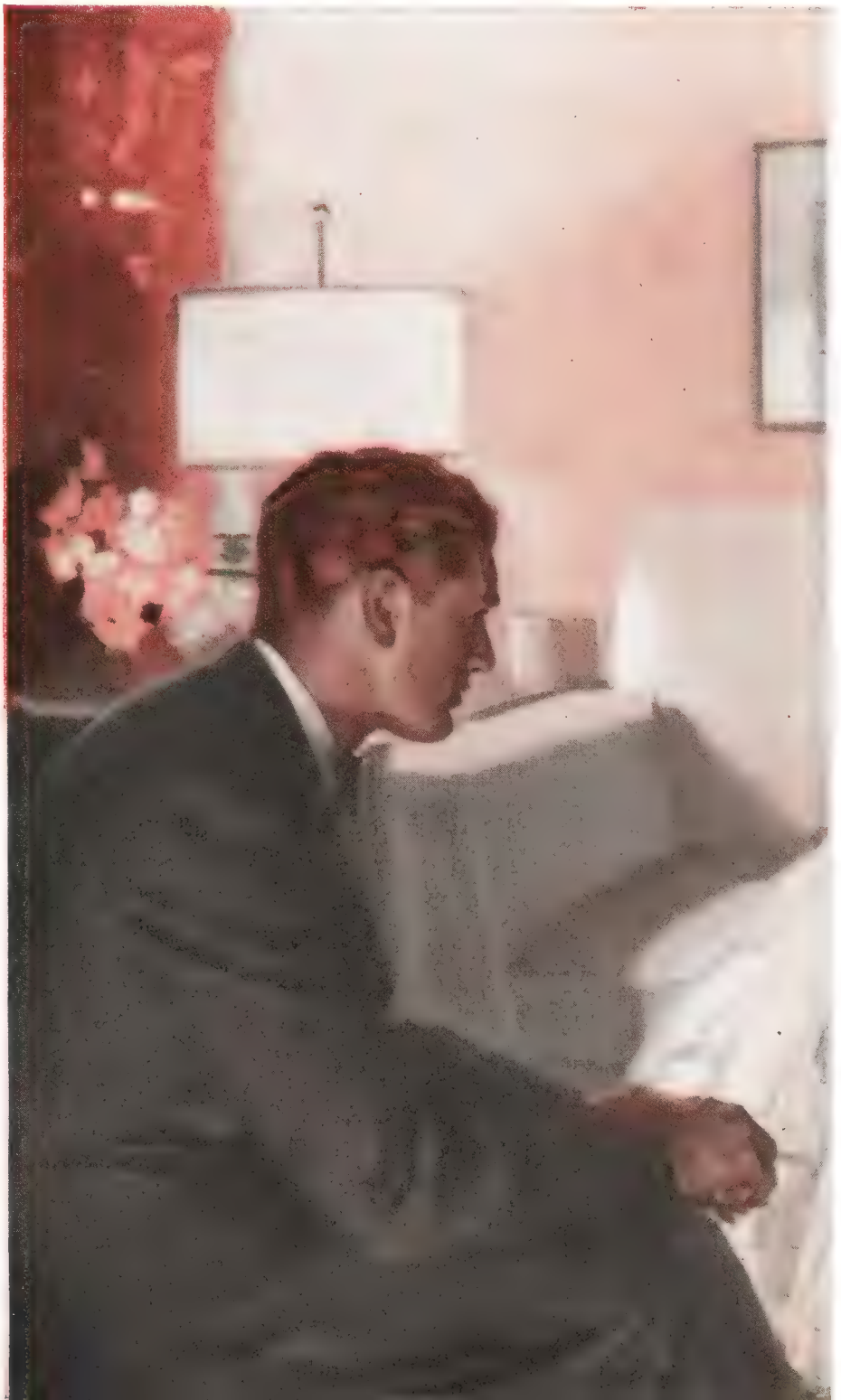
"Why, that's wonderful! I bet you figured wrong."

"Joe, I did not. We'll have to count pennies, of course, but we don't care, do we?"

"Care! It'll be a pleasure." Joe grasped Leila's hand tightly. "It's so swell to *have* pennies to count—to be able to look forward to that old pay-check every week! It's a fine feeling, isn't it?"

Leila nodded. "Maybe we're lucky, after all, Joe."

Joe started on his third frankfurter. "Mr. Gamler called me into his office today. But then he had to go out suddenly, and I didn't see him again."



"It's this," Earl said. "I don't think we should marry, Vera. We don't love each other. You don't love me; you know you don't."

"What'd he want?"

"I don't know."

Leila put down her fork. "Joe! You don't suppose it could be a raise, do you?" She was breathless with excitement.

"Naw," said Joe, purposely matter-of-fact. "It wouldn't be a raise so soon."

"But you've worked hard, Joe. It might be."

"Naw," said Joe. But his eyes looked hopeful; it might be. . . .

At Bellevue Hospital, Harry Gamler stood at the bedside of the man who had tried to kill himself. He stared down at that still, unconscious face, so white and tired beneath the bandages. It was not a face he recognized. And yet there seemed to be something elusively familiar about it, as if it were a face he might have noticed on the street sometime. It was peculiar that the man should have had *his* name in his pocket. That bothered Harry. That would mean that at some time they must have known each other.

"I'm sorry," he said finally to the officer on the other side of the bed, "but I don't know him."

Leaving the hospital, Harry walked slowly across town to his office. The sight of that young fellow lying there so near death had disturbed him. But why should he be disturbed? Why should the dying of a stranger affect him? But was he a stranger? Harry's thoughts went round in circles. Perhaps it was someone who had once worked for him. Perhaps it was someone he had fired! Through all the years, he must have fired a good number of men for one reason or another. Suppose that once having been fired from his job with Gamler, this man had never been able to pick himself up. Suppose he'd started going down-hill, grown poorer and poorer, become a bum, a beggar, and then in last desperation tried to kill himself. Suppose he'd once been a bright-faced kid like—well, like Joe Reeth. It was not an impossible supposition. After all, the man had wanted Gamler notified of his death. Mightn't that be just to say mutely: "Look what has happened to me. Look what you did to me."

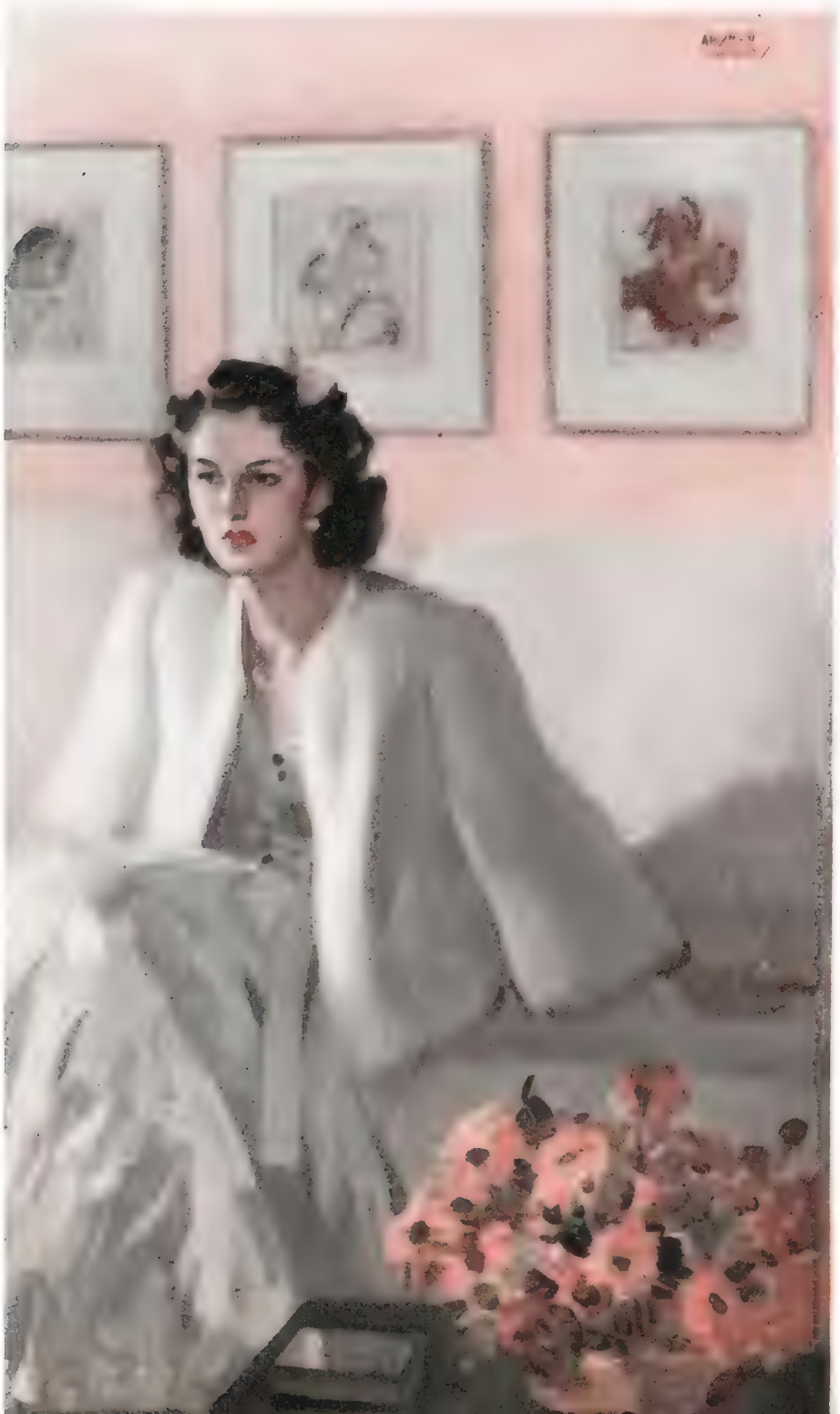
Harry took a cigar from his pocket and savagely bit the end of it. "Gamler," he told himself, "you're a sentimental old booby."

He walked faster, chewing on his cigar, trying to get his mind back to business.

When he reached his office, it was deserted. They closed at one on Saturday. He unlocked the door and went into his private office. He took off his coat, unbuttoned his vest, and adjusted his sleeve-bands. He took the account-books out of the safe and spread them on the desk. He sat down to study them some more.

But he couldn't concentrate. He kept thinking of the man in the hospital. And then it wasn't an unknown man. Gradually his mind was playing him a trick. It was Joe Reeth who had tried to kill himself. He was seeing what might happen to Joe Reeth. He'd fire Joe, and Joe would be without money. He wouldn't be able to find a job; he'd lose his hope, his morale. He'd lose his wife, because she couldn't stick to a bum who had no money. And would Joe then find life not worth living and take the easiest way out? Harry felt a heavy sadness. He remembered Joe's happy, smiling face, and he knew he wouldn't fire him.

So what? So he had to find some other way to cut down on overhead. He turned almost savagely back to the desk and leaned his sad, fat face over the account-books.



ON the Park Avenue show-window there was the sign: "*Gertrude Shackfrith,* Interior Designs." Inside, there was a small reception-room, slickly decorated in a smartly modern adaptation of Early Victorian. Behind this was a little back room where Mrs. Shackfrith sat at a Sheraton desk, surrounded by shelves of chintz samples, carpet samples, and price-lists. She was a thin, tense woman with that pale, brittle look that blondes nearing forty so often have. She was talking on the phone; and as she talked, her left hand twirled a pencil and made quick, nervous gestures.

"You promised," she said into the phone. "You promised faithfully that the order would be at my upholsterer's by Thursday, and it isn't there yet."

"You said Saturday, Mrs. Shackfrith," said the voice at the other end.

"Well, anyway, get it over there at once, will you?" snapped Gertrude. "The whole job's being held up."

She put down the phone. Maybe she *had* said Saturday. Her mind was only half on her work these days. She must try to concentrate more. She must try to lose herself in her work, try to forget Raymond. Forget him, *forget* him! Why should she care what he thought or what he did to her now, after all she'd gone through with him? But she did care; that was the horrible thing. A kind word from Raymond, a smile from him, still meant more to her than anything else. And it was ridiculous! He was little more than a madman! She was married to a madman, and she still loved him.

The little bell on the street door tinkled as someone came in. Gertrude rose quickly, automatically patting her hair. She stepped out into the front room.

It was Raymond. *(Please turn to page 109)*

"THE GESTAPO *is always right*"

A day in the life of an average family in Nazi Germany.

(They had been a happy family: Herbert Herder, a pharmacist in Harstadt, Germany; his wife Elsbeth; their grown children Paul and Hertha; and Martina, a schoolgirl of twelve. But their happiness now lay under the cloud of war. Elsbeth's brother had been killed on the Polish front. Her son Paul had become an arrogant Storm Trooper. And her daughter Hertha had accepted the government preachments about her duty to the State, and was to bear a child fathered by a young officer chosen by their associates as "a suitable partner"—a young man she had seen but once. Herder had found out about it and had written to the young man; and from his commander had received the reply that Lieutenant von Drossen would doubtless do "whatever honor and courtesy demanded.")

"HE has come," whispered Hertha, and pressed her mother to her breast. "He has come!" She felt choked up with joy. Such a long time she had waited, hopeful, despairing and utterly resigned, that in those arid weeks, bereft of sense and direction, she had turned to a simple acceptance of duty. Torn away from the bitter-sweet longings of innocence, cheated of all the happiness of love, she had become a machine. Now all the skies broke clear before her.

"You mustn't lose your head," said Elsbeth, caressing her gently, and was about to go on with a clearer warning, when Hertha laughed happily and ran out of the room.

After the first flush of happiness for her daughter, Elsbeth had begun to be afraid. She had always known what the child really felt. If the Lieutenant had come now only because Herder had written to him, only out of "honor and courtesy," then Hertha was facing new danger which she, as a mother, ought to warn her about. But how? She could only wait and be ready to help, in case—

Elsbeth stared at the door through which Hertha had disappeared, and remembered the day when she herself had gone to her first rendezvous with Herder. Unforgettable, innocent memory! And Hertha, younger than she had been then, went to meet a man to whom she had given herself, but whose name she hardly knew.

Ich weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten,
Dass Ich so traurig bin—

Martina began to sing again. How did she happen to be singing that song which had been banned for years now? The little girl's voice rang out, bright, but still so sad. Elsbeth felt the tears come into her eyes; not for Hertha, not for Martina. It was only that she was so tired.

Hertha came back. She had changed from her Mädchenbund uniform to a green suit; it looked very well with her yellow hair. She had grown out of it in the past year; the sleeves seemed short, but this made her look if anything younger and more girlish. "I think I can still wear it," she said, smiling, and blushed. Then she saw her mother's tears, and straightened up like a young soldier.

"I'm not really as silly as I seem," she said gravely. "If I'm to be disappointed, I'm ready for it. But I want to dream a little too, Mother. It feels so warm inside. Only until I get to the station. Don't be afraid; I won't lose my head." The words choked in her throat. Yet she went on: "But it would be beautiful if I should love him, and he me—all of it, all of it would be beautiful."

For a moment she stood, motionless, breathing quickly, and then she looked up as if there were something more she wanted to say; but instead she wheeled tightly and defiantly, and ran out of the apartment. It was not until she reached the street that she got command of herself.

The fresh March wind drove into her hair and nearly tore the hat off her head. While she was setting it right, she glanced up and down the street. Civilian dress gave her a feeling of uncertainty; it had been a long time since she had worn anything except a uniform.

It was only after she had gone a little way that she realized how quiet the street was. Farther up, in front of the Hotel Metropole, headquarters of the Gestapo, there was a long line of cars. Their blue headlights shot ghostly fingers into the deepening darkness. She hurried on, down the street, across the marketplace, holding her hat and bracing herself against the wind. Behind her the cars started up and growled weirdly in the evening silence. A moment later she heard them speed off in different directions. Two of them caught up with her, passed, and then it was quiet again. Only the spring wind sang through the alleys and byways of the darkened city.

She interrupted: "I don't hate you at all." And now —two Storm Troopers came in with a Polish prisoner.

By
FRANZ HOELLERING

Illustrated by
JOSEPH NUSSDORF

With half a mind she wondered what was happening. Her real thoughts and her feeling of expectancy hurried ahead of her. Then all at once she was afraid that she would never get to the station, and began to run. Perhaps they would close off the streets; perhaps there would be an air-raid alarm. Faster and faster she ran. Whatever happened, it must not touch her; this hour belonged to her. Deep in the darkness behind her, in front of the house from which she had come, a Gestapo car drew up to the curb.

AFTER Hertha had gone, Elsbeth put the mended linen away in the closet and the rest back into her basket. Then she went to Martina. As she stepped into the little room, the child hastily hid something under the blanket and reached for one of the books of fairy-tales that was lying on the counterpane. She pretended innocence, but secretly and shyly she was watching Elsbeth, who sat down next to her on the bed.

Elsbeth looked at her, not sternly, not even inquiringly, but waiting for an explanation. Martina realized it. Slowly she looked up at her mother with those big brown eyes she had inherited from Herder; and then gradually such an inner battle mirrored itself in her pale small face that Elsbeth was sorry not to have overlooked the little secret. But then Martina reached her small hand under the bedclothes again, and in a quick movement took out a little book which, half-fearfully, half-triumphantly, she handed to her mother. It was bound in soft leather with glistening gold-edged pages.

Elsbeth had never seen it in the house before. Surprised, she opened it. It was a book of songs with the notes beautifully engraved, and the text in a delicate hand.

"What a beautiful songbook!" said Elsbeth. And she wondered where Martina could have got it, and why she had wanted to hide it from her.

"All the prettiest songs are in it," said Martina, relieved.

"Then why shouldn't I see it?"

"There are no Party songs in it, not the Horst Wessel song, not any of them. But only all the forbidden songs," whispered Martina importantly.

"It's an old book that was printed when there weren't any new songs yet," answered Elsbeth, consciously quelling the child's excitement. "You don't have to hide it from anyone."

"But Uncle Walter—" Martina stopped precipitately, and bit her lip, staring at her mother with frightened eyes.

"Uncle Walter?"

Before Elsbeth had overcome her surprise, Martina began to relate what had happened, at first stumblingly, then faster and faster, as though she were glad to be rid of the secret that had so long oppressed her: "Uncle Walter gave me the little book. He said I mustn't show it to anyone, and most important of all, not tell I got it from him. But I can tell you, Mummy. Every time I see him, he asks about you."

"'Every time'? Where, child?"

"I often meet him on the way to school. I think he waits for me, because he doesn't dare come to visit us any more, ever since Paul was so nasty to him. And we're so careful when we talk to each other. We don't even say hello, and always he walks a little bit behind me. Sometimes we stand in front of a store-window and make believe we don't even know each other. He tells me little stories. Very short ones, because he always has to go away soon. He seems to be afraid of everything. He trembles and keeps looking around. And he has nobody to talk to, only me. He told me so himself. I'm sorry for him. Why can't he come to see us any more? And why was Paul so angry with him, Mummy?"

"You're a big girl now—" Elsbeth began after a while, judging quickly what she dared say and what not. Suddenly the doorbell rang. Martina pouted at the interruption, and Elsbeth went out into the hall.

When she opened the door, she found herself confronted by two huge S.S. men. Behind them she saw Herr Prinkel, the brother of the janitress. He was in civilian clothes, with his rag of a cap pulled low over his forbidding face.

"Gestapo," said one of the S. S. men. "Where is Apothecary Herder?" "My husband isn't home," replied Elsbeth.

"Gestapo," said one of the S.S. men. "Where is Apothecary Herder?" Down the stairwell she saw flashlights of other S.S. men.

"My husband isn't home," replied Elsbeth.

"Where is he?"

"He's with Health Commissar Dr. Schien, at the sanitarium."

The S.S. men seemed to be satisfied with her answer, but a voice back in the darkness of the stairs commanded: "Make sure."

One of the two, followed by the slinking Prinkel, pushed Elsbeth back into the anteroom. The other one remained standing in the door. The search didn't take much time. Elsbeth followed the two men, her knees trembling. Her heart contracted in deadly fear against which she could not defend herself. Martina started with fright when the S.S. man looked into her room, while Herr Prinkel inspected the kitchen and pantry. Elsbeth saw the child press the tiny leather book to her breast.

WHEN the S.S. man saw Martina, his face brightened a little. "A cold?" he said. "My little girl is in bed too." He turned toward Elsbeth, a quick look that took all her fear of him away and gave her the courage to ask what they wanted of Herder. But the man only shrugged, and then Herr Prinkel came in, and she couldn't ask any more.

"Not home," the S.S. man called loudly as soon as he got back out in the hall, and then he started up to the fourth floor, the others at his heels. They rang the bell upstairs, where the General's widow lived.

Elsbeth waited, unable to move, in the open door. It could not be that they wanted to arrest Herder! He hadn't done anything. He was an old, tried Party member, an air-raid warden. He was sacrificing all his time and even his health for the Party. She remembered the smuggling, the time she had got butter and eggs for Martina, but after all, everybody was doing that now, and that had been weeks ago.

She got no farther in her train of thoughts. Upstairs there was a clatter and a shouting, the shrill, loud voice of the cook, and all of a sudden it stopped as if cut off. Then the door flew open with a crash, and the next moment the old lady's cane came sliding down, the heavy ivory top first, thumping from step to step. It landed at Elsbeth's feet.

The General's widow appeared then, in the light of the flashlights the S.S. men held. She clung to the balustrade, firm lips pressed together, and tried to walk with dignity, even without her cane. But now she was only a delicate, helpless old lady. Elsbeth reached for the cane quickly and carried it over to her. She took hold of it, stared at her piercingly for a moment, then threw her head back and, flanked by S.S. men, tapped her way down the stairs.

"Don't get involved in this." The S.S. man who had looked through the apartment whispered it at Elsbeth between his teeth. Herr Prinkel did not come down from the fourth floor.

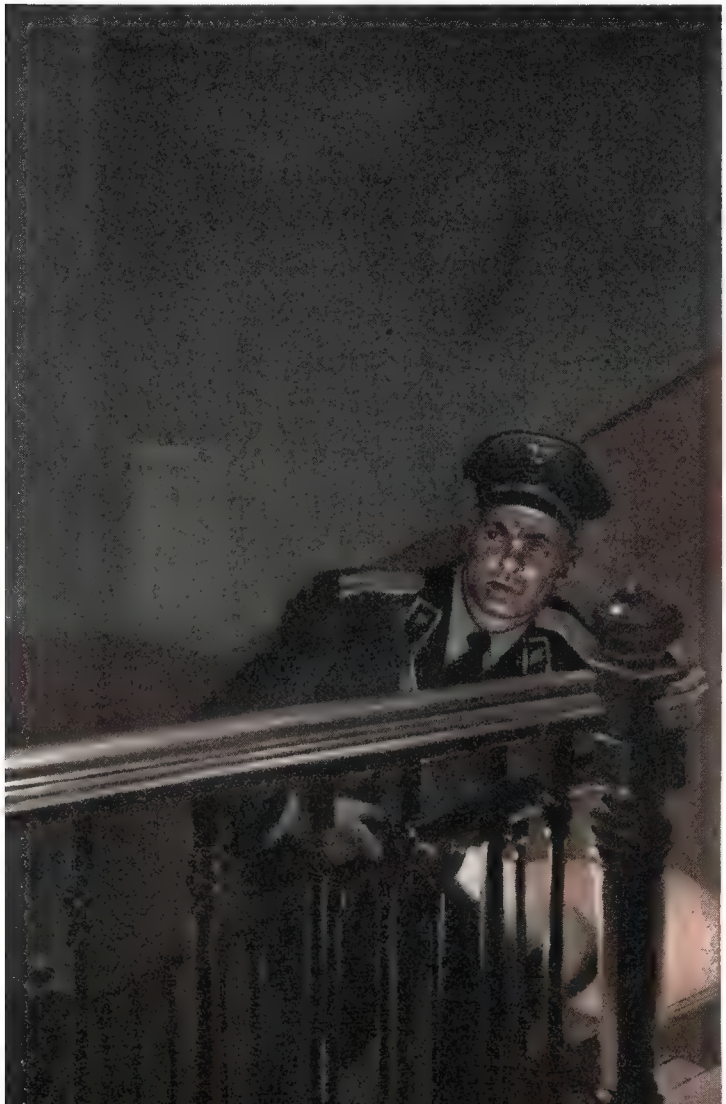
The tramping of boots died away. Outside, a car drove off. Elsbeth stood in the darkness of the hall, unable to move. Probably they wanted to come to have a talk with Herder about the old lady. Somewhere she must have shown her hatred of the Third Reich too openly. But then, why had they searched this apartment? Why should they think Herder wanted to hide? Why didn't they say simply that he was to come to the Metropole? What could they want of him—what, more than information?

Elsbeth pulled herself together, closed the door, and hurried to the telephone. She called the sanitarium, but after waiting what seemed an interminable length of time, she was told that the gentlemen had left. She called Dr. Schien at his hotel. He was not there. She left word that either he or her husband was to call her back as soon as one of them got in. It was important, terribly important.

When Elsbeth hung up, exhausted, Martina was standing next to her in her long nightgown. "I was so afraid," she said, "that they had come to get me because of the songbook."

Elsbeth clasped the little girl in her arms. "No one shall take you away from me," she whispered. "I would never give you up, never, Martina, never."

THE poorly lighted, chilly restaurant of the provincial station was hardly stimulating. Six tall windows with pointed arches and soot-blackened panes; two exits, one leading out onto the platform, the other into the waiting-room; a long, empty counter; an enormous picture of the Fuehrer on the wall, and everywhere air-raid directions and placards warning against spies. A feeble old waiter stood idly between the black, uncovered tables, staring with watery eyes into space. On the tracks outside, freight-trains droned by, and locomotives piped. In the quiet moments when even the shrill voice of the proprietress shouting unnecessary orders in the kitchen subsided, flies buzzed.



"The right place," thought Werner von Drossen. He had seated himself at a table directly across from the entrance, but there was hardly a chance that he could miss the girl, or she him. All through the interminable trip, he had tried to remember what she looked like, but he could never quite get the picture of her in his mind. All Nazi girls looked alike. He had arrived five hours late, quite a test of patience for a flyer. And he had already inquired about when he could leave. At nine the Berlin express came through. Three hours would be enough, if he handled matters cleverly, and then he would be home tomorrow and could really enjoy his furlough.

The waiter cleared away the miserable fish, only half eaten, and brought *ersatz* coffee. Von Drossen did not dare think of the food in Helgoland. If he did, he'd be sorry he was given leave.

He lighted a cigarette. The dinner he had got on his vacation food-card had not satisfied his hunger. And then too, he was annoyed at himself for actually feeling nervous. Ghastly situation. The old man would give him a real talking-to if the affair proved expensive. And Anna von Tretzkow? Of course, she would never find out about it; but even so— Was she as innocent, after all, as she had always pretended when they had been out riding and stopped to rest at the lodge? A long time since had seen those fields and trees he loved! Where was the girl?

When Hertha finally did come, Von Drossen paid her no attention, after the first glance in her direction. He was expecting a uniform. Then he heard her step coming toward his table, looked up again, and saw all at once a face he knew—the flushed cheeks and golden hair, those breathless opened lips, enormous eyes, wide open, afraid but full of courage too. He leaped to his feet, unable to say a word, and quite automatically pulled out a chair for her. She sat down without speaking. And he sat down, and they looked at each other.

"I didn't know you at first," he said at last when the suspense had grown too great, and realized at the same time how impolite it was to say such a thing. He was being awkward. Ridiculous!

"You haven't changed," said Hertha, looking up at him. Her clear glance went through and through him.

"Nor you," he answered quickly—stupidly too, after not recognizing her at first! He was already tying himself in contradictions. The approach was all wrong. He mustn't let himself get confused. She was too bright a girl. He must tell her clearly and cleanly that she must not build any castles in the air. She was a heroine of her own free will, an unmarried future mother, and the State would take care of her child. Yes, it was the State's child, not his. All the arguments he had prepared tumbled over each other in Von Drossen's head. But he hadn't a thing to say.

The waiter came, and Hertha ordered coffee. Outside, a freight-train blustered by. Von Drossen had already started to speak when the waiter returned with the coffee. They both waited until he had gone again.

"It's my first leave, and I've come—" Von Drossen hesitated.

Hertha lowered her head.

"I—I don't want there to be any misunderstanding between us."

"No misunderstanding," she repeated tonelessly, without looking up. She was not asking; only—she did not understand.

"After all, we don't know each other."

"That's true." Again she did not look up.

"But everything should be clarified between us."

"What—is there to clarify?" Very softly she said it. The blood began beating in his throat, and he took his hand from the table.

"In your father's letter about the—the result of our first meeting—"

Slowly Hertha lifted her head, and her delicate girlish face grew hard. The flush left her cheeks. "Go on," she said. Her voice had changed.

He went on. He forced himself to it. He talked about the letter, of the impossibility of making any demands on him, of his commander's order to make a clean-cut, final arrangement. Finally he hinted that he was ready of his own accord to help with expenses. When he was done, he felt easier, but at the same time utterly miserable. He had said what he wanted to say, but somehow everything was different from what he had imagined.

A TRAIN pulled into the station, and the restaurant filled with noisy people, mostly soldiers on leave, who were obviously waiting for a connection. They stormed the bar for beer.

Hertha answered only after the first tumult had subsided. Then her voice came clear and quiet. Her heart did not betray her. "My father belongs to the past. He has a lot of dead notions about

honor and morality. He wrote you without asking me about it. I have no demands to make on you. And I don't need expenses, either. You do your duty at the front; I'll do mine here at home. I shall write a letter to your commander that will rehabilitate you, Lieutenant."

"But that's no reason for us to hate each other," said Von Drossen haltingly. Never in his life had he felt so humiliated. "If I had known—"

She interrupted: "I don't hate you at all," she said. The waiter came to the table, and she paid him. Von Drossen added his portion of the bill. It had grown strangely quiet in the restaurant; they noticed it when they became aware of their own silence, the silence of a dumb, helpless parting for which there was not even a farewell.

The door to the waiting-room had been thrown open, and now two Storm Troopers came in with a Polish prisoner. One could tell what he was by the large *P* on his chest. He looked like one of the peasants brought into the Reich for forced labor, a giant of a man with a black, disheveled mop of hair like a fur cap on his bare head. He stumbled wearily into the room, dirt-smeared, arms handcuffed behind him, eyes glassy and completely unconscious of his surroundings. Even the two Storm Troopers seemed worn out. They drove their prisoner on ahead of them like trail-worn drivers of a weary animal. Near the bar they sat down at a table and shouted for beer. The prisoner had to remain standing.

The faces of the soldiers watching the scene reflected disapproval, even anger. A weird sort of tension became more and more noticeable; but before it could find expression in anything but the deepening silence, the Pole crumpled to the floor. His head hit the flagstones with a dull thud. His guards did not seem to bother about him; they drank their beer thirstily. It was only then that they noticed the contempt that came out of the silence all around them. They decided to leave. They roared at the unconscious man at their feet, and when he did not move, prodded him with their rifle-butts.

A movement of indignation rose through the hall, but no one dared go to the aid of the defenseless man. Hertha turned away from the brutal sight. At the same moment, Von Drossen sprang to his feet. She made an involuntary move to hold him back; for a moment she held tight to his hand, and their eyes met. But then he broke away. In two steps he had reached the troopers; he gave a sharp command that snapped them to attention. And then he bent down over the Pole. A soldier came to his assistance, and they sat him up. Another man brought a glass of water.

HERTHA hung on every move the Lieutenant made. The situation had been painful. Now she began to be afraid for him. When the prisoner had been brought back to consciousness and Von Drossen returned to where she was standing, she took his arm quickly and hurried him out of the room. The soldiers snapped to attention. It was clear they were saluting not only the officer, but what he had done as well.

In the darkness of Depot Square, Hertha let go his arm.

"When does your train leave?" she asked breathlessly.

"At nine."

"Don't go back till the last moment, then. Those Storm Troopers don't like anyone interfering with their authority. Be careful."

In her hastily spoken words there was a note of recognition and concern that did Von Drossen a world of good. He sought for an answer, for some way to ask her forgiveness because he had hurt her. But Hertha whispered, "Happy journey!" and disappeared into the darkness. He listened to her softly echoing footsteps.

"Command executed, Herr Major!" he heard himself say. But then a realization of his own great loss shocked him awake, and drove every other thought out of his mind.

Slowly he walked back to the station. Let the Storm Troopers complain! Their conduct had been inexcusable, and he, a tested front-line aviator, carried more weight than those Home-front slackers. He forced himself to think of nothing else; but with every step, a temptation grew stronger within him, and a sudden glorious feeling of liberation. At the station steps he stopped, still undecided. A church clock struck the quarter hour. Fifteen minutes to train-time. . . . The sound of the bells died away. He was still standing there. Then he turned and marched resolutely off toward town.

WHEN Hertha got to the house—which took her more than an hour, for several streets had been closed by the Gestapo, who were making raids all over town cleaning up the unreliables—she found her parents at supper. It was later than usual, for when Herder had come home from the sanitarium and found out about the visit of the S.S. men, he had gone to the Gestapo headquarters immediately. It turned out that they had wanted to see him in connection with the arrest of the General's widow. His assistant had seen her knock the placard bearing the Hitler oath off the register, and he had reported her. Herder was questioned as to why he himself had not made a report as duty demanded. At the same time various other lapses of his were brought to his attention. He gave his wife medicines to trade for smuggled food. His daughter Martina was not doing her duty in her Hitler Youth group. His other daughter was no longer attending the Propaganda Course. His wife was showing no interest in the Party. They knew everything. After an interminable period of questioning, they released him with a warning, and the order to avoid, henceforth, any grounds for complaint.

The poor supper lay untouched on their plates. With a quiet seriousness Herder had told them what had happened. Elsbeth noticed how, to spare them, he suppressed his inner agitation.

"The old lady arrested—the old lady," thought Hertha; but when she began to talk the words came out sharp and hard and without pity. "I shall go back to the Course tomorrow. The Fuehrer is right. The Gestapo is right. We have let down. There is no such thing as happiness. There are no such things as personal feelings. There must not be!"

Her voice still rang out in the room. But all at once she was sobbing brokenly, leaning over the table.

(Another episode of the Herders will appear next month)

REDBOOK'S RECORDS OF THE MONTH

DEEMS TAYLOR, one of America's leading composers and music critics, believes our readers will like the following new records:

1 "Ballad for Americans," sung by Paul Robeson. (Victor)

2 Debussy's "Pagodes" and "L'Ile Joyeuse," piano selection, by Walter Gieseking. (Columbia)

3 Preview from "Louisiana Purchase," music by Irving Berlin, Hal Kemp's Orchestra. (Victor)

REWARD

A SHORT SHORT STORY BY

PARKE CUMMINGS

Illustrated by CHARLES CHICKERING

"TEN thousand dollars!" said Rourke. "What I could do with ten thousand dollars!"

"And how would you be getting ten thousand dollars?" said Casey.

"For heroism. For bravery. For saving a human life. For doing a grand deed. A handsome reward they'd give me!"

"Daydreaming!" said Casey. "Daydreaming as usual. . . . Keep in the right lane, and drive slower."

"I could get my pictures in all the papers," said Rourke. "I could get married, and buy a nice house."

"There's a car behind," said Casey. "Pull over and let it pass."

"If it was a bandit car—"

"A bandit car, my eye!"

"Escaping from a hold-up. A hundred thousand dollars they have. It shoots by me, and I step on the gas. I chase them! Fifty—sixty—seventy!"

"This car can't go over forty-five," said Casey.

"Suppose the bandit car has a blow-out? It stops. I pull up beside it. There's four men inside. Desperate-looking men, they are! We jump out, you and I. They point their guns at us, but we grab the guns. We disarm the bandits!"

"Guns are dangerous," said Casey. "People get shot with them."

"Only cowards get shot. There go the bandits! Look!"

"One person in the car," said Casey. "And a woman."

"Ah! A woman in distress! A beautiful woman—in peril for her life!"

"Forty-five if she's a day, and a face that would stop a clock."

"Talking like that about womanhood!" said Rourke. "Disgraceful, it is!"

"Stop!" said Casey.

"Can a man not speak his mind? Can he not—"

"Red light just ahead of you, Rourke. Keep your eyes on the road!"

"Ah me, so it is! And the woman gone by. If I was to rescue her—"

"To rescue her from what?" said Casey.

"From oppression and cruelty. From throwing herself in the icy river—"

"It's June," said Casey. "The river's like soup."

"No feeling," said Rourke. "No sentiment. No gallantry and decency. No—"

"Go on," said Casey.

"Isn't that enough?"

"Stop talking and go on. The light's turned green."

"That it has," said Rourke. . . . "To rescue her from throwing herself off a building. To catch her just in time, and take her in my arms! To see her blue eyes looking into mine. To *(Please turn to page 81)*

"A high tree it is," said Rourke. "Maybe ten feet," said Casey. . . . "Have you the kitten?"

THE RIGHT TO *Wrangle*

No other defendant in a breach-of-promise suit has ever behaved as does the hero of this story, which is populated with characters who defy all laws, possibly even that of gravitation.

by

FRANK R. ADAMS

Illustrated by ALAN FOSTER

"IF the judge were a woman," said Virginia Hobard to her employer, "the blonde with the pretty legs would never get a cent." Theodore Henden, of Henden & Henden, chuckled at this impertinence of his secretary. He encouraged her to be that way. An old man, even a lawyer, could learn a good deal about women from the rising generation.

"Why?" he asked.

"This plaintiff," Virginia explained, "is the kind of a person who does not take the trouble to deceive other members of her own sex. She couldn't anyway; and besides, she doesn't have to. She sails right by us with the black flag in plain sight, grinning all the time because we haven't got so much speed and shining brass." She paused a moment and sorted over the samples of her indignation. "Legs and a baby face never fooled a woman."

"No," conceded Mr. Henden. "But on the other hand, there are curly-head blond mountain-climbers and Hellespont-swimmers who lecture. Men seldom award damages to marcelled boys who lecture, either."

Virginia laughed. She liked her shrewd old boss, and probably he was no worse than any other attorney. Still, she reserved the right to her own opinion, and in the case of Kenford *versus* Forder, an action for breach-of-promise, her opinion was that whatever Miss Maybelle Kenford was up to, it was probably not fair, honest or even legal.

"These letters, written by Mr. Forder," Mr. Henden was saying, producing same from his brief-case, "are to be transcribed right here in this office and attested as true copies before the originals are allowed to be placed in evidence. You'd better do it yourself, Miss Hobard; and while you are working on them, keep them constantly under your eye. In my opinion they have an actual cash value of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, maybe even more, if I happen to be feeling slightly melancholy on the day that I sum up."

In private life Virginia would certainly never have read a love-letter addressed to someone else. But this was in the line of duty, and she inserted paper and carbons in her machine, spread out the first installment of Exhibit A, and prepared to type it.

With a grimace of distaste, however, because Virginia had, on other occasions, read the sort of tanglefoot that doddering millionaires customarily prepare for themselves when reeling under the baby stare of their private gold-digger. "Sweet mamma," "snookums," "ickle bitsy baby," were some of the phrases that male fools plagiarized from each other and drooled from fountain pens that were really only adjusted to the business of signing checks.

Virginia looked for the bromidic beginning, "*Darling Sweetums.*" It wasn't there.

Instead this note ran:

"To the lady in furs:

"Never mind how I found out where you live. Never mind either how I knew that you were wearing quite and absolutely nothing under that marvelous and enveloping sable cloak. Perhaps I have an intuition about such matters.

"But those are all the facts that I have about you. The rest is perhaps illusion—the feeling that you are more beautiful than any of the sirens who would have so pleasantly destroyed Ulysses had he not been securely lashed to the ten commandments—the recollection of your remark that, believe it or not, you were waiting, there on that fire-escape for a taxidermist—the fleeting impression that you would not have allowed me to kiss the tip of your impudent ear that first time I met you, but that later—

"That, of course, is the reason why I pursue you, and probably will until I find out what it is that you know which I do not—that misty knowledge that makes your half-smile in the dusk an allure that must be solved before I shall ever sleep contentedly again—with your head on my arm, of course.

"I might be mysterious too, but I am afraid that might defeat our ends. So, in order that you may avoid me in the right places, I feel that I ought to say that I walk frequently near the children's playground at the south end of the park. I do not wear a gardenia in my coat lapel, but I am usually at the other end of a leash which considerably hampers the activities of a red chow. Or would you know me anyway?

"When, as and if we meet, what you are to say is 'Why, Mr. Forder, may I call you Harrison, where will you be all the rest of your life?' And I will answer, 'Fair lady, look down, I'm there now—in the path at your feet.'"

There was no signature.

Virginia had been typing as she read halfway down the page. From the third paragraph on, however, her fingers lay idle on the keys, even when she had finished, they did not resume their clatter.

Instead she read the next letter, and the next and the next, until she had gone through the entire sheaf.

The replies to what he wrote were, of course, not there; but Virginia could reconstruct them well enough to visualize the progress of the affair from incipient and unconventional flirtation down through a teasing period at the end of which he had swallowed the adroitly offered fly and had been hooked for a proposal.

A FINAL letter was written in Magnusboro on the day before the projected marriage. An extract is given herewith:

"Yet one more day, my belle, and your existence and mine will flow together into the mighty main current that will be our real life. I am almost afraid to have a falsely solemn mere man in a white tie and black suspenders say the words that will bind us formally together. But I shall try not to laugh when he pompously gives me something that is mine already.

"Hang onto your hat, my proud beauty—here goes for the great adventure."

Harrison Forder did not write like a sap. Of course, he must be one, or he would not have fallen for the rather obvious Maybelle Kenford, although she seemed to be the kind of bait that most men got caught with. Virginia had sensed that fact in the courtroom that very day. Even the judge was undeniably favorably impressed by Maybelle's *savoir faire,* and also, in case you understand other foreign languages, by her dimpled patella and shapely tibia. . . .

Virginia got quite upset thinking of the injustice which would probably be done to Harrison Forder. Miss Kenford was entitled to just exactly nothing, and here, unless something was done about it, she was in all likelihood going to receive a quarter of a million for damages to a heart that had obviously been re-

Maybelle addressed Virginia: "Come, young woman, my letters." Virginia shrugged. "I'm sorry; I haven't them."

treaded a dozen times. Why, Maybelle had already received more payment than she was worth when Harrison Forder sent her just one letter! Didn't she know that any nice woman would trade an eyetooth any time to get a note from a man who could make love like that?

By "any nice woman" Virginia probably meant herself. In a way she was justified, even though we cannot let her get away with such an immodest estimate without checking up on it. She was pleasant to look at, if you happened to like her type, which was demure rather than flashy; she had a nice figure, lanky a little, but small-boned, so that she would doubtless round out considerably whenever life handed her anything to be especially happy about; her small mouth was sweet and steady (although the darn' thing would quiver a little sometimes unless she kept her mind on it); her eyes were level and gray, with long lashes that contrasted with a healthily pale skin—not an inch of sun-tan on her anywhere; and her hair was nearly black and about Garbo length.

For office work Virginia wore crêpe, moiré or knitted silk in solid serviceable colors and in simple modes—so simple and absolutely correct, in fact, that any one of her office dresses could equally well have been worn to an afternoon tea without exciting any but favorable comment. Men, in the business world, of course, could not be expected to know that. Virginia had no other contacts; she dressed entirely for her own satisfaction.

This day she wore oyster bisque moiré, and black kid shoes. The dress was cut with a high square neck, and it had suggested sleeves. It looked clean and cool. On the street she wore a black basket-weave coat with a big white bow, and a hat that was only moderately funny.

The detail as to what Virginia wore on the street is supplied at this point, because it was on the street that Virginia found herself shortly after having finished reading the letters a second time.

INCIDENTALLY she had the letters with her. Further than that, she had no intention of ever returning to the offices of Henden & Henden or of sending the letters back. This made Virginia guilty of grand larceny, and a technical fugitive from justice. She would not become an actual object of pursuit by the police until about the next day, when her absence from the office had become noticeable, and all ordinary inquiries as to her whereabouts had failed to locate her.

At first glance it might seem that Virginia had suddenly decided upon a career of crime. These letters were presumably valuable to two people. They were the sole basis upon which damages amounting to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars were claimed. Possession of them might be worth half that amount at least to an outsider who could sell them to the highest bidder.

But Virginia's motive was more quixotic than that. Something had happened to Virginia. She had detected a note in the lyric prose of Mr. Harrison Forder to which her subconscious self vibrated. Her instinctive reaction was maternal, a desire to protect so gentle and foolish a man from the consequence of his own ignorance.

This was an unusual state of mind for Virginia. For the most part she considered herself a concrete egg, not amenable to persuasion or even force, unless it was applied with overwhelming violence. Not for several years had she shed a tear over anything.

Even now her maternal impulse, if that was what it was which animated her, was more than half impatience at the man's damfool blindness. He should have a lesson, she admitted. But not such an expensive one.

Virginia's combined altruism and indignation carried her well into the financial district and even past the information-clerk and into Mr. Harrison Forder's office. She had scarcely expected to find him in, and when she confronted him, was a little frightened at the rashness which had inspired her to the adventure.

Was this the Harrison Forder who had written so playfully of fur coats and fire-escapes and kings? Scarcely. This *hombre* was a square, stocky man with a melancholy face and reddish hair that stood up fairly straight on top of it. No poetic curl over his brow, not even poetic baggy velvet trousers on his sturdy hammer-thrower's legs. Virginia was not sure, but the presumption is that her hopes were dashed. At least her mental image had been shattered. Harrison Forder affected very trim but slightly noisy tweeds, and haberdashery that did not entirely match. Whoever picked out his ties was evidently color-blind but obstinate and not open to friendly suggestions.

"What," asked Mr. Forder absently, referring to the memorandum his secretary had placed on his desk, "is this important matter you wished to see me about? —Won't you sit down?"

"Perhaps I've made a mistake," stated Virginia doubtfully. "You may not be the Mr. Forder I wished to see. But I'd better find

out before I leave. Are you, by any chance, the defendant in a breach-of-promise suit now being tried before Judge Ostergate?"

Mr. Forder sank into the chair at his desk and consulted a "tickler" file.

"Here it is. Yes, I believe I am. Are you the plaintiff?"

Virginia looked at him in sheer amazement. No man could mislay a blonde like Maybelle Kenford and later mistake a dark stranger like herself for the lamented absentee.

"If you are," continued Mr. Forder easily, "I must repeat my former decision not to give up the child."

No sign of persiflage on his granite countenance.

"There is no child," Virginia informed him briefly.

"My error," Mr. Forder apologized. "Or it may have been a mistake on the part of the census-taker. But tell me why you thought I was not the Mr. Forder you wished to see. To all women, I am not so disappointing. For instance, ladies soliciting for charities, selling season-tickets to flower-shows, and so forth, very frequently act as if I were the very Mr. Forder they have been searching for all their lives. Why am I the wrong Forder?"

"You never could have written these letters." She produced them and laid them on his desk.

"No," he admitted, glancing at the outside of one or two envelopes. "That's obvious. I practically never cross my *t's* or dot my *j's*. I make what amounts to a virtue of it. It is rumored that I have no other virtues."

"Here's your purse," he said. Then turning to her boss: "And here are the letters —if you are Mr. Henden or Mr. Henden, or both."

"I meant," said Virginia, "that these are the most charming love-letters I've ever read."

"Which, anyway you look at it, could never be interpreted as a direct compliment. But I thank you on behalf of these poor mute missives, which you seem to be even more familiar with than I myself."

VIRGINIA acknowledged the polite thrust. "I read them only because I was instructed to copy them for court records. I am a secretary for the firm of Henden & Henden."

"A typist?" An incredulous glance at her tailleur.

"I said 'secretary.'"

"Oh, yes, so you did. But I think I said 'typist,' with a rising inflection denoting a mixture of polite inquiry and incredulity."

"Meaning that you do not care what I am?"

"Precisely. Now about these letters: How and why do they come to be on my desk? I had hoped to forget them, I will even say that I had forgotten them—the relics of a custard-and-jelly period of my development. I am no longer an amœba."

"I had not noticed."

Mr. Forder sat up—stung. But he grinned. "And the letters?"

"I stole them."

"Oh. But I fail to see what good that will do you. I am not a ripe subject for blackmail."

"They are worth a quarter of a million dollars."

"To whom?" demanded Mr. Forder.

"To you. That's why I brought them. The plaintiff, Miss Kenford, has no other basis upon which to rest her claim for breach-of-promise. These are the only copies in existence. I brought them to you before I typed them."

"But my dear girl, does this not make it likely that you will lose your position as typ—er—secretary?"

"I've already resigned."

"It also makes you a thief."

"Perhaps; but at least I am not so much of a crook as that gold-digger who would have let the public read your letters just to get a lot of money."

"Gold-digger?" he repeated, weighing it. "I believe you are implying a lack of judgment on my part."

"Exactly." There was no beating about the bush in Virginia's tactics now.

"Perhaps you are right. I have often said of myself that I pick not wisely but too often. However, it is an acute relief to be entirely finished at last with all but unfriendly relations with your sex."

"You are quite through?"

"Absolutely. Completely cured by my experience with—er—what did you say this lady's name was?"

"Maybelle Kenford."

"That's it. At any rate, since Miss *(Please turn to page 64)*

Lonesome

"Thank you for being so thoughtful," the woman said. "I've been frantic about her."

IT was about half-past five, and I was walking home from work, the way I did every day. I was walking slowly, so that I wouldn't get there too soon. Other men going home pushed around me on the outside. In their faces you could see they were glad their work was done and they had somewhere to go. The girls walked quickly too, some of them with nice legs and ankles under their short skirts. They were thinking of dates for the evening, I guessed. Everybody seemed to enjoy this time of day. It was just the opposite with me.

I didn't like the place I lived in. It was called an apartment, a one-room apartment with bath, and I didn't know another soul in the building. I knew the janitor, but I didn't know anybody else, even after six months there. And when I got home now, after all my slow walking, there wouldn't be anything I wanted to do. Radio programs give me a headache around dinner-time; and though I had the evening *Bulletin* under my arm, that didn't help either. I'd already seen two papers that day, one with my breakfast in the cafeteria, the other at lunch; and I didn't feel like reading the stuff all over again. That was one thing I had to figure out each day—how to waste enough time around six o'clock so that I wouldn't start for dinner too early. When I went out too early, or finished my dinner too quickly, as sometimes happened, the rest of the evening lasted a seeming week.

At a quarter to six I was only a block from home, and I realized I'd been walking faster than I meant to. Then I noticed a dog across the street. He was looking at me, and I remembered I'd seen him a couple of blocks back. He was medium-sized and quite dirty, and I guessed he was partly fox terrier, because the short hair under the dust still showed white in a few places. He had large black patches around his eyes, which probably caused his owner, if he had one, to call him Spot. He acted as if he wanted to come across the street and walk near me, but was afraid to. I knew he was lonely and I felt sorry for him, but I didn't do anything about it, because he was so dirty. So he stayed on his own side of the street, moving slowly and smelling the telephone poles, but looking over at me sometimes.

The people who had been hurrying home were gone now, and I was about the only person in the block. Daylight was fading, and everything was very quiet on the street. The dog and I had the world to ourselves. So I thought, anyhow. But I was wrong.

A few steps farther on, between two apartment buildings, there was an old brick house whose lawn ran down to the sidewalk, and on this lawn a little girl was standing. She was about six years old, with wide, serious dark eyes, and she was wearing a short jacket with big buttons down the front, over a brief cotton frock.

When I came nearer, she spoke to me timidly.

"Please—can you tell me where my mother is?"

Her voice was so small, and yet so steady and polite, that I found myself answering in the same tone. "Your mother will be back very soon," I told her. "I believe she is on the street-car now." I noticed that the windows of the house were dark and that the front door was open. "Do you live here?" I asked.

She nodded slowly, keeping her eyes on mine.

"In a minute will she be here?" she asked quietly. She ran the first three words together, pronouncing them "inniminit," and it was clear from her emphasis that she felt their importance.

"In a minute," I said. "Did she go downtown?"

"To buy me a dress—a blue one."

"That will be very pretty," I told her. I looked down the street, but there was nobody in sight. "How would it be," I suggested, "if we sat on the steps and waited for your mother?"

"Yes—please," she answered. She put her hand in mine, and we went up the walk together. When we reached the steps, she sat close to me, and she kept her eyes on the street. I saw she was fighting to hold her lips steady.

An unexpected episode

by

PUTNAM FENNELL JONES

Illustrated by WILLIAM REUSSWIG

I knew how she felt, because that same fear had swept over me once when I was six. It was an afternoon in the winter, and I'd come home from school as usual and climbed the four flights of stairs to our flat. But when I tried the door, it was locked; and I pounded my hands red against the panels before I would believe the place was empty. A child has no defense against such quick loneliness. At least I had none. I let my back slide down the sharp edge of the door-frame, and I sat there very still, with my fists pressed into my stomach, while I whispered: "They will come back, they will come back, they will come back." But through the skylight over the stairs I could see the sky turn gray and then purple and then black; and when that happened, I felt I was an orphan. Of course I wasn't, for my mother came in shortly afterward, white-faced from a subway tie-up that had kept her underground for two hours. Yet the experience has always stayed with me, and may explain my dislike for the apartment I was living in.

I glanced out at the sidewalk, and saw that the white dog had crossed the street and was watching us. When I looked at him, he dropped his head and began sniffing along the low hedge, as if to show he was needed on this side of the street.

"Let's talk to Spot," I said. The girl raised her eyes, and I pointed to the dog, who had his ears cocked toward us. "Come on, boy!" I called, slapping my knee.

He bounded forward till he was almost on top of us, and then got down and started to crawl. At the same time he wrinkled the loose skin on his face, twisting it up and away from his teeth in a weird sort of grin. I wasn't sure how the child would take this, but she chuckled and held out her hand.

"Nice doggie," she said. Spot stretched his neck out cautiously, touched her fingertips with his nose, then splashed his tongue against her palm. She giggled, and caught her breath, and pressed against me. "He tickles," she said. The dog rested his chin on the bottom step.

"What is your name?" I asked her.

"Peggy."

"And what is your daddy's name?"

She looked at me with startled eyes, and I could see that she was bewildered by my question. "My daddy?" she murmured.

"I meant *my* daddy," I explained hurriedly, cursing my awkwardness. "You see—"

"Have you a daddy?" she asked, staring at me.

"Well, not exactly," I floundered. "I had one, but he has gone away."

She thought about that for a while, and it must have satisfied her, for she nodded slowly and began stroking the hair between Spot's ears. "He has gone away," she crooned to herself. "He has gone far away, and he won't come back for a long, long time." The dog rolled his eyes up at her, but was careful not to move his head.

I was just going to say something, when there was a click of heels from the sidewalk, and a woman turned in.

Peggy scrambled down the steps.

"There's my mother," she said, and I caught her sob of relief, though she muffled it quickly.

THE woman coming toward us was still young, twenty-eight or twenty-nine at the utmost. She was dressed in a tailored suit and a felt hat with a feather on it, and she had a slim, attractive figure. Her eyes were dark like Peggy's; and when she came closer, I saw the tears in them. She drew Peggy into her arms and held her tightly.

"Mother's so sorry, darling!"

Spot backed away from the steps and stood watching from a safe distance. I said nothing until the woman raised her eyes questioningly.

"Peggy and I were passing the time *(Please turn to page 99)*

HOW IT HAPPENED THE

By the

Former Crown Prince of Germany

Reprinted by special arrangement with Charles Scribner's Sons.
Copyright, 1922, The Mundus Publishing Company, Ltd., Amsterdam

We reprint this account of the sudden collapse of Germany in 1918 not because we believe that history invariably repeats itself, but in order to refresh the memories of our readers. No one would have believed in July, 1918, that four months later Germany would suffer a crushing defeat; and yet—read this chapter out of the memoirs of the former Crown Prince, and reach your own conclusion.

REDBOOK'S Encore OF THE MONTH

FOR the great German offensive in the month of July, 1918, the General Higher Command had brought together all our disposable forces, reserving only some fresh divisions and heavy artillery with the Prince Rupprecht Army Group for the Hagen attack. When this offensive failed, I no longer entertained any doubt that matters at the front as well as affairs at home were drifting toward the final catastrophe—a catastrophe which was inevitable unless, at this eleventh hour, great decisions were formed and energetically carried out. My chief of staff, Count von der Schulenburg, fully shared my views, and consequently we left no means untried to persuade the General Higher Command to adopt two measures above all: namely, the placing of affairs at the front and affairs at home on a sounder basis. But our proposals and warnings had no effect; we knew, therefore, what was coming.

We soon saw ourselves in the midst of the disintegration; we had to watch with open eyes the inevitable catastrophe approaching nearer and nearer, day by day, ever faster and ever more insatiable. . . .

With an anxious heart I entered every morning the office of the Army Group; I was always prepared for bad news and received it only too often. The drives to the front, which had previously been a pleasure and recreation for me, were now filled with bitterness. The staff officers' brows were furrowed with care. Wherever I went, the troops, though still unimpeachable in their demeanor—willing, friendly and cheerful in their salutes—were worn almost to death. My heart turned within me when I beheld their hollow cheeks, their lean and weary figures. their tattered and dirty uniforms; one would fain have said, "Go home, comrade, have a good long sleep, have a good hearty meal—you've done enough!" when these brave fellows used to pull themselves together smartly on my addressing them or shaking hands with them. And the pity of it all was, I could not help them; these tired and worn-out men were the last remnants of our strength; they would have to be worked remorselessly, if we were to avoid a catastrophe and obtain a peace that was at all tolerable for Germany.

Below: Scenes of the collapse of the German Army in 1918. Hungry defeated soldiers are retreating while Foch receives the German plenipotentiaries and discusses the terms of armistice with them.

LAST TIME

The Kaiser (center), Field Marshal von Hindenburg (left) and General von Ludendorff at the German headquarters.

Acme–International

So, from day to day, I had to look on while the old virility of my bravest divisions dwindled away, while vigor and confidence were bled whiter and whiter in the incessant and arduous battles. As things stood, no rest could be allowed to the war-worn troops, or at most only a day now and then. Instead of a drastic shortening of the front, we had still the old extent to cover with our anemic and decimated divisions. It soon became quite impossible to do so at all adequately. Clamors for relief and rest were made to me, which I found myself unable to grant. Reinforcements stopped almost completely; and the few little groups that dribbled out to us were only of inferior value. They consisted mostly of old and worn-out soldiers sent back to the front again; often they were gleaned from the hospitals in a half-convalescent condition; often they were half-grown lads with no proper training and no sort of discipline. . . .

In the summer and early autumn of 1918, the spreading demoralization became more and more noticeable in the occupied territory. The order that originally existed behind the lines was visibly deteriorating. In the larger camps on the lines of communications, thousands of straggling shirkers and men on leave roamed about; some of them regarded every day that they could keep away from their units as a boon from heaven; some of them were totally unable to join their regiments on account of the overburdening of the railways. I remember at the time a journey to the front which took me through Hirson Junction. It was just dinner-time for men going on leave and stragglers, who stood around by the hundred. I mingled with the crowd and talked to many of the men. What I heard was saddening indeed. Most of them were sick and tired of the war and scarcely made an effort to hide their disinclination to rejoin their units. Nor were they all rascals; there was many a face there which showed that the nerves had given way, that the energy was gone, that the primitive and unchecked impulse of self-preservation had got the mastery over all recognition of the necessity for holding out or resisting. . . . New comprehensive and thorough measures were imperative here, and they should have been entrusted to the Higher Command to enforce. Within the sphere of our Army Group, we naturally did everything that lay in our power to introduce some sort of order into the chaos, but we received very slight support in our efforts.

THE discipline behind the lines slackened ominously. This I could perceive in Charleville, the headquarters of the Army Group. Men had constantly to be taken to task on account of their slack bearing and their failure to salute. Men returned from leave, who had previously performed their duties in an exemplary manner, were inclined to insubordination and mutiny. The younger replacements were, at best, utterly wanting in enthusiasm and generally showed an absolutely frivolous conception of patriotism, duty and fidelity—things which, for a soldier, should be sacred matters. Unfortunately, the highest authorities resolved upon no energetic or exemplary measures in regard to these dangerous phenomena. The behavior of the French population was, it is true, correct; but they did not disguise their delight at our manifest decline. . . .

By the end of September, 1918, events came fast and furious. It was like a vast conflagration that had long smoldered in secret and that, suddenly getting air, now burst into flame at numberless spots. Fire everywhere: here in the west and in the southeast and at home. The collapse of Bulgaria was the first visible sign.

ON October 28, my adjutant, Müller, returned from an official journey to the homeland. He brought the evil news of mutiny in the navy. From his report, it appeared evident that the revolution was already menacingly at hand in Germany; but that apparently nothing was being done at present to suppress the rising movement. With a clear appreciation of the position, Müller proposed the posting of some reliable divisions behind the Army Group as soon as possible, so that one might have these troops ready at hand if necessity arose from their employment. This suggestion was unfortunately not considered further; our attention was all too deeply engaged at the front and riveted, as in duty bound, on the troops under our care.

From November 4 onward, my four armies along their entire front retreated toward the Antwerp-Meuse position, fighting hard as they retired and performing everything in perfect order and absolutely according to plan. . . .

On the evening of November 5th, Major von Bock, the first general staff officer of the Army Group, told me that he had been insulted in the open streets by a Landsturm soldier from the lines of communication. Two days later I made my first personal acquaintance with the revolution. I was driving with my orderly officer, Zobeltitz, along the Meuse road from Waulsort to Givet to visit once more the troops who were to hold the Meuse line. A few kilometers from Waulsort, just as we reached a spot where the railway runs close beside the highroad, we saw a leave-train of men which had halted and was flying the red flag. Immediately afterward, from the open and the broken windows my ears were greeted with the stupid cries of, *"Lights out! Knives out!"* which formed a sort of watchword and slogan for all the hooligans and malcontents of that period.

I stopped my car and, accompanied by Zobeltitz, walked up to the train. I ordered the men to alight, which they at once did. There may have been five or six hundred of them—a rather villainous-looking crowd, mostly Bavarians from Flanders. In front of me stood a very lamp-post of a Bavarian sergeant. With his hands thrust deep into his trousers' pockets and displaying altogether a most provocative air, he was the very picture of insubordination. I rated him and told him to assume at once a more becoming deportment, such as was *(Please turn to page 96)*

That Other Heartbreaking Miracle

SHE was in the train at last, free of them. She could still feel Lisa's eyes, reproachful and expectant, waiting for her to collapse.

Centuries seemed to have passed since she had wakened to the telephone-bell and Bédiot's voice, throbbing with a pity and mercy that she was able to measure because it meant nothing to her, telling her that it —this—had happened at last. How many hundreds of moments, over and over, had she put the thought of it out of her mind, because she had promised Maurice after the first year, when every flight of his tormented her with dread, that she would fight it down. She had trained her will to escape. And now that the horror was there, actual, it took a curious unreal effort to hold it down, to believe it.

It was not real to her. It wouldn't come real. It was something that had come true and was too hard to believe. She accepted it with a consciousness that swung her into a sort of limbo where neither damnation nor salvation could reach her. Maurice was gone. This time there would be no return. The plane had come down in the night, in the Grisons Alps. Bédiot told her that, and then he said he was coming to see her. He came. He told Lisa. Lisa stared at her and nearly dropped the breakfast-tray, and she stared back at Lisa, seeing her perfectly and clearly, but only hearing and feeling Maurice—his hands pressing her shoulder-blades, holding her close: "Don't have one of your sleepless nights," he had said, "your *nuits blanches.*" She had promised, yielding to the loveliness of his embrace. She could still feel the warmth of his body, his lips, as he wished he had five francs for every time he'd been over the Swiss border. He assured her there was no danger. This war would take a long time to measure. So far, it was only a war condition.

It was only when Bédiot came, that she remembered the letter; and when she remembered the letter, she thought of Alice Mornay. She would have to tell Alice. Poor Alice! She knew, the way a woman always knows when another woman is in love with her husband, that Alice loved him. Alice would weep. Poor unfortunate Alice! She felt grieved for her, reaching out to her with the widest, truest sympathy. And then she forgot Alice, remembering him putting the letter in the top drawer and looking round at her with the same gleam in his eye that he had had the first time, making her promise never, never to open it —unless he never got back.

They had even joked about it. She had said he ought to have a formula, like the American cables you send at Christmas time. It would save his having to write a different letter every time. The first thing he did whenever he returned, was to tear up the letter. He would leave the pieces in the drawer, or they would fall to the floor, or he would carry them over carefully and put them into the fire, or put them into his pocket; anywhere, she used to say, but in the waste-paper basket.

TO get the letter, she had to drag herself across the room—drag against her will. It was like breaking her word to him to take it. It was right at the back of the drawer. She had to scrape up the lining paper to get it; and outside in the street at that very moment a boy began to whistle "Violetta." He was always humming "Violetta." The tender nostalgic *motif* got her, and an awful, lost feeling tugged at her so that she couldn't open the letter. She took it back through the sitting-room, past Bédiot—humped and defeated in a chair—and she sat down on the bed, wondering what was in the letter.

What would a man write? How often she had wondered that! She would always have written the same thing: *I have loved you. I love you. I shall always love you.* Above the bare words of what she might have written, her thoughts beat out on her now: "Oh, my dear one, do you remember that first time in the Rue Félice? Do you remember the time we had no money, and we went to Céline's, and she gave us *bouillabaisse* and roasted guinea-fowl and *beignets,* and you said you'd pay her when you won the Altitude Prize—and you did! She kissed us both, and I gave her roses, and everybody there stood on their chairs and cheered."

Afterward there was too much of that sort of thing. It had bored her, and Christine wanted her to go back to her chemistry. Christine never forgave her for getting married. Christine had never matured into life. She still was where they were that last year of theirs at the Sorbonne—the woman's year when she and Christine had got nearly all the firsts. She remembered the honors distribution, the Richelieu Amphitheatre packed with faces, every tribune full, the childlike, absent look on the Dean's face. . . .

Christine had given her three years. In three years, she said, marriage would about finish her, and then she'd come back to where she belonged. She was downright angry when she heard that there was a child coming, disgusted with her because she had to go to the lavatory and be sick as a dog, no sympathy at all when she had said, feeling pretty miserable, how queer life was and that you could never have anything in peace. Christine had always resented him. He was all right, she said, for a man; "but it's you, darling, who have the brains."

He was the one who had wanted the child —a little girl, he said, with curls down to

The story of a young wife, widow and mother.

By
KATHLEEN
COYLE

Illustrated by
MAURICE BOWER

"You said you'd pay her when you won the Altitude Prize—and you did! She kissed us both."

The poor old creature stood waiting . . . and one word broke from her, her son's name—"Maurice!"

her waist so that he could play horses with her. It was a joke to him—an aviator playing horses. The remarks he used to make whenever there was a horse standing in the street, asking them what they thought they were doing there, and for how long they expected to be going about? Making smells, he used to say. . . . Old men coming down out of attics with sheets of newspapers to take up the droppings to mix with the earth they kept in soap-boxes on their window-sills. In the slummiest quarters where they needed the most oxygen, old people grew nasturtiums and mustard and cress.

There! She opened the letter, quickly, tearing the envelope:

Dearest, be brave for the sake of the child that is coming, our child. Don't let anything hurt her. All that we have had, nobody can take from us. We have it for always. My last thoughts will be of you and Mother. Be good to Mother. I want to be buried there, where I began, near her, where I can hear the wind whistling in the Ardennes forest. I belong there. If there's anything left of me, see that it goes there. Don't read the papers. Don't listen to anybody. Take care of the child and Mother. Take care of yourself, because of this love that will last and hold us both until there is another time somewhere, somehow. Tell my little girl about me—what I looked like, how I walked, and the way I could move back my ears. Now I'll never tease her. You must do that for me. You will hear her laughter, and wherever the somewhere is, I'll hear it, in your heart. —M.

It was then that the blow struck, that all things bereaved her of him. He wanted to go there—to be near her—his mother. She was the only woman who had ever divided him for her. Deliberately she had kept him away. She had never wanted him to go back, only forward. She had argued about his absences in that place where there were only haystacks—and his mother. In the end he had stopped going, and they had ceased quarreling about her. They never mentioned her. Now he had the last word! Her thoughts were bitter. It was as though she were robbed of what was most precious to her. A great, flooding anger was dammed in her at the source. Suddenly she knew what to do. She began to dress in a hurry. Bédiot and Lisa thought she was mad when she said she was going to Villeroy. They tried to stop her, to reason with her, and then insisted upon going with her. She had to fight them under, into their places, telling Bédiot to take care of the journalists—

to give them anything, anything at his discretion, but that she was to be left alone. Even if there was a funeral at Villeroy, she was to be left alone. She was in no condition to be photographed. There was a hard, servile stare in Lisa's eyes as she put the few necessary things into a valise. Lisa was burning to comfort her, to come out strong and powerful over her weakness. She saw Lisa thinking that she was a stone. . . .

She had escaped. Here she was in the train. The nauseating motion and the smell of the unaired carriage made her feel deadly sick and ready to faint. She did not faint. She kept getting to the edge of oblivion and then never going off, staying there in torture, on the edge of the precipice. She counted the months and weeks back again, certain that the doctor was out in his calculations, just a bit too clever, knowing it all.

The train was a nightmare to her. The flight of the passing stations stamped her with sordid images, infernal as forms out of Dante—a woman with a goitre, workwomen all huddled and tired in filthy overalls taking men's places, ceasing to carry the stamp of women, one of them jeering in a hoarse, raucous voice that soon there would be no men left: "*Tant pis,*" she cried out, "soon there'll be nothing left but rabbits!" She put her long-nailed blackened forefingers up behind her ears and wagged them, and they all laughed—a most forlorn laughter that did not seem to belong to the nature of women.

The train scraped by, station after station, walls like elephant's hides, scratched and coarse. Douai and Turcoing. She hated Belgium. The moment you touched it, the atmosphere changed. The North came in like sleet, something that seethed to the bone. Skins became paler, and faces took on the tossed, loosened features of those whose forbears had had to weather piracy and merciless seas. Her thoughts were tumultuous, grasping and searing her, and then off in a flight with the train's speed grinding out the measure. Everything that was fixed in her memory came out upon her haphazard—absurd and futile things like the way Alice Mornay's beauty lasted, trimmed like a lamp; and then something so deep that it tore her with its wonder, like the day Maurice went with her to visit the new laboratory, and Chiberre made poetry out of cathodic rays, filling her with the duality of things, the draw and resistance like sex, the mystery in darkness for which we always had the wrong meaning.

"Oh, darling," her mind went, speaking to him as though he were there, with her in the train, "don't you remember how cold it was in the Observatory Gardens when we walked home? Cold, bright, sunny air and leaves blowing on the path." She had her arm through his, and she had to hop now and then to keep up with him, and they were just so happy that it seemed dangerous to be alive.

WELL, here she was, obeying him, going to his mother. There was a betraying tenderness in his whole being whenever he mentioned his mother—telling you nothing more important than how she scrubbed the table and gave him a piece of *boudin* with red cabbage. You cook it with apples. His mother still wore those colorful aprons, and the little shawl over her shoulders. . . .

They would meet at last—she and his mother. She felt the child leaping in her side, and she wished the tiredness would come out stronger, get the better of her. The awful nauseating feeling came back. It was all so miserable, like taking bismuth. It always disgusted her to see the photographic plates with the ghost-blue fluid showing. She wished suddenly that there wasn't going to be a child. What would she do with a child? She wished everything would stop dead, the way you stop a pendulum, at a touch. Alice had one of those clocks in her cottage in the Lozére valley. That was far away, in the springtime—primroses in a soup-plate on a low table, a brown dog stretched on the hearth.

THERE was a red fog in the sky when she got out of the train. She had no idea what the time was; sunset, or one of those suns that dry up the moisture from the fields like linen at a fire.

She was the only passenger to descend. She had to wait against the ox-blood red ticket-office, by the bed of nasturtium leaves rotting like a stale salad, until the station-woman came down out of the signal-box to collect her ticket. The woman beckoned to her, and made a sign that she was to wait. Her sturdy body was guillotined over the signal-levers, cut in two with her red fists on the handles. Under her pressure the train slipped smoothly out over the rails, and the countryside was devastatingly quiet. She took her time to come down, walking toward her on the little platform so deliberately. She had to stand the full charge of her scrutiny, the pause when she asked to be directed to the farm. "A good five miles," the woman said; "no way of getting there except on your two feet, walking. Since the war, hardly any horses or carts or cars; all the young men—vanished." She made a wail of it. There was nothing to do but walk. "It can't harm you," she said, on another tone that brought her nearer, into a realm in which she might be known: "I always did a lot of walking. It helps when your time comes."

"And Madame Vanderulst?" she asked. The woman shrugged again, hopelessly. Nothing to be done. The old woman was up there alone, tethered. She couldn't get away.

She began to walk up the road, and presently the tiredness clutched her at the knees and ankles. The light valise began to weigh a ton and roused her sympathy for market-women, tramping desolate roads, the inch-by-inch monotony. She saw the forest in the distance, brushed up like a great head of hair at the edge of the far-away fields. The woman had told her to turn when she came to the top of the hill, and look for the path beyond the three poplars. Far down, in a field of turnips, she saw a feather of smoke rising. A dog began to bark. The sky had chilled to ashes. The loneliness of the road was terrible to her, menaced by unknown scuttlings. A wind went by her, ruffling the grass like a snake. There was a bird with a warning note, crying curlew to its fellows. The three trees stood up like gallows in the silvery air, Goya trees. As a boy he had seen them, traveling this road—coming home from some kermesse with his mother, a Scotch cap with streamers on his head, a little stick with paper ribbons stretched like flames in the breeze, a jew's-harp in his pocket. The flood swelled in her, ready—and then it ebbed. The tears went back, dried. She had to keep on, to get there before the light went and the last bird was silent. The low fields were like the fields Vlaminck painted. He must have loved his Belgian landscape, or to have been so hurt and worn by its monotony that he had to paint it, to work out the iron.

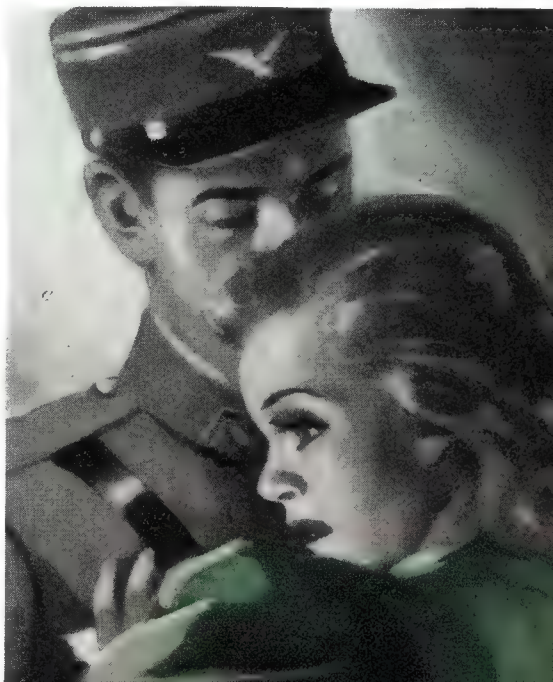
She got nearer and nearer to the dog's barking, stumbling along the barely visible path with vicious briars catching at her clothes. The dwelling rose suddenly to meet her. There was no light in the windows. She had to pass a jackheap, a midden. She pressed her nostrils to shut out the acrid tang that caught her like ammonia, hastening her toward the door.

"Who's there?" a woman shouted.

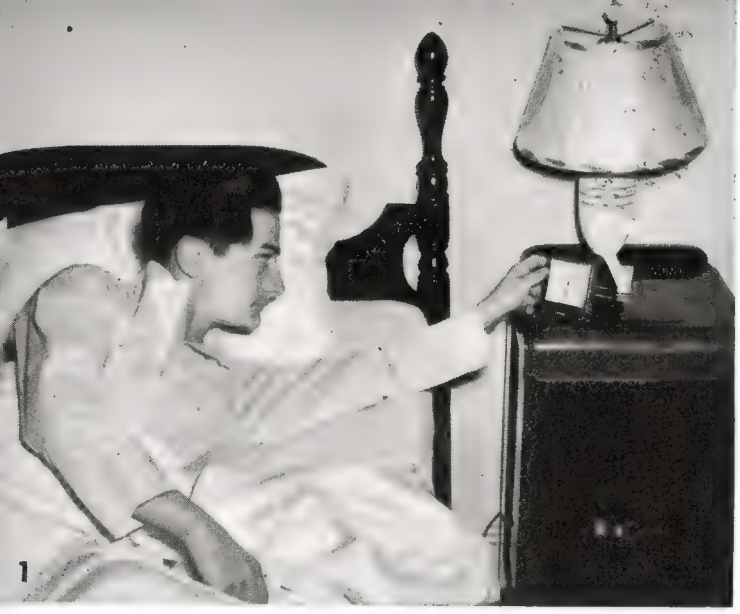
She felt ready to fall; and when she tried to answer, speech turned to sand in her throat. The dog was sniffing on the other side of the door, but not terrifyingly, not ready to devour her. She could not have stood that. She heard the woman asking him "What was it, who is it?" She could feel the understanding between the woman and the dog. Then the door opened on a chain, and a tall candle of light streaked out on her. The woman ordered the dog to silence. The door opened wide. She staggered in, making for the white board of the table. She did not fall. The woman shut the door and stood against it, her face in the shadow.

FOR an interminable moment they looked at each other. The old woman told her to sit down; then she came from the door into the lamplight, with her hands out in a curious, pleading gesture, as though asking for mercy. She saw the strong peasant face with sunken, sorrowful eyes, black and opaque eyes of country people who drink too much chicory in their coffee. It was a strong, battered face with a lifted expression on the wide mouth that seemed to be a smile until you realized that it was perpetual. Even when she spoke, it was graved into her. It never altered. It was carved upon the inner discipline of a life that had experienced deep grief and obedience.

She sank sud- *(Please turn to page 91)*



"Don't have one of your sleepless nights," he had said.



Summer or winter, rain or shine, Meade gets up at six-thirty A.M., not because he likes to, but because he has to be at the track by seven o'clock.

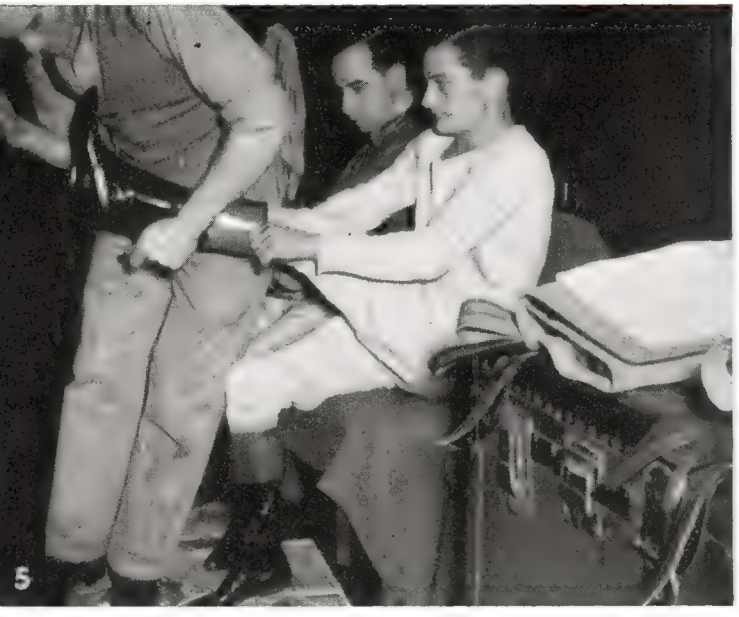
His first breakfast consists of nothing but a cup of coffee. From seven to nine he rides whatever horses his trainer George Odom wants him to ride.

He returns to his apartment at Kew Gardens about nine-thirty, sleeps until eleven-thirty and then eats a hearty breakfast.

Around the Clock with America's Ace Jockey

Photographs by
RICHARD CARVER WOOD

This breakfast over, he plays with his son Barry Lee and tries to forget for a while that he is a famous jockey.



He reports at the track at one P.M., and gets dressed with the help of his valet, who goes everywhere with him and takes care of his clothes.

It is a few minutes before two-fifteen P.M., and Meade, wearing the silks of the stable that engaged him, is "weighing in" for the first race.

Above we see Meade on his way from the jockey quarters to the paddock. He never smiles before a race.

IN the parlance of the racetracks, Don Meade is a "money jockey," meaning that if Don has a good horse under him, he can be relied upon to finish "in the money." Last year he rode, all in all, 1,286 races, won 255 times and paid an income-tax on about forty-eight thousand dollars. This year he continues his winning streak. It seems that he possesses that certain mysterious something which only great jockeys have. It may be (Continued on page 94)

In two minutes more they'll be off—and Meade has to learn all about his mount in those two minutes.

The happy smile on Meade's face suggests that he won. He is talking to the trainer, telling him what he learned about the horse during the race.

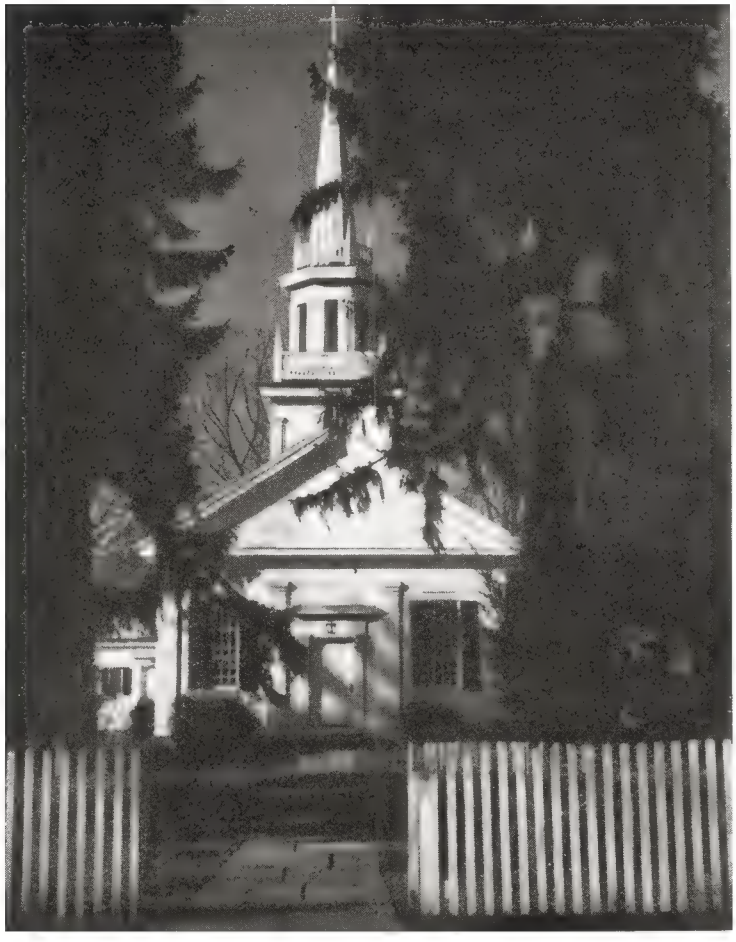
No race is considered "official" until all jockeys "weigh out," and the stewards of the Jockey Club are convinced that the horses carried the weight they were assigned.

A couple of years ago Meade discovered the existence of kidnapers. Ever since, he likes to be accompanied by his brother-in-law Johnny Gilbert and Detective Hogan.

Meade gets home about seven P.M., eats his dinner and spends an hour playing bridge with Johnny Gilbert. He is invariably in bed shortly after nine o'clock.

OUR PRIZE-WINNING

THE EXPERT SELECTS:



Twenty-five-dollar prize to Mr. Bradley Thompson of Cleveland, Ohio. Nice work, Mr. Thompson.

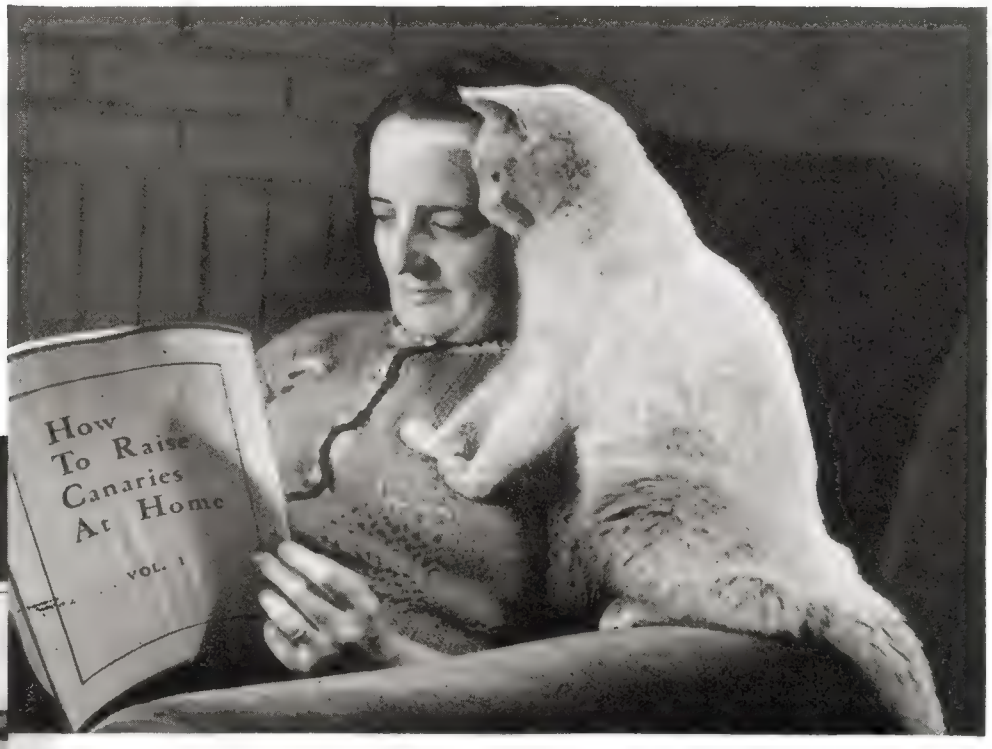
THE battle is on, between our photo expert Ruzzie Green, who is supposed to know everything about photography, and the editors of REDBOOK, who do not pretend to know much about it. Having looked at the first batch of entries in our new photographic contest (read the rules on page 158 of this issue), Mr. Green selected three prize-winners. The editors of REDBOOK disagreed with him one hundred per cent. They should have selected three photographs, but when it came to choosing between two pairs of pups, they could not make up their minds. Hence they awarded four prizes, instead of three.

Ten dollars go to Alvin Du Vall of Houston, Texas, for this fine bit of photography.

And a similar award to Mr. Max Hendrix of San Antonio, Texas.

SNAPSHOTS OF THE MONTH

THE LAYMAN SELECTS:



Lou Gardner of Detroit, Michigan, collects the twenty-five-dollar prize awarded by "The Layman."

V. C. Spies of San Diego, California, gets ten dollars for this snapshot.

Dean Shimer of Allentown, Pennsylvania, wins a prize of ten dollars.

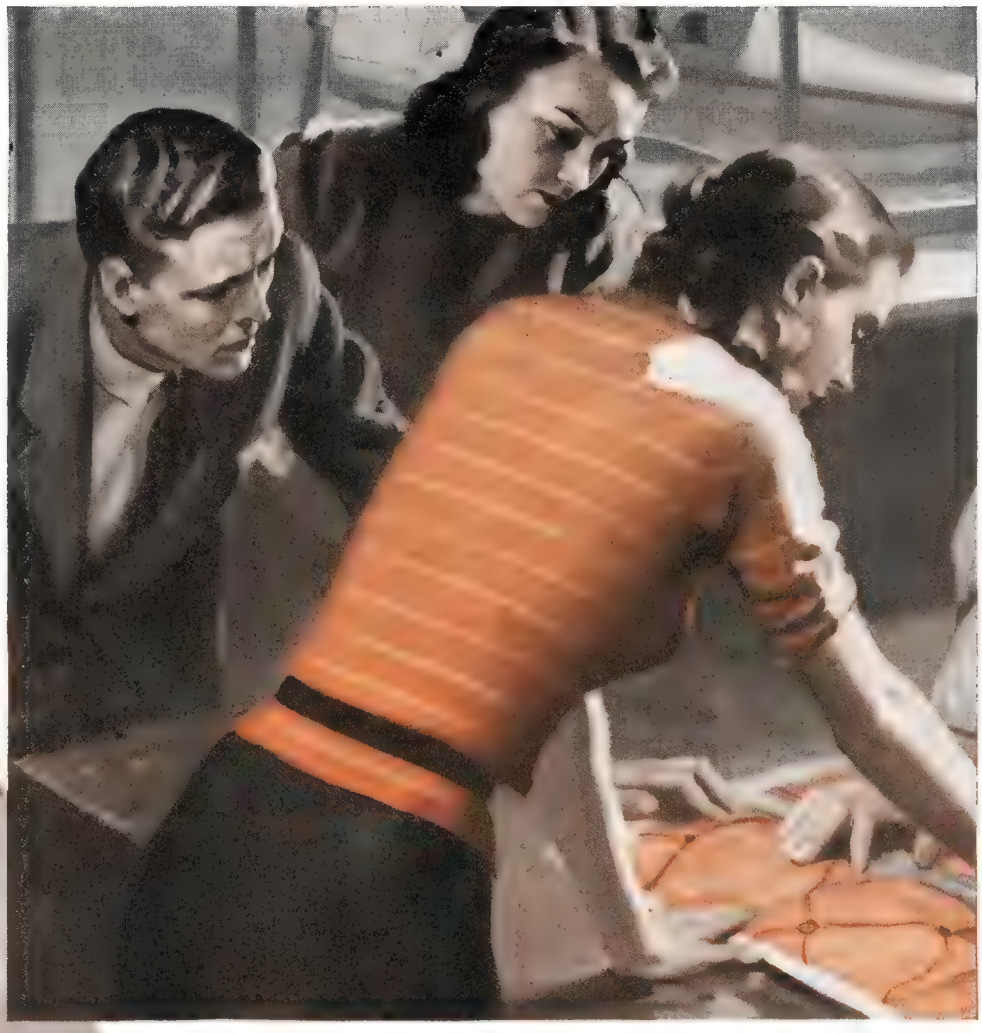
And W. H. Baird of Springfield, Ohio, not to be outdone by the fancier of cocker spaniels, gets ten dollars too.

The author of "Flight from Youth" tells the fascinating story of a man who set out to create a new personality for himself.

by

WILLIAM E. BARRETT

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM WEBB



A MAN WITHOUT A *Past*

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN I stepped into the room I had rented in a Midwestern college town, my second life began. *James Shanlon* was the name I had chosen for myself.

I went out and bought a car, then went to the Dean's office to enroll as a special student in Latin-American language and history. I planned to spend my second life in the countries to the south.

That night I pointed the nose of the car out of town. A girl passed me, driving very fast. But at the next curve she failed to make it, and I saw her car rolling end over end. I braked quickly, and ran toward the wreck.

In the middle of the clearing, lay the girl. My own pulse steadied as her eyes opened. With handkerchiefs I bound up the slight gash in her leg that seemed, surprisingly, her only injury. And then:

"I wonder if all of a person ever wants to die," she said slowly a few minutes later. "It doesn't seem possible. Maybe the will does, or the memory, or the brain when it gets tired, or the body when it is no longer strong or beautiful. But I don't think that they all want to die at the same time."

I stared at her. "Are you trying to tell me that you were attempting suicide?"

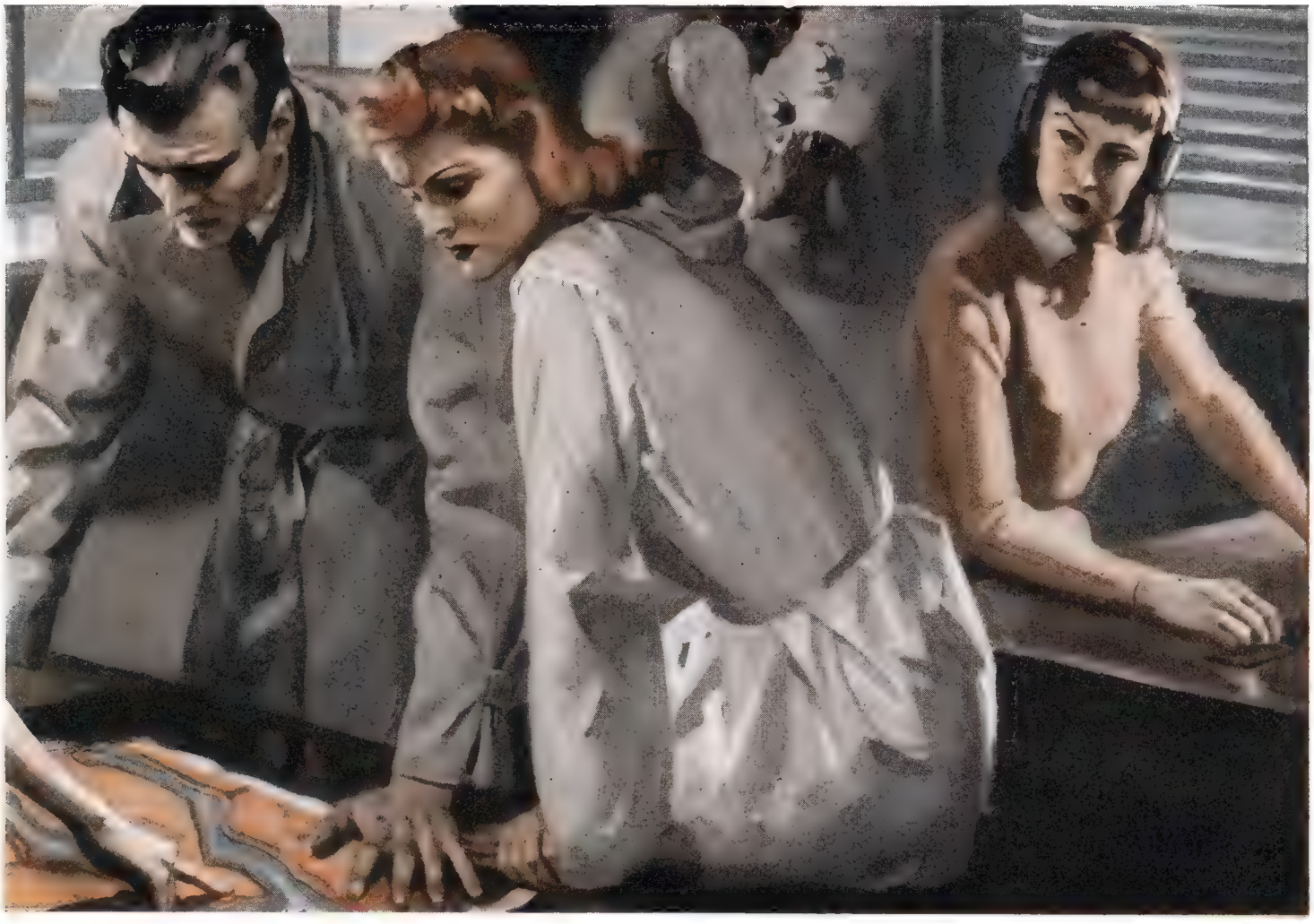
"I don't know." A little later she told me: "My father drew his personal account out of the bank yesterday, wrote a note to my mother and disappeared. He won't ever come back." And she briefly sketched the picture of a family unhappy because of a selfish and domineering mother.

"There was a boy here that I liked very much," she went on, "and when all of this happened, I—well, I wanted someone." But the boy had misunderstood her mood—even proposed an "affair." Two heart-breaking disappointments in one day perhaps explained the "accident" later.

I took the girl—Madelon Kelvey, her name was—home to her college dormitory. Next day I phoned to inquire for her, and made a date for a show that night. After the picture, we walked across the street to an ice-cream parlor; as we entered, a startled voice cried: "Larry!" and a light-haired girl rose from her place.

"Scotty!" I said.

There was no evading the moment. She had her hand out; I took it. The tall chap who was with her had risen, and I rallied to meet that issue. "It's—Jim Shanlon, Scotty," I said.



"Of course. I haven't forgotten." She took it like a trouper after the first startled surprise. "This is Stan Rawsdon, Jim," she said.

I touched Madelon's arm, and it was as rigid as steel. "Miss—" I got no further than that. Scotty had seen her, and Madelon was bowing to her.

"Good evening, Miss Scottisford."

"Good evening, Madelon."

They already knew each other, and that made it perfect! The four of us sat down; and I learned that Rawsdon ran the small local airport, with Gail Scottisford as instructor for college students who wanted to fly. A moment later Madelon excused herself to telephone—and slipped away home to her dormitory alone. My past had caught up with me, and my present didn't like it!

Driving home to my boarding-house in a savage mood, I came upon my landlady's very young daughter Edna with a young man in a darkened parked car. I broke up the little party and was displeased when Edna stopped me from punching the youth's head. Later she came to my bedroom to explain, and I had a hard time getting rid of her.

Only after a series of definite rebuffs—and after Madelon had returned from a journey and another heartbreak caused by the death of her eloping father—did she consent to talk with me again. We went driving in my car; and—

"You did something dishonorable," she said, "on the very night I confided in you. You gave me a false name. There is only one reason why a man gives a name that is not his own to a girl that he meets as you met me. You are married, aren't you?"

I turned slowly then and met her eyes. "My name is Larry Drexcoll," I said. "I did have a wife once—and I killed her."

(The story continues in detail:)

THERE are moments when the world comes to a stop, suspended; when no breath of wind blows, no sound disturbs the silence, no heart beats. I knew one such moment when I told Madelon that I had killed my wife. The words issued from my mouth rather than from my mind, and I heard myself saying them. Madelon stopped her cigarette halfway to her lips, and her eyes were fixed upon my face. There was not a car on the entire length of the highway, not a moving thing anywhere. It was like the hypothetical moment between the end of time and the beginning of eternity. Then Madelon released the pent breath from her lungs in an audible sigh. "I do not believe it," she said.

"Stan Rawsdon went after a squatter family there, signaling for help—and cracked up." "Damned fool!" I said.

"But I did," I told her. "I had been drinking, and I knew everything that there was to be known. Nobody could tell me anything—and it was our wedding night."

Madelon smoked, and watched my face.

"I have to start away back," I said, "because I knew Kathie when I was a boy in Ohio. We lived in a mill town, and her family owned practically all the mills in town that my family did not own. I was two years older than she—and like an older brother then. Later she went East to finishing-school, and I went to Annapolis."

My voice carried on of its own volition and I was almost unaware of Madelon beside me. Jim Shanlon had died in the Calloway Grove or somewhere along the highway and I was Larry Drexcoll—walking down the long road of his life to the horror that I could no longer keep locked behind the doors of memory.

I told her of my days as a midshipman, and of Kathie coming down to dances. It was always Kathie, as though I had never known or never would know another girl. I had specialized in aviation, and I had two years ahead of me before I received my commission and could take a bride. She had promised to wait for me, and I had gone away. . . .

Madelon stirred slightly, and I looked at her. "Marriage does not seem like a very good idea when you've had a few months of landings and take-offs from an airplane-carrier at sea," I said. "You get an idea sometimes that there should not be a girl waiting."

"How did she feel about that?" Madelon's voice was soft, interested.

"She did not like the Navy," I said, "after I left Annapolis. My father's health broke, and he thought I should be back at the mills, and she was in favor of it."

"You went back?"

"No. I compromised. They were both so reasonable about it,

I gripped Madelon's arms. "Did I ever happen to tell you that I love you?" I said.

and I could see how they felt. I left the Navy so that I could have a fixed base in the States, but I stayed in aviation. I had to; it was in my blood. I became a co-pilot for Coastal Airlines."

"That's where you met Gail Scottisford?"

I had not intended to mention that, but I nodded. "Yes. She was the stewardess on my first run. She had learned to fly long before she got the job, and she was using all her spare time to get hours in the air. She did not want to remain a stewardess; she wanted wings."

I stopped there. There was no need to mention the fact that I had given Scotty pointers, had taken hours off to fly with her and check her, had helped her with her study of navigation. You can never explain things like that, and I had been square with Scotty.

"Didn't you get married when you took the airline job?" Madelon's voice had a puzzled note in it.

"We waited a year. I had to establish myself."

"Oh!"

I could see her adding up those years at home and four at Annapolis, my trick at sea and another one. I knew what she was thinking as she made the addition, because I had thought of it once, too: that Kathie and I were too patient to be lovers, that we considered everything else and took love for granted.

"Don't get an unfair picture, Madelon," I said. "Kathie put her life in my hands when she was a little girl. She was a wistful little girl, and she knew a loneliness that the poor children in our town never dreamed of. We were the privileged, because we had wealth—but we had the loneliness of position in a town too small to give us contemporaries."

"I understand." Madelon's voice was so low that I could scarcely hear it. I could feel the perspiration crawling on my body as I remembered Kathie's shy eyes, her frail body, her timidity.

Time meant nothing to me, and I gave Madelon the picture in words—of the girl I had known and married. It was the picture of a little girl who was afraid of the boys who grew up in the same town, unreasonably afraid, because they were different and for no other sound reason—of a girl so carefully raised and guarded and warned against dangers to life and limb, that she suffered acute agonies when called upon to do simple things that other girls would do with a laugh.

"We were married in Washington," I said, "and the Navy was represented, and Coastal Airlines, and there were a great many people. I had bought a plane for our honeymoon, and we were to fly to Florida. Kathie was in deathly fear of planes, but the air was my life, and she was entering into all of it."

MY voice trailed off, because I could not make it go on. Madelon stirred. "May I have a cigarette?" she said.

I gave her the package, and she lighted me one, and my voice came back. "I drank too much at my own wedding reception," I said. "And it rained that night."

I was not sparing myself now. I told her of the boys who had drawn me aside to tell me that it was madness to fly that night, that the morning would be a brighter start. I had not listened to any of them. I was so sure of myself, and I had flown anything and everything without the semblance of a crack-up. I had no arrangements made in Washington; we would fly away to our future together.

"Kathie never made a single objection," I said, "and she never mentioned the rain. She changed to a suit, but she still carried her flowers in her hands. She smiled at me when I gunned it for the take-off, and she trusted me."

I lived again in my own words through the hour that followed: the rolling fog south of Washington that came in off the ocean and sealed our tiny cabin in a web of gray. And then that frightful moment when the mountain loomed out of the fog in front of us—and I crashed.

Sitting in that motionless car beside Madelon, I could hear again the musketry of breaking spars and struts and branches as the tiny ship plunged through the trees. I could taste blood in my mouth again, and hear that one sharp cry of Kathie's. Memory had taken me back to that hill in North Carolina, and I was picking myself up off the ground, looking desperately again into the branches of the trees where the ship hung.

"I had been thrown out when a big branch opened the side of the ship like a can-opener," I said. "The ship was still up there, wedged in the trees—and Kathie was in it. I don't know how I climbed that tree, but I did. She was there. She was pinned down tightly where the fuselage had folded—and she was alive. Her face was white, and it looked like death, but I could put my hand over her heart and feel it beat."

Madelon lighted me another cigarette and I took it mechanically. "There was no place for me to set myself," I said. "No way to get leverage. I could not move the wreck off her, and I could not get her out."

"Couldn't you get help?" Madelon's voice was as strained as my own.

"And leave her to die alone? We spent the night there," I said. "Our wedding night. She never regained consciousness and died sometime in the night. Somebody found me—later."

"And you?"

"I did not know for weeks what had happened to me. They told me that I was nearly dead from exposure when they found me. I had a broken hand and some broken ribs, and pneumonia, but those things never mattered."

I TOLD her then of the thing that had happened to my mind, of the near-insanity, the desperate re-living of that night, of walking from my room in my sleep when I was physically recovered, and of being plucked from a ledge four stories above the street. I told her of my fear of people, my aversion to any place I had ever been, my nausea at the thought of an airplane.

"A friend, who was a crack psychologist," I said, "took over my case, and he put me on my feet. He spent weeks preparing me to be a man without a past, a man who had nothing to remember, a new personality, a man who had never existed before. He interested me in that, and he convinced me that I could do it."

Madelon looked at me gravely. "I was thinking," she said, "that Kathie died a beautiful death, Larry."

"What?" I was truly startled then, but Madelon did not seem to notice; she was staring dreamily now at the lights on the dash.

"We all try to be what we are not," she said softly. "And she, who was so timid, died brave. She had to be brave only once, Larry, and she satisfied the gods. They did not test her again, when she might have failed. She died at the high moment of a woman's life. She had just married the man she loved. She had love, and she had faith, and she had hope—and she died with all of them intact. She had no chance to fail you, nor you to fail her."

"I did fail her. She was trusting me."

Madelon shook her head. "You would have failed her if you had died and left her alone."

In all the long months I had never once thought of that night on the mountain as conceivably being worse than it was. Madelon gripped my hand.

"You gave her all that she was strong enough to have, Larry," she said, "when you gave her the thing that she had dreamed about. Her wedding day was the peak; and she could not have held it, because she was not strong enough to be a man's woman. Her fear for you would have increased rather than diminished, because she would need you more all of the time. Men cannot do dangerous things with safety, and carry a woman's fear on their shoulders."

"How do you know all of that?" I was staring at her, and she seemed different, somehow; older, more certain of herself, grave and unsmiling. She was wearing a small black hat that allowed her hair to flow out in loose waves about her head, and she had a loosely tied blue scarf about her throat. The details were photographed upon my mind because I was like a man facing a hypnotist. She was stronger than I in that moment, and she was leading me.

"I am not a psychologist," she said, "but I know what you have to do."

"What?"

"Go back over your trail and face everything that you ran away from. Running away might have solved it for another man, but not for you, Larry. You have just proved that."

I remembered the priest, and how like this version of Madelon he was. Suddenly I was tired.

"Will you please start the engine?" Madelon said.

I started it almost mechanically, and she laid her hand on my arm. "I want you to know something." Her eyes met mine candidly. "I did not take a single drink at that place tonight. It was my second time there. I went the first time because it was the one place around with an excitingly sinful reputation. It sounded daring, and I was running away from myself. It sickened me."

"And tonight?" My lips were tight.

"Start driving, and I'll tell you."

I drove out onto the highway; and as the car picked up speed, she sat back deep on the cushions and closed her eyes. "Tonight," she said, "I went there because it was the place where I thought you would look for me."

THE next morning I wakened with a feeling of amazement that I had slept at all. The terrible moment of the crash came back to me, but I did not live it again. Slowly, while I was having my shower and while I was eating breakfast, *(Please turn to page 84)*

EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT

Had she been born seventy years earlier, she might have married Rhett Butler. As it was, she had to be satisfied with an advertising man.

By PAULINE PARTRIDGE

Illustrated by ELMORE BROWN

EVVY turned over and opened her eyes slowly. A finger of pale sunshine was pushing through the Venetian blinds, stealing along the silk draperies at the window, touching the upper corner of Evvy's dressing-table with its litter of silver and crystal, and pointing, finally, at Herbie's tumbled bed. Herbie was up, then. That meant it was past eight o'clock.

Evvy sat up slowly and pushed her hair back from her face. Her head ached a little. By leaning forward she could see herself faintly in the mirror over the dressing-table in the white uneven light of the wintry morning.

"God!" she said. "What a hag!"

She threw back the satin puff, felt with her rosy foot for her mules, stood up and slipped on the quilted silk robe that lay across a chair. After she had washed her face and brushed her teeth, she felt better. Before she got back into bed and rang for her breakfast, she put up the blind to see what the day looked like. Weather made a difference to Evvy. She liked the sun to shine and the sidewalks to be dry so that there would be crowds of women in the shops, every table taken at the restaurants, lots of people in the streets—well-fed, well-dressed people with rosy cheeks and shining eyes, mink coats and orchids or gardenias. Evvy never thought about walking in the country in the rain. You wouldn't meet any interesting people on a country road. If it rained in town, she took a cab. That was Evvy. But today, she saw, was going to be fine. There had been a light snow in the night. The loop of the river that curved so prettily through the teeming streets below lay like a bow of white ribbon. There was still a light mist in the air, but the sun was driving it away. The sky was blue above the flying clouds, and patterns of pale gold were scattered about on walls and windows and roofs. By noon— And that word reminded Evvy of her promise to have luncheon with Tommy.

When Lily came with her breakfast-tray, she asked:

"Has Mr. Vandeman gone, Lily?"

"No, he aint gone yet, Mis' Vandeman. He's a-havin' his second cup of coffee and a-readin' the paper. Shall I tell him you wants to see him, Mis' Vandeman?"

"No, Lily. I *don't* want to see him. If he starts to come up here, get him out of the house somehow. He always begins an argument in the morning, and I'm just not up to it today. Tell him I'm still asleep or something. Tell him he'll be late—"

"Here he is, Mis' Vandeman. *You* can tell him."

Herbie pushed open the door and stuck in his curly blond head.

"Hello, darling. How's the old bean this morning? Okay?"

Evvy lay back against the delicate embroidered pillows. "That's all, Lily. You can go now. Come in, Herbie. That is, if you have time. Aren't you a little late?"

"No, I'm not. When I'm late, my name won't be Herbert Vandeman. Not me. I'd never have got to be head of Steel, Durham and Selby's radio department if I hadn't been on time in the morning. You know as well as I do, you got to be on time with those birds. They're good, they are, and you've got to be good too—or else!" Herbie glanced at his wrist-watch to reassure himself. "I'm on time with a quarter of an hour to spare, and that's going to be spent with you."

Herbie came over to the side of Evvy's bed and sat down as near as possible to Evvy and her breakfast-tray. "How's my baby doll?" he asked tenderly.

Evvy saw he was about to kiss her, so she lifted a piece of buttered toast to her mouth and bit a small round from it with her strong little teeth.

"Be careful, Herbie. You're shaking the bed. You'll spill my coffee—"

"Listen, Evvy—"

"Herbie, I can't bear it if you're going to begin one of your arguments this morning. If you didn't have the nerves of an ox, you'd realize I couldn't stand it—not after last night."

"Now, baby, listen: I'm not starting a thing, but there's one or two things I want to talk to you about. Isn't this the night of the Selbys' dinner?"

"Yes, it is, worse luck!"

"I don't see why you should always feel that way about my friends and the people that matter to me, Evvy. We can't all of us be artists like your friend Tom Frisbeck. Some of us have to keep the advertising alive and on its feet. Where would he be, I'd like to know, if I didn't give him a commercial job now and then for a pick-up?"

"I don't know. Where would he be, Herbie? You tell me."

"Let's not quarrel, Evvy. All I've got to say is, if you can make good with these people, and they like you, it will make everything a lot easier for me. When Selby moves up, he'll name his successor as junior partner. Does that mean anything to you?"

He laughed. "You weren't built for the country, where no one sees you from one day to the next."

"Sure it does, Herbie. I'll remember, and I promise to behave like a white woman. I'll look my best and do you proud. Leave it to me."

"That isn't all, Evvy. They're going to have Purvey there, of the Purvey Products Company. I'm working on him to advertise over the radio, and if I can get him to sign up for a series, old Steel isn't going to forget it. I hope you'll be nice to him, Evvy, and treat him right."

"Okay." Evvy yawned and tapped her lips with rosy fingers. "What's he like?"

Herbie hesitated noticeably. "Well," he admitted at last, "he wouldn't stack up very high beside your cute boy friends, Evvy. He went to work in a laundry while they were still in curls. When he saw how many dirty things there were to wash, it gave him this idea. Now he's president of the Purvey Products, and a millionaire."

"That's a swell success-story, Herbie. With a happy ending. I'll let you have him, Herbie, and I'll keep what I've got. I don't believe this Purvey person is up my alley."

"Now, look here, Evvy, if you go treating him rough—" And Herbie looked helplessly at his wife curled among the pillows.

"So what?" she asked. "Now will you run along? I've got a date with the hairdresser this morning."

Herbie did not get up and move toward the door as Evvy had hoped. He looked away, a little embarrassed, his voice lowered a little.

"That isn't all, Evvy. It's about last night I want to talk to you. Or not last night exactly—but that Frisbeck chap. You wouldn't play bridge, and you're usually crazy about it; then as soon as you got me in a game, you went off with him in the library or somewhere, and you didn't come back until I'd lost eleven dollars and it was time to come home."

Evvy flared into anger. "Oh—it's that Frisbeck chap, is it? And last week it was Alfredo something or other and the week before, it was Ted Grayborn. You ought to be glad that we're popular and have friends."

"They're not *my* friends, Evvy. And I don't like it. Maybe I'm jealous. Maybe I am. But a husband ought to be jealous if he loves his wife like I love you, and she's always going around with someone else. It wouldn't be taking care of you if I let you do it, and let people talk about you, and didn't do anything about it. Don't you see?"

"Oh, I see, all right. You're out and about all day, going places and seeing people, keeping luncheon dates and whatnot, and you want me to stay here shut up alone in this apartment."

"Well, what if I do? Hasn't a husband got a right to expect some return for what he's done? It's a pretty nice apartment, isn't it, and you chose it yourself, didn't you, and you had in one of your boy friends to fix it just like you wanted it. And you have Lily to wait on you, and Cassie in the kitchen, and all the clothes you want—"

Evvy put down her coffee-cup. Her blue eyes were cold with the cold light of ice, and her voice was hard and sharp but not loud.

"So that's it, is it? You're reminding me that you married little Evvy the stenographer where you work, and she ought to be pretty glad you did, for you make it pretty soft for her, don't you? Well, if that's what you think, let me tell you, Herbert Vandeman—"

"Why, Evvy, what do you mean? I only said I wished you'd cut out the Frisbeck guy, that I'm tired of looking at him and listening to his talk, and serving him all my good liquor. And I know when the whole crowd begins saying 'Poor Herbie!' and I don't like it. I got some rights, haven't I?"

"Oh, *rights!* I suppose you have. Anyway, I'm sick of talking about it. Will you go, please?" Evvy's blonde head moved restlessly on the pillow.

Herbie leaned nearer, the light of troubled love in his eyes. "And you will cut out Tom Frisbeck, won't you, Evvy?" he asked.

Evvy's eyes were veiled. "Why, of course, Herbie—if you want me to. He doesn't mean a thing in the world to me!"

"Kin I go, Mis' Vandeman? My little Joey got bumped by an automobile."

"You're looking lovely," Tom said. "I don't know what I've done to deserve such luck."

Herbie leaned near to Evvy, his breath in her soft hair. "Kiss me good-by, baby," he said. "I've got to go now, or be late at the office."

Evvy held up her lips obediently. Herbie kissed her. Then he stood up to go. But suddenly he was back again, and she was in his arms and her was holding her close to him, and his lips were pressed hard against hers. Over and over—hard—until she had no breath left. Then he picked up his hat, jammed it down on his head and went out, closing the door behind him.

Evvy lay back among the pillows again for a space. Almost at once she put Herbie out of her mind. She began going over her plans for the day. Tom had never asked her to have lunch with him before, so it was an occasion, really. She would wear the new black wool from Faustina's, with her pearls and her silver-fox cape. Or maybe the necklace would be better with its little fringe of dangling gold boots, and that wide gold bracelet she'd picked up at a bargain last week. As she lay among the pillows, she saw herself dressed smartly and flawlessly from little tip-tilted hat to high-heeled shoes, stepping from a cab, entering the Etruria, meeting Tom and seeing the quick flash of admiration and perhaps something else, something deeper, in his eyes. Beyond that, she did not go. Everything would be all right. She had other things to do to fill in the remainder of the day, but that would be its peak.

WHEN Lily came at last, after repeated pressures on the bell, Evvy didn't even take time out to reprove her.

"Never mind the tray, Lily," she said. "Turn on the hot water in the tub, and put plenty of bath-salts in it. And get me out that new girdle that came home yesterday, and some fresh underthings. There—that white satin set will do. The plain set with the monogram. And some stockings, Lily—the sunburn with the clocks."

Evvy was out of bed now, gathering up cold-cream and a bottle and a jar or two from the dressing-table.

"Take the tray down while I'm in the tub, Lily, and come back as soon as you can."

In a half hour or less Evvy was ready for the street. The black dress was all she had hoped it would be. She looked slim and fragile, her skin pale as a gardenia against its darkness. The gold of her hair under the brim of her hat was soft and shining. Lily laid the silver-fox cape about her shoulders, and her small triangular face sank lovingly into the frame of the fur.

Evvy put down the hand-mirror and took up her bag with its interwoven gold initials. From the little inner purse she drew some coins and laid them on the dressing-table.

"Take yourself to the movies this afternoon, Lily," she said. "But be home at tea-time. Make some cocktails and have Cassie stir up some of those little biscuits."

While she was speaking, the telephone rang. Evvy, still giving her directions to Lily, took down the receiver.

"Yes?" she said in her warmest, huskiest voice. For it would be Tom, of course.

But it wasn't. "What?" she asked. Then more sharply: "What's that you say? I can't understand you. Speak slowly, please. Mrs.—Mrs. who?"

There was the sound of a rich voice pouring out words thickly, excitedly, a little catch, then words again. "Oh, yes," Evvy said. "Just a minute."

"It's for you," she said to Lily.

Lily took the receiver from her, the dark hand shaking a little. Lily listened. Then she said: "Oh, my Lawdy!" She stood in the thin light from the window, her narrow face ashen, her eyes showing their whites. She was holding the receiver to her breast.

"Kin I go, Mis' Vandeman?" she quavered.

Evvy was rummaging in the drawer of the dressing-table for a pair of fresh gloves, a handkerchief. Delicately she touched the pink lobe of each ear with the glass cork of the perfume bottle, turning her head from side to side, meeting her blue eyes, her smiling lips, in the glass.

"Go where?" she asked.

"Go home. It's my sister. My little Joey got bumped by an automobile on his way to school. Haid all cut open, and the doctor had to sew it up. He wants his mammy. Kin I go, Mis' Vandeman? Oh, please say yes."

Tears were raining down Lily's gray cheeks. Her long wrinkled fingers with the pale knobby knuckles were twisted into the stuff of her dress. "Kin I go, Mis' Vandeman?"

"Better not, Lily. It won't do him any good, or you either. Tomorrow's your day off, and you can have the whole afternoon with him. Better for him and better for you. They've probably given him something to quiet him, and you'd only excite him."

"But he wants his mammy, Mis' Vandeman. Didn't you hear me tell you what my sister, she said? He's a-cryin' for his mammy."

"That was probably just at first, Lily. He'll be quiet by now, and they'll want to keep him so. By tomorrow—"

Lily had put her hands over her face. Her body was shaking. The sight of her suddenly roused an angry resentment in Evvy. "Women with children shouldn't take positions," she said. "It interferes with their work. Didn't I tell you I was having some people in for tea this afternoon? I was willing to have you go out to the movies, but I want you here to get the tea-table set and everything ready. Cassie will have all she can do to bake the biscuits."

Evvy swept the coins she had laid on the dressing-table into Lily's hand. "Here, buy him a nice present with this. And take it to him tomorrow, Lily. I simply can't spare you, today."

Lily's face had lost all expression except the age-old one of her race: quiet patient suffering. "All right, Mis' Vandeman," she said.

Evvy left her bending over the bed to pull the sheets up firmly the way Evvy liked them. Lily did not even glance up as Evvy moved across the room, looking so white and gold, looking so perfect, so exquisite, so fragrant and wistful, so elegant and so expensive.

HALF an hour later Evvy stood at the desk of her favorite hairdresser, asking for Miss Ethel. The young woman at the desk gave her a pleasant smile.

"Good morning, Mrs. Vandeman. You're looking wonderful. Miss Ethel!" At that moment Miss Ethel came toward her smiling.

"Ready, Mrs. Vandeman! I was wondering what had become of you. Have you been away? We haven't seen you here in some time."

(Please turn to page 63)

WHITEOAK HERITAGE

A new Jalna novel

by MAZO de la ROCHE

Illustrated by R. G. HARRIS

The Story Thus Far:

FROM that other war Renny Whiteoak came home to his ancestral Jalna and the arms of the adoring family, who met him at the station: his ancient strong-willed Grandmother Adeline; his widower Uncle Nicholas; his bachelor Uncle Ernest; his sister Meg; his much-younger half-brothers Eden, Piers, Finch and the three-year-old Wakefield. But Maurice Vaughan came home to a lonely house and his illegitimate daughter Pheasant.

For Maurice had given way to a passion for the niece of the village dressmaker, and a child had been born of their few meetings in a summer wood. The girl had taken the child to his parents' house, and Maurice had confessed his fatherhood. The engagement had been broken off by Meg. That Maurice could continue to love Meg after twelve years in such a situation was to Renny a miracle.

Renny found his new job as head of the house difficult. His younger brothers had run wild; Renny disciplined rebellious Piers, not too successfully, with a whipping; but Eden was too old for that. Eden spent too much money for clothes, too much thought in writing poetry—and too much time with a widow, Mrs. Stroude, old enough to be his mother.

However, in running the estate, and particularly in the effort to school his horses for the coming shows, Renny found an absorbing interest; in furtherance of this, he employed young Jim Dayborn, who—with his widowed sister Chris Cummings and her small son Tod—lived in a part of Mrs. Stroude's house. And Renny was beginning to find a further interest in making love to Chris Cummings, when he learned about Eden's infatuation for Mrs. Stroude. He went to see the lady, but his call was not very successful. Then at a family council it was decided that Uncle Ernest should solve the problem by making friends with Mrs. Stroude and cutting out young Eden. And so we find the strong-willed Whiteoaks again riding hard toward hell or heaven: young Eden and Uncle Ernest in almost fantastic rivalry for Mrs. Stroude; and Renny himself in eager courtship of Chris Cummings—until she admitted that Jim Dayborn was in reality her husband. *(The story continues in detail:)*

MRS. STROUDE stood looking after Ernest and Eden, her arms resting on the gate. Relief at their going was mingled with triumph at their staying so long. She felt that she never could close her eyes that night. But she did not mind. She had thoughts for the long night through.

She turned back to the house which at that hour and in her present mood, appeared as a glamorous retreat. She raised her arms and stretched them wide, drinking in the night air. Her lassitude had vanished. She was free to brood over the contrasting personalities of her two lovers, and to calculate her future relations with them.

As she reached the door, a lurid flash discovered Jim Dayborn standing on his own doorsill, the door shut behind him. How long he had been there she could not guess, but her anger flared at the sight of his almost painfully thin, sarcastically smiling face. She exclaimed heatedly:

"How you do like to spy on other people!"

Dayborn replied imperturbably: "Well, what else have I to do on a Sunday night?"

"You acknowledge, then, that you do spy!"

"If you can call it spying, to stand on one's own door-step. What you need, Mrs. Stroude, is a house in a wood, with not a neighbor in sight."

She came to the low fence that divided them, and placed her hands on two of the pointed palings.

"I am tired," she said, "of your prying presence. You are two months behind with your rent. You can go. I will not ask you to pay the rent, but you must be out of here inside of three days. Three days, do you hear?"

She was positively intimidating in her restrained fury. Dayborn was shocked into silence for a moment. Then he repeated:

"Three days! You can't mean it! Why—what have we done?"

"You've made yourselves a nuisance. You've been prying. You've been always in evidence—quarreling—coming in and out of my house at all hours—borrowing and not returning—behind with your rent. Now you can go!"

"But we can get no house about here!"

"Then go somewhere else."

"But our work is here!"

"Your *work!* Breaking-in colts! Let them go unbroken—let them go mad—I don't care! Just to be rid of your presence, is all that I ask."

He now used a placating tone. "But you've encouraged us to run in and out of your house. You've said you liked to lend us things. You've liked the kid."

She cut him short: "Well, I don't like any of you now! I've borne more from you than I've ever borne from a tenant in my life."

He was roused. He said sarcastically: "The truth about you is that being taken up by these Whiteoaks has gone to your head. But if you think that either of those men care a curse for you, you're damned well mistaken."

It was with difficulty that Mrs. Stroude controlled herself. She gripped the sharp palings of the fence in her hands, and bit her shaking underlip. Then she spoke with comparative calm:

"This is the end. I don't want you to speak to me again—ever. Tell Chris not to come in to see me. Not she or anyone else can change me. Hand me your keys inside of three days."

She turned from him and went into her house, shutting the door behind her. After a time a rap sounded on her door, but she did not answer it. Looking out of a window, she saw Chris Cummings climb over the fence and return to her own house.

ERNEST and Eden said little on the way home. Now that they were alone together, they were embarrassed by what had taken place, though Eden the less of the two. His mind was revolving about the events of the past weeks. He would have liked to know what was in Ernest's mind. How much did Ernest care for Mrs. Stroude? How much had the family to do with it? Were they at the bottom of it? Either Ernest was a good play-actor, or he was really himself entangled. Eden leaned toward this opinion. What did Amy feel? She and Ernest appeared to hit it off too well for just a casual friendship.

Eden was angry at Ernest's interference. His evening had been spoiled. Was he never again to have the freedom in her house that had meant so much to him? Did Amy love him? Could she love Ernest? His immature mind groped among vague possibilities.

As they reached Jalna, there were heavy rolls of thunder. Lightning outlined small twigs against the greenish sky. Large drops of rain fell.

"We're lucky," remarked Ernest, "to get under shelter. The rain is coming."

He bolted the door. The gas was turned low in the hall. He examined the dim gold face of the grandfather clock. It was a quarter past twelve. He gave an exclamation of dismay.

"We did keep that poor lady up late!" he said.

"I never knew her to be tired before," said Eden.

"I suppose it was the weather."

"I never knew her to mind weather before."

"But we haven't previously had any such heat."

"I don't want to go to bed, do you?"

Ernest hesitated. Late hours did not agree with him. But he

Copyright, 1940, by McCall Corporation (Redbook Magazine). All rights reserved.

Renny, wearing the austere expression of a father who is not positive he is giving his daughter to a man worthy of her, led the cook up the aisle.

was excited, and it was not pleasant to be in bed during a storm. It was probable that his mother might want him. He went and stood outside her door, which was at the end of the hall. A tranquil snore came from within. It was not so much a snore as the buzzing of a bumblebee in a particularly well-honeyed flower. Ernest smiled.

"What shall we do?" he asked.

"Could we have a drink?"

"My dear boy, you're too young for drinking at this hour."

"I feel that tonight is the time to begin."

"I don't know what your aunt would say."

"Come, now, Uncle Ernie, there are just us two! Who's to know?"

"Very well. We'll have a whisky and soda. It will do us good. . . . There—listen to that!"

A deep roll had ended with a crash that reverberated through the house. Ernest again listened at his mother's door. There was dead silence. Then the bumblebee resumed its rumbling in a more tremulous tone.

"Bless her!" exclaimed Ernest. He led the way to the dining-room.

Eden closed an open window and set two chairs together at the end of the long table. Ernest fetched a bottle of whisky and a siphon of soda from the sideboard. They sat down, and Ernest poured whisky into each glass. Eden filled the glasses with soda water.

"I don't think," observed Ernest, "that the storm will be heavy. The rain is already coming."

THE rain, as though a barrier had been removed, began to fall in a torrent, beating against the panes, streaming over the gravel sweep. Beyond its onslaught, the distant roll of thunder could be heard.

Eden raised his glass halfway, hesitated, then said: "To Aimée."

"To Aimée," repeated Ernest, and put his glass to his lips.

Eden lighted a cigarette. "It must be lonely for her," he said, "in that house, in a storm."

"It must be very lonely."

"It's a pity we came away so soon."

"It is a pity." Ernest took a deeper drink.

"Still, if we hadn't come when we did, we mightn't have got away at all."

"You mean stayed all night?"

"Yes." Eden again drank.

"But we couldn't have done that—not both of us."

"I should say two would be better than one."

"You mean more conventional."

"Of course—Uncle."

"You have a curious way of calling me *Uncle* this evening."

"Have I?"

"Yes. I don't quite like it."

"I'm sorry—Ernest."

"Now that's just silly."

"Yes, it is, rather. But our position is rather silly, isn't it?"

"What do you mean, silly?"

"Being rivals, and all that."

Ernest was perplexed and apprehensive at Eden's bringing what both had striven to keep secret, into the open. His confusion was added to by the fact that a glass of whisky, such as he had now taken, went inevitably to his head.

He poured himself another.

"Why—I—don't know. I hadn't thought about it."

Eden looked at him reproachfully.

"Not thought about it! It seems to me we have thought of little else for hours. You're not afraid to come into the open, are you?"

"Afraid! No, certainly not, but—"

"But what?"

"I have done it for your good, dear boy."

"You mean the family put you up to it?"

"We discussed the matter. All we elders were present."

"And you drew the fatal ballot!"

"I repeat that it was done unselfishly and to save you from what we considered a designing woman. . . . Since then, I have changed my opinion about Mrs. Stroude."

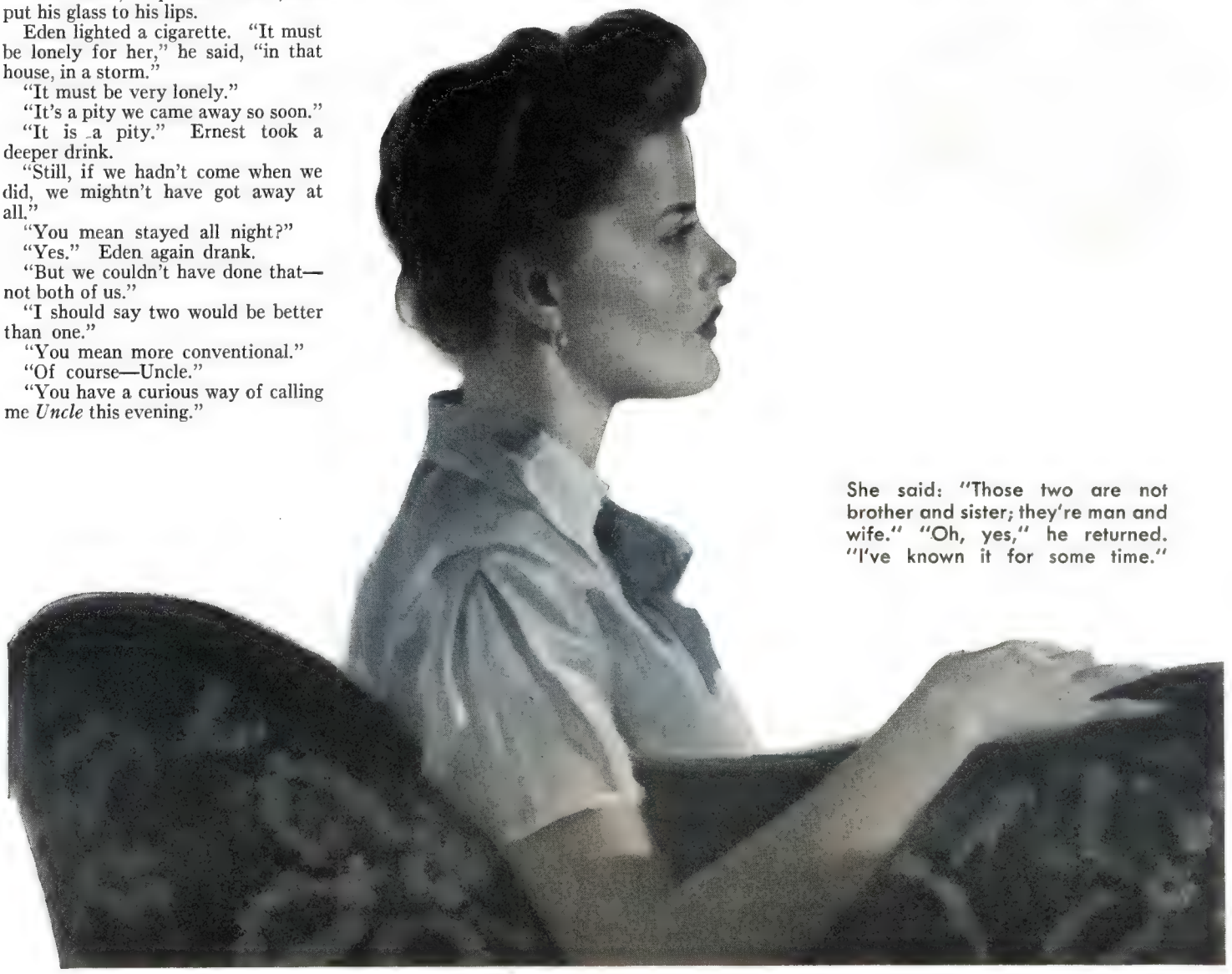
Eden leaned toward Ernest:

"Uncle Ernie, you are in love with Amy yourself."

The amber of the whisky glimmered low in Ernest's second glass. He was less disconcerted to have his hand thus forced than he would have been only half an hour before.

"You do rush your fences, my dear boy!" he said with a slight tremor in his voice.

"No, I don't. I only want to bring a salutory candor into the



She said: "Those two are not brother and sister; they're man and wife." "Oh, yes," he returned. "I've known it for some time."

situation. When you first went to see Mrs. Stroude you thought of her as a climber, didn't you?"

"I did, rather. But as I said a moment ago, I have changed my opinion of her. I now think she is a woman of great sensibility and charm."

"In short, you're in love with her."

"That is putting it too strongly. But I do acknowledge that I am attached to her."

"Do you think she wants to marry?"

"No. I think she would be satisfied with male friendship and understanding. I gather that she hasn't had much of either."

"She's an awful liar!"

"I think she is hungry and illogical, that is all."

"You do understand women! You must have had a lot of experience."

"I never had to learn," returned Ernest modestly. "I was born understanding women."

"God! I wish I did!"

ERNEST spoke with benevolent seriousness. "There is plenty of time. Nothing could be worse for you than a love-affair now. A detached, cool, woman-of-the-world might do you no harm. Mrs. Stroude is a different proposition."

There was a conscious pause. Then Eden said, with what seemed unnecessary violence:

"If she's got to choose between us, let her choose!"

"Nonsense! There is no question of a choice. How can she choose between a crusty old bachelor and a mere boy?"

"It's a matter of dignity! We can't go on like this!"

He sprang up and walked about the room. "Could we have the window open? It's stifling in here."

"Yes. The rain is lessening. Put up the window."

Eden flung it up. The air, purified by rain, came almost palpably into the room. The Virginia creeper that covered the wall was encroaching on the window. A dripping tendril dangled across the open space. Eden picked a leaf from it and laid it on the table before Ernest.

"Look!" he said, "there is a tinge of red in it. Summer is going."

"Yes," agreed Ernest, "the year is on the wane." He spoke with a touch of sentiment.

Eden went through the archway into the sitting-room. He returned with a carved ivory dice-box in his hand. He rattled the dice as he came. If Ernest had been less absorbed in his own thoughts, he might have noticed the mocking light in the boy's eyes.

"I'll tell you what, Uncle Ernest!" he exclaimed. "We'll play for her! Three throws out of five. The one who gets the highest numbers wins. If you win, I retire to the background, plunge into my work and am a good boy from now on. If I win, you keep away from Amy, tell the family that you've studied the situation carefully and that her friendship can do me nothing but good."

Ernest's hand was a little unsteady as he set down his empty glass. Eden refilled it for him. He sipped the drink, found it too strong, then said deliberately:

"Very well. I'll do it."

Eden handed him the dicebox.

"You go first."

The carved ivory was singularly becoming to Ernest's hand. He shook the box, and threw a six and a four.

"Good!" said Eden. He then threw a five and a two.

Ernest took the box, rattled the dice dreamily, and threw a one and a six.

"I'm afraid that will be easy to beat," he said.

But Eden threw only a brace of twos.

"It looks bad for me," he said.

This time Ernest threw a five and a six. A smile of satisfaction flickered across his face. He sipped the drink, which he no longer found too strong.

Eden threw a brace of sixes. He gave a crow of delight. "My luck has changed!"

Ernest rattled the dice decisively. His lips were set in a thin line. He threw a four and a three.

Eden threw a four and a five.

"Even!" exclaimed Ernest. He was now trembling with eagerness. He must, he would, make a good cast! He threw a pair of fives.

Eden's face also was set. His eyes shone. He shook the dice and turned them out. But he could not bring himself to raise the box. Ernest and he eyed each other across it.

"Come, come," said Ernest, peremptorily. "Let's see what you've thrown!"

Eden raised the box. He had thrown a five and a six.

They sat staring fixedly at the dice. Then Eden said dramatically: "I've won!" *(Please turn to page 100)*

PRELUDE TO A *Tyrant*

Illustrated by JOHN FULTON

THE fateful winter of 1932-'33 came to Berlin in a sweep of blustering, hard-driven gales that carried the salty spray from the Baltic shores to the Potsdamer Platz, and turned the broad squares of the city into gleaming black mirrors. Few citizens ventured outdoors in the evenings, for armed clashes between Nazis and Communists had been multiplying since early fall. Every morning edition of the newspapers brought word of a new ambush, or of the lifeless bullet-riddled body of this or that politician having been found lying abandoned in some alley.

It was the aftermath of the November 6th elections, in which the Nazis had received a slight setback, obtaining only 196 Reichstag seats. In the daytime Berlin still retained its normal aspect; but after nightfall the vast city looked more like an armed camp, with thousands of troop-laden trucks and automobiles of the rival political parties and of the Security Police roaring through the deserted streets. There were rumors that the working-class districts of Wedding and North Berlin were bristling with machine-guns, and that the sites for the barricades in the coming battle had been picked. The directorate of the Communist Party was in permanent session in the Karl Liebknecht House in the Alexanderplatz. Red Frontists in khaki shirts, revolvers on their hips, guarded the approaches to the vast edifice, where the Red newspapers and propaganda service also were located. The façade of the building bore huge photographs of Lenin and Stalin; and across the entire front, close to the roof, stretched an enormous banner with the words *Berlin Bleibt Rot!* (Berlin Remains Red!)

Hitler and his collaborators had taken over the Kaiserhof Hotel, located significantly near the seat of government in the Wilhelmstrasse. The Nazi chiefs held continuous meetings. An unbreakable cordon of Storm Troopers was thrown out over the neighborhood. Only newspaper-men with passes signed by the head of the Brown army, Captain Ernst Roehm, were allowed to cross the line and enter the hotel where the Fuehrer was plotting his final bid for supreme power.

The two friends withdrew to the private office. Serious matters had to be discussed.

AS the year drew to its end, the atmosphere in Berlin grew almost unbearably tense. Business had virtually come to a standstill. Everybody, from President von Hindenburg down to the humblest Schupo, felt that the fate of Germany hung in the balance. The great metropolis held its breath as the die rolled omniously.

Who would be the first to fling the torch into the powder-barrel? Would Hitler dare challenge the power of the State and set himself up as the master, pushing aside the aged Field Marshal who had sworn that he would never entrust the "Austrian paperhanger" with the Chancellorship? Would the Communists, on the other side of the fence, take the plunge by starting an armed insurrection? Their newspapers, as well as the Nazi press, daily shrieked that the hour of triumph was near.

In addition to the two organized rival forces facing each other, there were the common people. Their measure of suffering, unemployment, uncertainty of the future and general frustration was full to overflowing. The strain on human nerves was enormous, too great to last. Something had to snap. That the dénouement might come at any moment, and that when it came it would be accompanied by a terrific explosion, nobody doubted.

Erik Jan Hanussen, who was working hand-in-glove with the Nazi chiefs, was frequently seen driving up to the Kaiserhof Hotel. The two H's were conferring, it was whispered. Suddenly the Hanussen publications announced that life in Berlin would be completely paralyzed within a week. The famous clairvoyant, it was stated, had beheld a vision of a city of tomblike silence, with not a wheel turning, and not a man, woman or child daring to go out into the streets.

Hardly was the soothsayer's alarming prediction on the newsstands when, as if by magic, the Nazis called a strike of the transportation workers. Not to be outdone, the Communists followed suit, calling out their own followers in the bus, street-car, subway and suburban railway services. All traffic stopped in the second transport tie-up to hit Berlin in less than two months. The Friedrichstrasse and the Kurfuerstendamm, those arteries usually teeming with animated life, were as deserted at midday as New York's Wall Street on a wintry Sunday morning.

The strike call was interpreted as the harbinger of insurrection. And indeed it looked as if Hitler were about to repeat the Putsch attempt that had failed so ingloriously nine years before at Munich, with the Fuehrer running for cover (but not fast enough to escape the police, who had clapped him into jail). This time, however, Adolf Hitler was backed by half a million Storm Troopers instead of a corporal's guard headed by a senile General von Ludendorff. The Nazi Putsch attempt, if it came, would be no laughing matter. There would be a battle in which the streets of Berlin might be running red with the blood of the combatants. The specter of civil

In this, the last installment of the fantastic though well-documented story of Erik Jan Hanussen, the author of "Days of Our Years" describes the tragic end of the prophet extraordinary of the Nazi régime.

"Get into that car, you Jewish swine!" A Storm Trooper leaped at him as he stepped out of the Gestapo building.

by PIERRE van PAASSEN

conflict, which had hovered menacingly near ever since the war, took shape at last in a black cloud floating directly overhead. That cloud was loaded to the bursting-point with portents of blood and violence and death.

To bolster up his strike call, the Fuehrer had ordered the Storm Troop units from all the North German districts to converge on Berlin. The men began to arrive, first in driblets, then in battalions and in legions. Soon the parks, the Tiergarten and the Lustgarten, swarmed with the camping Brown Shirts. Within a day, forty-eight hours at most, the Nazis—so their newsboys blared—were going to take over the transportation system.

Hitler, it was said, was not going to let the life of the metropolis be tied up indefinitely. The Fuehrer's patience was at an end. Czechoslovakia and Poland were to hear the same warning a few years later. With the same phenomenal brazenness that characterized his excuses for the invasion of those two countries, the Fuehrer, after calling the strike himself and disrupting the life of the city, announced that he was the one to restore order.

But that was counting without the Chancellor, General Kurt von Schleicher, who within a stone's throw of Hitler's headquarters sat quietly watching the tumultuous scene. The General had not made a move when Hitler ordered his Storm Troopers into Berlin and mobilized tens of thousands in the immediate neighborhood of the city. He had merely consigned the Reichswehr regiments to their barracks. The regular soldiers were at the Chancellor's beck and call.

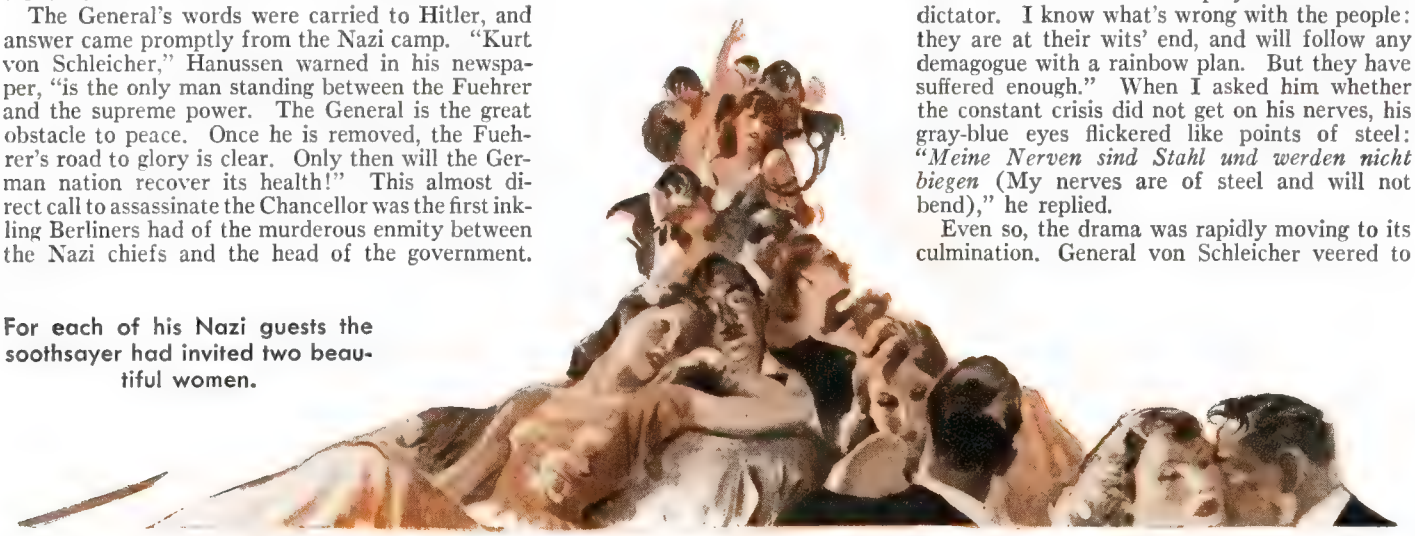
"If the Nazis are to be smashed," said General von Schleicher in private,—Hitler never forgave him for this, and had the General murdered at the first opportunity,—"if the Nazi rabble is to be smashed, it is better to have them all in one place. Let them all come to Berlin. It will be much easier to crush them here than to have to chase them all over the country when they start running once more, following their famous leader's example. The troops are ready for them. There will be no blank cartridges this time."

The General's words were carried to Hitler, and answer came promptly from the Nazi camp. "Kurt von Schleicher," Hanussen warned in his newspaper, "is the only man standing between the Fuehrer and the supreme power. The General is the great obstacle to peace. Once he is removed, the Fuehrer's road to glory is clear. Only then will the German nation recover its health!" This almost direct call to assassinate the Chancellor was the first inkling Berliners had of the murderous enmity between the Nazi chiefs and the head of the government.

General von Schleicher held the decisive cards in his hands—at least so he imagined. And millions would have sworn to it. As Chancellor he had control of the army. There were one hundred and fifty thousand well-trained, perfectly equipped Reichswehr troops in Berlin, enough to crush any insurrection by either Nazis or Communists. Strong detachments of the national army were on guard at the power-plants, the waterworks, the telegraph-stations, the railway depots, the government buildings and the arsenals. The bulk of the troops was quartered in the Moabit Gardens and in the Artillery School. They had five hundred motor-trucks at their disposal, and could at a moment's notice be speedily moved to any threatened point. One overt move by Adolf Hitler toward actual seizure of power, and General von Schleicher was going to pounce on the Storm Troops and "finish them with grapeshot," as he put it.

However, the Chancellor was convinced that he could avoid bloodshed and confusion. He genuinely wanted to prevent an armed clash, for at heart Von Schleicher was a humanitarian, and as compared with the average run of Prussian militarists, a liberal. "I will never make the first move," he told me in the course of a personal interview. "I have the welfare of the nation too much at heart to play the iron-handed dictator. I know what's wrong with the people: they are at their wits' end, and will follow any demagogue with a rainbow plan. But they have suffered enough." When I asked him whether the constant crisis did not get on his nerves, his gray-blue eyes flickered like points of steel: "*Meine Nerven sind Stahl und werden nicht biegen* (My nerves are of steel and will not bend)," he replied.

Even so, the drama was rapidly moving to its culmination. General von Schleicher veered to



For each of his Nazi guests the soothsayer had invited two beautiful women.

the opinion that only a cabinet of national concentration could now save Germany. He wanted to form a government that would rise above party politics, a "sacred union against the Nazis." That cabinet was to include any man of outstanding ability who would work solely to solve the immense problems confronting the country. To this end, Von Schleicher began consultation with the chiefs of all the existing parties except the Nazis. He went so far as to consult, among others, the Communist leader Ernst Torgler.

And there, as it turned out, was where the Chancellor made his fatal mistake. For although he consulted Torgler in secret, Erik Jan Hanussen got wind of it. The soothsayer had his sleuths and investigators posted all over Berlin. The agent who was watching the General's villa on the outskirts of the city recognized Ernst Torgler as he emerged from the Von Schleicher dwelling, and immediately reported the discovery to his chief. Now Hanussen held a trump card, which he played for all it was worth at his next meeting with Hitler.

The Schleicher conference with Torgler proved a more powerful card than even Hanussen had realized, because the Chancellor's consultations with the party leaders were carried on without the knowledge of President Hindenburg. Not that the Chancellor was trying to withhold vital political information from the Chief of State. But he could not reach Hindenburg. The President of the German Republic was held virtually incommunicado by a small clique in the service of the Nazis. At the head of this camarilla stood Franz von Papen, while the two other members were Hindenburg's own son Oskar, and his private secretary Herr Meissner.

The President had the fullest confidence in Von Schleicher, a confidence that could not be shaken. After all, the Chancellor was a soldier, and a Prussian at that, reared in traditions that were Hindenburg's own. He would not listen to Von Papen or anyone else when attempts were made to poison his mind on the subject of Von Schleicher's character. "A Prussian general will always do the right thing," Hindenburg would say. "Such a man's sense of honor is too great to betray my confidence."

Von Papen was straining all efforts to lift Hitler into the saddle; yet he almost despaired of getting the old President to agree to the inclusion of Hitler in a cabinet to be headed by Von Papen himself. At one time Hitler and Von Papen, seeing that the old man's stubbornness could not be broken, actually played with the idea of kidnaping Hindenburg and holding him captive—"for his own safety"—on his estate in East Prussia. Oskar, the son, was in the plot, and so was Meissner. It would of course have been a risky *coup*, for the army was almost certain to have come to the rescue of its old commander-in-chief. Von Schleicher knew of this reckless plan, and was watching.

But now the situation suddenly changed. Hanussen's information that General von Schleicher was hobnobbing with the Social-Democrats, the Liberals and even the Communists saved Von Papen the trouble of putting the President of Germany behind bars. He merely brought him proof that the Chancellor had forfeited all claim to honor by consulting with the Bolsheviks, the betrayers of the German people.

When confronted with incontrovertible evidence, Hindenburg gave in and agreed to replace Von Schleicher. He stipulated, however, that Von Papen himself would have to assume the Chancellorship again, while Hitler would be given only a minor cabinet post. It took a stormy interview before Von Papen got the President's consent to let Hitler be Vice Chancellor.

To this formula, the Nazis would not agree. They wanted to reverse the order. Protracted conferences, lasting till late into the night, took place almost daily between Von Papen and Hitler. It was while these negotiations were going on, that Erik Jan Hanussen had his last private interview with the Fuehrer.

The soothsayer saw clearly what the outcome of this tug-of-war between Von Papen and Hitler would be. He knew that Hitler would attain power within the next few days, and once at the helm, would unhesitatingly carry into effect his promised relentless persecution of the Jews. And he, Hanussen, was also a Jew. This was no longer a secret. Would he have to share the fate of his "racial comrades," whose annihilation Hitler had threatened again and again? Or would Hitler remember that the vigilance of his faithful magician had been responsible for precipitating the Schleicher crisis? Would the Fuehrer protect his official stargazer and reward his loyalty in the hour of Nazi triumph? These were the anxious questions the seer came to ask his fellow-adventurer from Vienna.

Magnanimously Adolf Hitler promised that not a hair on Hanussen's head would be touched. He, the Leader, knew how to recompense services rendered to the great cause. Despite his Jewish antecedents, Hanussen was to be made an honorary Aryan. No harm would come to him. The Fuehrer wrote a personal letter to this effect, and in it warned that anyone molesting the distinguished Nazi Erik Jan Hanussen would unhesitatingly be made to feel the full force of the Supreme Chief's wrath.

HANUSSEN was safe. He would escape the frightful tortures in store for the six hundred thousand Jews in the Reich. His wits had pulled him through. Not only would he remain free while his brethren were dragged off to concentration-camps and torture and death under the Nazi clubs, but he would be an honored citizen in the land when the Nazis would come to power.

Profusely Hanussen thanked the Fuehrer. "*Was du mir geleistet hast, Erik,*" said Hitler, "*werde ich dir niemals vergessen.* (I will never forget what you have done for me.)" This phrase Hitler was to use again in 1937, when he expressed to Mussolini his gratitude for the Duce's decision not to oppose the Nazi annexation of Austria.

Tears came to the soothsayer's eyes. The most powerful man in Germany, who was soon to be the most dreaded individual in the world, had voiced acknowledgment and appreciation of his help. Hanussen wanted to kiss the Fuehrer's hands, but Hitler raised his bent head and embraced him. Jubilantly the seer extended his right arm: "*Heil Hitler!*"

It was the last time the two H's from Vienna were to meet.

A few days later, on January 31st, Nazi patrols were in control of the principal thoroughfares of Berlin. *(Please turn to page 92)*

Book Suggestions For August

by HARRY HANSEN

THE theory that people prefer light and frivolous books for summer reading, on the ground that the mind takes a vacation when the weather is hot, is only partially true. Even when readers welcome light entertainment, they keep up with the best books of the season, whether these be grave or gay.

Yet to many, the battles and lovers' quarrels of the distant past are far more romantic than the excitements of the present, in which case F. van Wyck Mason's historical novel, "Stars on the Sea" (J. B. Lippincott), provides plenty of action, suspense and entertainment, in its breathless report of the fortunes of *Tim Bennett,* Quaker privateersman of 1775-'76, and his wayward, unlucky sister *Desire,* who becomes an actress in colonial America.

For those who enjoy a doctor's reflections on an active career here and abroad, we recommend "As I Remember Him" (Little, Brown & Co.), in which Hans Zinsser comments with philosophical detachment on the experiences of a bacteriologist; a most satisfying book, especially interesting to all who found Dr. Heiser's "An American Doctor's Odyssey" valuable.

From the other side of the world—China—comes a curious firsthand record of changing ways in "Girl Rebel" (John Day Co.), the autobiography of Hsieh Pingying, who ran away from her conventional family, became a cadet in the Kuomintang revolution of 1927, developed a writing career and then enlisted against the Japanese. The daughters of Dr. Lin Yutang, Adet and Anor Lin, have translated this startling record of a girl's military career.

This noted critic will briefly review in each issue the recently published book he deems the most interesting

This is the best way we could think of to suggest to you how downright cool and refreshing a whiskey-and-ice-and-soda can be on a warm midsummer afternoon—what matchless flavor and smoothness will be yours to enjoy—*if the whiskey you use is Four Roses!* Just try it and see!

FOUR ROSES

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 4 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore.

and MILDER

and BETTER-TASTING

There you have it... good reasons why Chesterfield gives so much smoking pleasure to so many people.

Treat yourself to a package today and every day . . . you'll see at once the refreshing difference in Chesterfield's right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.

CHESTERFIELD

America's Busiest Cigarette

Copyright 1940, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT

(Continued from page 53)

Miss Ethel took down the pale gold hair from its roll at Evvy's neck. Evvy watching saw how lovingly she handled it. In no time Evvy's head had gone into the fragrant suds and come out again. Miss Ethel set the wave with the sure, controlled movements of a sculptor. Evvy's head took on form and meaning under her touch. Evvy's eyes in the mirror followed Miss Ethel's pinchings and pullings watchfully. "A little more to the left," she said when the comb hovered, making the part. "A little farther forward," she suggested when Miss Ethel rolled the flat little curls in front of Evvy's pink ears.

The hot air from the dryer made her sleepy and brought a natural flush to her cheeks. When Miss Ethel brushed out the waves and pinned them in place, Evvy watched her with a rising surge of joy. Nothing had been right, and now it was. Above her lovely head Miss Ethel's long plain face bent, absorbed in her labors. Her thin knobby body, her dull skin, her wispy hair, by some swift inner process, increased Evvy's satisfaction. That there were women in the world who looked like Miss Ethel made her own beauty seem rarer and more exquisite. Even Miss Ethel's tired and unwilling eyes paid tribute to Evvy's perfection.

When she was ready to go, Evvy took a dollar from her bag, her usual tip to Miss Ethel. But today she lingered a moment.

"You look tired, Miss Ethel," she said. "Don't you need a little rest?"

Miss Ethel laughed, a laugh with an edge to it. "I need it, all right, I guess," she said, "but that doesn't mean I'll get it. Mother is sick again, and I had to be up with her most all night. I was afraid I wouldn't be so good today—but honestly, Mrs. Vandeman, it's just fun to fix you up. I'm as proud of you as if I'd made you, when you're all finished."

Evvy opened her purse again and laid a second dollar on the first. "Take home something for your mother from me, Miss Ethel, and try to get some sleep tonight."

"Oh—Mrs. *Vandeman*—thanks so much. I really *couldn't*—"

EVVY had to wait for the elevator. Miss Ethel had come out to the desk. Evvy remembered what she had said about being proud. She knew they were talking about her. Perhaps Miss Ethel was telling them. There was quite a group of blue-smocked girls there now. Evvy turned about and smiled at them when the elevator came, and Miss Ethel dared to wave her hand.

Evvy loved the ride in the cab from the hairdresser's to the Hotel Etruria. The sun had come out and lay invitingly on sidewalks, painted sharp angles on buildings, touched the shop-windows with color. The streets were flowing with well-dressed women, women slim and elegant, in tailored suits, women with dogs on leash, women in furs. But among them all Evvy saw none so smart and so lovely as herself. She felt again that inner wave of joy, that ecstasy that gave her a sense of power and superiority. The cab was caught in the traffic, and she was glad. She wanted the moment to last; she wanted to savor it to the full. All too soon she was at the Etruria; and there was Tom, his eyes warm with that deep something in them that she always looked for.

"You're looking lovely," Tom said. "I don't know what I've ever done to deserve such luck. Shall we have a cocktail?"

They turned in to the bar and sat down side by side before a small table. The lights were few, the small room dim and filled with the low hum of voices, the air heavy with the odor of liquor and perfumes. With her usual quick glance, Evvy took in the women about her, their clothes, their jewels, their furs, their faces. The result was reassuring. The cocktails came, and Evvy drank hers quickly.

"I needed that," she said, "after last night."

"It was quite a party," Tom said. "How was old Herbie this morning?"

"Peevish, but otherwise O. K."

"Peevish about what?" Tom raised his glass and drank slowly, and Evvy watched him, making no attempt to reply.

"Peevish about us?" Tom asked. "Do you mean he was jealous? Well, perhaps we should have played bridge instead of going into the library for a smoke."

"But we went into the library because the radio was there, and we—"

Tom laughed. "Be yourself, Evvy, my child. They didn't believe that any more than we did. We went in there so that I could tell you how lovely you were, just as I'm telling you now, and just as I shall go on telling you whenever I see you. When you're tired of hearing it—" His caressing voice stopped, and Evvy spoke urgently:

"You know I want you to say it, Tom—to—like me, and to tell me so. Herbie never sees or cares how I look. I'm fed up with trying to please him, anyway. I don't kick about his having—well, friends; and I don't think he should make any objections to mine."

The waiter came up to take the empty glasses, and Tom ordered two more drinks.

"So that's it," Tom said when the waiter had gone. "He objects to your seeing me, and I can't blame him, Evvy. If you were my wife—" His voice deepened; he choked a little and broke off. He was still looking at her with that strange deep look that Evvy called "her" look. "Have you ever thought about that, Evvy—what it would mean?"

Evvy, startled, looked away, looked back again. She felt a little breathless, as if she had suddenly plunged into cold water. "No—I haven't," she said.

"Then—think about it now. Think, Evvy, how happy we could be. We should be together—have each other always. . . . We could leave the city—all this crowd and noise—and live quietly somewhere in the country, where rents were cheap. You could have a garden, Evvy, that you took care of all yourself, and we would have a tiny house just big enough for us. I would give up this commercial work that I hate, and just paint all day, and you would—"

"What would I do?" Evvy asked.

"Well, there would be the little house—and we'd be together, Evvy—and we'd have books, and I'd have my work. . . . We'd be happy, Evvy, always."

"You mean I would divorce Herbie?"

Tom said: "You can't let him ruin your life, Evvy. You were made for better things. With your sensitive spirit you can't go on."

Evvy twirled her empty glass in her nervous fingers. "No—I can't. You're right, Tom. But I've got to think about it. I can't decide like this, you know. I've got to have time."

"But Evvy—after last night—don't you see? I can't be patient, darling. I want you for my own. I can't wait any longer. We want our happiness to begin. Besides, it isn't fair to Herbie."

"Just give me a little while, Tom. Give me time to think it over. Then everything will be all right."

TOM left her at the corner of the avenue. Evvy decided to walk uptown, looking in the shop-windows on the way. After all, her lunch with Tom had been disappointing. She felt nervous and restless and depressed. A walk might be just what she needed. In the windows she caught glimpses of herself, tall, slender, moving with ease and grace, not a hair out of place. Her small white face looked back at her wistfully, framed in the dark fur of her cape.

She stopped in a small specialty shop and bought herself some gloves and a box of stockings, three slips, a nightgown. She was feeling more like herself now.

An evening dress caught her eye in the window of another shop. It was of black velvet, slim and shapely, with a beautiful belt of old hammered silver. The woman who could wear it would look like the princess in the fairy-tale. She wondered—

In a moment she was in the shop, and the saleswoman was taking the dress from the window; in no time Evvy had stepped from the dark circle of her street frock and was slipping the velvet over her head.

"It might have been made for you!" the saleswoman exclaimed.

Suddenly, in the folds of the velvet, her throat and arms like new cream, her hair so pale a gold that it glistened like silver, Evvy felt happy again. She knew she must have it. She asked the saleswoman the price. It was three hundred dollars, and already she had exceeded her allowance for the month. Herbie would have to make it up. She'd got to have the dress—just got to! She took out her check-book and wrote a check. The woman hesitated a moment, finally accepted it.

"Just put the dress in a box," Evvy said. "I'll take a cab from here. I may want to wear it this evening."

Herbie, coming home a little late, found Evvy bathed and dressed. He gave a low whistle. "I never saw that before. Where'd you get it?"

"Do you like it?" Evvy twirled before the mirror as she spoke, her head turned

a little over her bare shoulder, one slender arm crooked provocatively on her hip.

"It's swell," Herbie said, taking off his coat and tugging at his collar. "What did it set you back?"

"This is for Purvey Products Company," Evvy grinned. "It will cost you three hundred dollars, Herbie."

Herbie dropped a shoe and let out a groan. "I told you to go easy, Evvy. I haven't got three hundred. It's been a hell of a month. You knew that."

Evvy turned about to her own lovely imagine in the mirror and spoke slowly.

"You could live cheaper, Herbie, if you didn't have a wife," she said. "I think it's pretty mean of you to kick about the price when I'm only doing it to help you. Why, only this morning you were begging me—"

"I'll manage somehow," he said. "I guess it'll be all right."

THEY were the last to arrive at the Selbys' party, and their entrance made quite a sensation. Herbie came in for a lot of back-slapping and shouted greetings. Evvy waited quietly until this was over. The women who knew her were speaking to her; the others were being introduced. The butler came in with the cocktails. One or two of the men approached Evvy. Again she felt that surge of joy that had swept her earlier in the day, the ecstasy of her own perfection.

Mr. Selby came up to her, a stranger at his elbow. "Mrs. Vandeman, may I present Mr. Purvey? One of our best clients. He knows Herbie well."

Mr. Purvey was not tall, but he was taller than Evvy. He was stocky but not fat. His shoulders were broad and square, his arms long, his head set down between his shoulders. He had reddish hair, and freckles on his ruddy face and his thick short-fingered hands. His hair grew low on his forehead. Evvy, looking at him, drew back a little. She could have killed Herbie for letting her in for this.

"I've known your husband," Mr. Purvey began, but by now his bow was over and he was really seeing Evvy for the first time. His voice broke off, and a slight flush deepened the color of his face to his forehead. Their eyes met, and Evvy saw a flame light suddenly in the narrow half-closed eyes.

Evvy usually threw herself into fast, excited speech, but tonight she was silent. Mr. Purvey sat beside her at the table, and he was silent too. While Evvy ate the food that was set before her, she felt his eyes upon her. She waited for the touch of his knee beneath the table, for the pressure of his arm against hers, for his hand seeking her hand, but he made no move toward her. Down the table on the other side she was conscious of Herbie's troubled gaze upon her. Herbie thought she wasn't making good.

She turned and looked straight into the eyes of Mr. Purvey, the eyes that burned with that flame that had lighted them when they first fell upon her, and suddenly she felt weak and helpless and frightened. They drew away from each other a little like antagonists awaiting the word to attack. Then, for almost the first time, Mr. Purvey's voice fell across her ears.

"I might have missed this, tonight," he said. "I was up at my country place, and I was late starting back. Do you like the country, Mrs. Vandeman?"

Evvy thought of Tom and the little cottage, and the garden that was to be all her own. "I'm not sure," she said. "I've never lived in the country."

"Well, I can tell you," said Mr. Purvey with confidence, as if he had known her always. "You wouldn't like it. No more than I do. I like the city. I like all its sights, the crowds on the streets, all the beautiful women,"—he stopped to point this last,—"the noise and the dirt and even the smells." He laughed, a kind of deep soundless chuckle. "And I can see you like it too. Same way I do. You weren't built for the country, where no one sees you from one day to the next."

WITH his words Evvy felt strength flowing back, warming her, quickening her pulses. She felt the reassurance of reality. Here was a man, at last, who understood her.

"I'm sure you're right," she said. "I wouldn't like it—not me."

"I'm glad of that," Mr. Purvey replied. "I expect we'll be seeing something of each other if I decide to go on the air with those programs Herbie's talking about."

Mrs. Selby gave the signal to rise before Evvy could answer. She smiled slowly instead, and Mr. Purvey smiled back again. There was no need for words. The thought of Tom brushed her mind lightly like the shadow of a bird in flight. She felt suddenly light-hearted and happy again.

As she swept by Herbie on her way out of the dining-room, she smiled and said: "Everything is going to be all right, Herbie." And Herbie smiled back at her, his face shining with pleasure.

THE RIGHT TO WRANGLE

(Continued from page 33)

Kenford wrote her name large upon the book of doom. I have become the arch-enemy of women. Two methods of punishment are open to me: I shall alternate them. One will be to destroy them—one at a time, of course; and the other will be to sap their vampire strength by ignoring them completely."

Mr. Forder regarded his delectable future with a sigh.

"You've no idea what a relief it is for a man to give up the struggle, to contemplate the comfort of slippers in the evening, soft collars, no more fighting against gray hair and baldness, time to read, no engagement with an exacting woman that must be kept or else consciously broken."

"I have heard it said," murmured Virginia, "that those who have been stung the hardest make the most violent woman-haters."

"But I am not exactly a woman-hater. I have merely given them up. I shall hang no more garlands at the altar of their brittle virtues."

"You're too young to abandon the idea of marriage."

"A man is never too young for that. The very idea of marriage is abhorrent to practically all males. Marriage, as you know, is the woman's circus. It is for her that the band plays, the banners fly and the spangles glitter. Surely minds that can harness the ether could, if they turned their attention to it, discover some better and nobler end to man's youthful ambitions than to sink them in a sea of discord, and to blunt them on the grindstone of some skirted biological specimen upon whom the clergy has by ritual conferred the right to wrangle. . . . But I have talked too much."

"Not at all," Virginia assured him.

She picked up her purse and rose.

At a half-turn toward the door he stopped her. "You've forgotten the letters."

She looked back. "Why, no. They're not my letters. They're yours. That's why I brought them in the first place, and why I'm leaving them here now."

"But I can't keep them. You're making me the receiver of stolen goods. The fair name of Forder has never been sullied with even the suspicion of trafficking with thieves."

"But I don't want your letters," Virginia protested. "What in the world would I do with them?"

"Return them to their rightful owner, I should think."

"So that she can gyp you out of a quarter of a million?"

"I do not subscribe to that word *gyp*, even though it may be perfectly good legal idiom. My contention is that the lady is entitled to her sixteen ounces of raw meat, and I am entirely willing to pay whatever price is necessary for having had the experience, and also for having escaped the yawning gates of holy acrimony. I assure you I can afford the lesson. Here, take the letters. Return them to their rightful owner, and try to get your job back."

"Sorry." Virginia was stubborn when crowded. "I don't want my job back, and I couldn't take those letters to that fool woman even if I wanted to. I don't know where she lives."

"Hmm," Mr. Forder considered. "Unfortunately, I do. I'll show you." His decision was accompanied by a swift visit to a closet, from which he extracted and donned a coat and hat. He handed her the packet of letters. "Here, put these in your purse."

On the street he motioned away the proffered services of a cruising taxicab driver.

"Miss Kenford lives up beyond Magnusboro University," he explained, "and a bus is the only way to get there the same day."

The use of the bus as transportation seemed an anomaly when considered in conjunction with the letters to Maybelle. And on the bus, conversation languished. Virginia had a good opportunity, however, to become familiar with the harshness of his features, and he grew well acquainted with her own pleasant, even if temporarily perplexed, expression.

Eventually they got off. He summoned a taxi and gave an address.

Before you know it, a baby is no longer a baby. The days seem to fly . . . Don't let them get away without the surest memory-savers —the snapshots through which you can live the days over again.

When a snapshot "fairly talks," chances are it was made on Kodak Film

KEEPING a snapshot record is too important to take chances on film: That's why most people use Kodak Film. They know it's great—know it's the sure way to avoid disappointment.

With an average camera, Kodak VERICHROME Film gets best results: It doesn't depend on perfect weather or perfect exposure—it gets the picture.

NEW—*An Important Safety Margin:* An exclusive "skiving" process provides, in all popular Kodak Film sizes, a safeguard against light leak along the edges of the film—an extra assurance of better pictures with Kodak Film : : : Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

• • •

KODAK'S NEW COLOR SHOW—AGAIN THE HIT OF THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

Millions of people have marveled at the beauty and drama of Kodachrome full-color pictures projected on a 187-foot screen, longest in the world. Also at the Kodak Building—expert advice on picture taking at the Fair. Don't forget your Kodak.

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.

The great snapshots are made on KODAK FILM

"Don't," admonished Mr. Forder, "be too disappointed if Miss Kenford turns out to be more charming in her apartment than she was in court."

Virginia sniffed. "I never expected to see her in her boudoir."

A RATHER shabby young man was talking to the hall-boy when Virginia and Mr. Forder approached.

"I tell you, Miss Kenford is not in," the boy insisted, his hand over the mouthpiece of the switchboard telephone.

Mr. Forder must have heard that, but he announced himself anyway and then corrected himself. "On second thought, do not announce me. I'll go right up."

The shabby young man followed them into the elevator. On closer inspection he seemed not quite so shabby—nor so very young, either. His clothing was merely a little passé, considering that it was so ultra, so to speak; and his youth was something that he assumed with his habiliments. His hair and head betrayed him when he took off his hat in the elevator. He was gray where he wasn't bald.

"I said she wasn't home," the boy told him as he crowded into the elevator.

The other man grinned. "I'll string along with these people."

There seemed nothing to do but go on from there, so the hall-boy did. Up.

There was a push-button outside the door to which Mr. Forder led the way. He pressed it with his finger.

No response.

"Doubtless out of order," was his comment as he reached in his pocket for a ring full of keys. One of them fitted the lock on the door.

A colored maid met them as they filed in.

"Why, Mr. Forder, I hadn't no idea it was *you* on the phone!"

"It wasn't, but it is," Harrison explained without elucidating.

"Miss Kenford is only just waking up."

"That will be all right." He strode to what was apparently the correct door and opened it, beckoning Virginia to follow.

The other man paused in uncertainty for a moment, and the maid intercepted him and shunted him out of bounds, into a chair.

Of course Virginia knew that there actually were boudoirs like that. (C. B. DeMille has not lived entirely in vain.) But she had never viewed one any closer than from an orchestra chair.

"Hello, Harrison," hailed the occupant of the bed. "This seems like—but why the bodyguard? Or is it just another broken heart?"

"Neither," he told her briefly.

"Then send her away and stay to lunch with me."

"No," decided Harrison Forder firmly. "This is merely a business call."

"Have I lost my allure?"

"If you think I'm going to answer, there's another guess coming to you."

"All right. I retract my cordiality. What is the business?"

Virginia was obliged to admit that in a degree Harrison Forder had been right in his prediction that she would find Miss Kenford more interesting in the intimate surroundings of her apartment than against the harsher background of the courtroom. Maybelle *was* very lovely; but Maybelle's heart, underneath the lace and eiderdown, Virginia knew was still a thing of steel and varnish.

"This business," Harrison was explaining, "is the reason why Miss Hobard is here. I came merely as an—er—"

"As a policeman," concluded Virginia. "A policeman to force me to do something that I think is neither right nor reasonable."

"Er—exactly. The laws of our land are often like that. Give Miss Kenford the letters."

"The letters?" Maybelle asked.

"Yes. From me to you."

"My evidence? But I left those letters in the hands of my attorney, and he—"

THE PRIVATE SCHOOL

in America is a worthy representative of our democracy; and it is particularly interesting to those parents who wish to combine the finest in preparatory-school education with cultural and social training.

For more than twenty years members of our Department of Education have been visiting and investigating private schools, junior colleges and summer camps. If you live in New York City or the suburban area, we will welcome you to our offices to discuss the best type of school for a certain child. However, if you live far away, we will gladly correspond with you, for we know schools in all locations.

In writing to us, be certain to give us full information about the child for whom you are seeking a school. In other words, be sure to tell us the age of the child, his religious affiliation, his present grade in school, how much you wish to pay for tuition, board and room, where you wish the school to be located and just what you wish especially emphasized in his school work. Your letter will receive our prompt attention. Be sure to address:

ETHEL F. BEBB, *Director*
Department of Education
REDBOOK MAGAZINE
230 Park Avenue, New York City
Telephone Murray Hill 6-4600

"True. But this young lady is your attorney's secretary, and she purloined them and brought them to me."

"Oh, I see. You still exercise the same old fascination."

"She had not seen me."

"I was not referring to that. You are a woman's idea of a lover—*especially* if they do not see you. After they have fallen for you, the shock of visualization can be borne. No woman ever sees the man she loves, anyway. All that meets her eyes is the cloth-of-gold mantle she has thrown over him herself. But thanks, Harrison, for being so sporting about it. You don't care to win by a foul?"

"I do not care to win at all."

"And neither do I, darling, not if you'll come back to me and we can go on with the wedding."

"No."

"You've said that before. Why?"

Virginia leaned forward. She wanted to know why too.

Mr. Forder grinned exasperatingly. He shook his head.

"All right." Maybelle sighed. "The romance is off, then." She addressed Virginia. "Come, young woman, my letters."

Virginia shrugged.

"I'm sorry, but I haven't them."

"You haven't them?" Both of the others echoed Virginia's statement.

"Then where are they?" Harrison continued the interrogation to its natural conclusion.

"They were in my purse, and I haven't that, either. I suppose I must have left it on the bus."

"Left my letters on the bus?" Maybelle's voice changed its texture, became almost a primitive wail. "Oh, my God! And they were worth half a million."

"Half a million?" Harrison Forder looked at her, startled. "I thought you were bringing suit for two hundred and fifty thousand."

"I was, dear," Maybelle returned with a tear in her voice; "but since I've seen you again, I know I was wrong. Forgive me, darling, for having underestimated our love."

Harrison pursued that subject no further. Obviously it was costing money to inquire. Instead he turned to Virginia and demanded sternly: "Did you lose your purse on purpose?"

Virginia's hesitation was infinitesimal. "No."

"I believe you, of course," Harrison assured her. "Just as I believe anything that any woman says. But just the same, I'll take you to the Lost-and-Found Office of the bus company and will take charge of the letters thereafter myself. Don't worry, Maybelle. We'll be back."

"The young lady too?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll have a policeman here to amuse her while we have tea."

"Will there be crumpets?"

"No, no one but respectable ladies. Because it is so hard to be positive these days, I'll invite only myself."

"SHALL we," Virginia suggested when they had descended to the lobby of the apartment building, "shall we separate here to meet later and go to the Lost-and-Found Office?"

"Separate? Meet?" Harrison picked out the essential words. "No, I think not. We'll go together."

"Everywhere?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"Some of the other ladies might object. I was planning to get a facial just to kill time."

"But why kill time?"

"Because there is no possibility that my purse will reach the Lost-and-Found Office until that bus has made at least one more round trip. That's supposing it is picked up by a guard. If a private individual finds it, the interval will be longer even if not forever."

"Quite right. Then we'll get a facial together. Or would you prefer lunch?"

"Please. With crumpets."

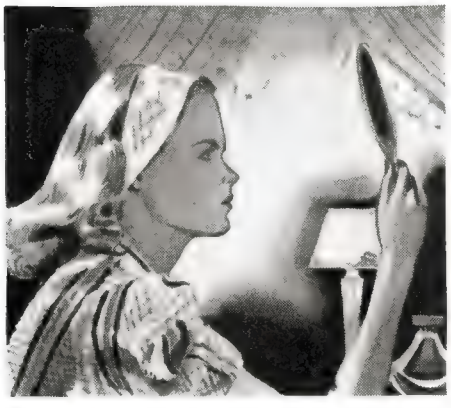
"I know the place. Taxi!" The last word was a hail to a cruiser.

Assuredly Mr. Forder knew the place; Virginia could not remember ever having had a more delicious luncheon. It was in a sunny chop-house with cheery tablecloths and gay chintz curtains.

You're a very Different Girl —*under the Summer Sun* —and you need a different Shade of Powder!

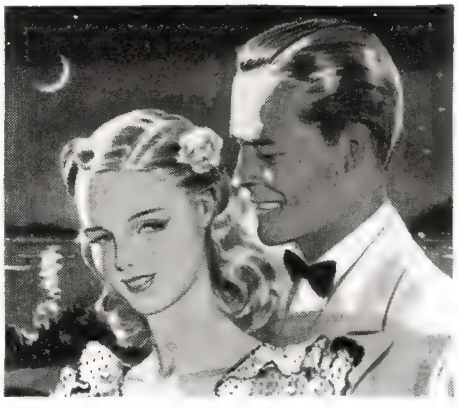
—AND WHEN YOU'RE CHOOSING IT BE VERY CERTAIN THAT IT CONTAINS NO GRIT

1. Day by day, the summer sun is changing the tones of your skin! Are you still using the face powder that went with last winter's evening gown? Then, says Lady Esther, you are innocently wasting your loveliness! It's important to change to a summer shade that will harmonize with your skin *as it is today*—and to select a powder that contains no *grit.*



2. Many a romance crashes in a close-up and many a girl can justly blame her face powder. Get the right shade (I'll help you) but be sure that the powder won't give you a "powdery" look. Be sure that it is *free from grit.*

3. Make my "Bite Test"! Put a pinch of your present powder between your teeth. Make sure your teeth are even, then grind slowly. If your powder contains grit, your teeth instantly detect it. But how easily Lady Esther Powder *passes this same test!* Your teeth will find *no grit!*



4. Lady Esther Face Powder is smooth—why, it clings for four full hours. Put it on after dinner, say at eight, and at midnight it will still be flattering your skin. No harsh, "powdery" look will spoil your moments of magic.

Are you using the WRONG SHADE *for Summer?*

Thousands of women unknowingly wear the wrong shade of face powder in the summer—a powder shade that was all right for March, perhaps, but is all wrong for July!

For in summer, the sun has changed your skin tones—and you need a new shade that will glorify your skin *as it is today.*

So Lady Esther says: Mail me the coupon and I will send you ten glorious shades of my grit-free powder. Try them all!—every one. That is the way—and the only way to discover which is most glamorous for you this summer! Perhaps it will be Champagne Rachel, perhaps Peach Rachel, perhaps Rose Brunette.

So find the right shade of my grit-free powder—the lucky shade for you, out of this glorious collection of ten, and you will look younger, lovelier—you will be really in tune with life.

LADY ESTHER FACE POWDER

*** 10 shades free! ***

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,
7136 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill. (58)

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

He watched her covertly as she ate, and halfway of the meal voiced his approval. "There's no foundation for friendly human relations like a good meal, fully appreciated. Heaven preserve me from persons who peck at their provender."

"Does that mean that I am no longer under the stigma of accidentally being a woman?"

"Not entirely. But I am beginning to relent a little from my austerity over your having thrown a wrench in the machinery of my plans."

"By forgetting my purse?"

"By doing whatever it was that you did with your purse."

"Amendment entered but not approved."

"May I have the next dance?"

"There's no music."

"I'd never noticed that while you talked."

"Hush!" Virginia warned. "You are talking too much yourself. Many a man has said less than that, and awakened to find himself at least engaged."

"Thanks." Harrison Forder pretended to be a little dazed. "Where were we? Oh, yes. There was a purse and some letters. We can resume the pursuit. It's three o'clock."

At the offices of the bus company the lost purse had already turned up, the contents intact.

Mr. Forder grinned at her as they verified this fact together. "In order to make your plot work, there should also have been a couple of fifty-dollar bills in this miniature satchel. The public at large apparently does not appreciate the cash value of love."

"I'm sorry," said Virginia.

"Sorry that the letters turned up? It doesn't matter, really, one way or the other."

"No. I meant I was sorry that anything as gay as your heart once was should have become embittered and rigid."

He sobered for a moment. "It's much less annoying than when it was a gumdrop."

They returned to the street, Mr. Forder carrying the purse himself. "I may look ridiculous, but if the letters do not arrive at their destination now, it will be my own fault."

"Do you want me to come along at all?" asked Virginia, remembering, with a sudden bitterness, Miss Kenford's invitation to Harrison to return alone.

"Of course," he assured her. "I not only want you to come along, but I shall insist on it. I should scarcely be left alone with Maybelle."

Their cab had arrived at Maybelle's apartment. Virginia stayed in the cab when he got out.

"You're not thinking I could possibly take your advice?" he asked.

"Not necessarily. But I am asking that you leave me here while you go up. I'll wait here for you—at least for a reasonable time. Please."

AT the end of half an hour, Virginia decided to call it a day. It was too much to expect that he would remember she was waiting down there.

She arranged with the taxi-driver to stay on until Mr. Forder came out, and to tell him that she herself had left to keep an appointment. Then she walked over to the bus line and returned to the office of Henden & Henden.

Her immediate superior, Mr. Theodore Henden, greeted her with a gnarly grin.

"Well, how do you like being a boy scout?"

"Not so hot," Virginia replied, wondering vaguely how he knew.

Mr. Henden explained that. "Mr. Forder has been calling on the telephone at five-minute intervals for the last half-hour. Now he is on his way here with the letters."

So that was it.

"Am I fired?"

"That depends a great deal upon what Mr. Forder says."

Virginia considered swiftly. "I'm not interested in what he says. So I'll resign now. Tell Mr. Forder that I have gone without leaving any address."

She had her hand on the door when it was opened abruptly—by Mr. Forder.

"Here's your purse," he said, handing it to her. Then turning to her boss: "And here are the letters—if you are Mr. Henden or Mr. Henden or both."

"Thanks," acknowledged Mr. Henden. "They are worth a lot of money."

"They're worth exactly nothing," declared Mr. Forder.

"Judge Ostergate is apt to think differently."

"No. Not when he learns what I have just found out."

"Go into your dance," said Virginia.

Mr. Forder laughed, and addressed Virginia directly. "You remember that man who went up in the elevator with us the first time we visited Miss Kenford's apartments? Well, he was still there when I let myself in just now. But he was in Maybelle's room this time. They didn't know I was outside the door, and they were talking at the top of their voices. They were arguing about what his share of the damages from me was going to be. He was holding out for fifty per cent, but she couldn't see it. Then he threatened to kick over the entire bean-pot by proving that he was her long-lost husband, and had been since before I met her.

"That was where I walked in and settled the argument for them so that they wouldn't need to spend any more time quarreling. Then I came away, leaving them just as happy as a couple of turtle-doves with cholera-morbus.

"So, you see your cure was not a success," he concluded triumphantly.

"I scarcely see how it could be under the circumstances. Mr. Henden, what do you—" She had turned toward her employer. "Why, he's gone."

"So he is. Then we might as well go too. Where shall we dine?"

"But why? We have nothing further to argue about."

"On the contrary. We're just about to begin what I should forecast as an almost interminable wrangle."

"Meaning what?"

"Exactly nothing, Miss Cross-Examiner. And if possible, I never intend to mean anything by anything I say to you, or to put in writing how pleasantly you obstruct my saner vision, or to buy you any flowers, candy or jewelry of a promissory nature. All that is what I intend, but—" He paused.

"But what?"

"But I feel myself slipping. So accept my invitations to dinners, theaters, dances and automobile rides for the next few weeks if you want to see a man make a fool of himself. What say?"

"I'll dine with you now." Virginia smiled noncommittally.

"Because you think you might learn to—"

"No, because I'm hungry."

"It doesn't matter why. Step onto this greased incline for any reason at all. Nature and I will do the rest. Hang on tight—we're going around a curve. How do you like that?"

"Not bad. Can we, do you think, go any faster?"

HILDRETH—HER STORY

(Continued from page 17)

and she cried out. It was blazing with lights; she had left only one burning. She raced ahead of Geoffrey, crying: "Mother, are you all right?"

Mrs. Carsidine appeared in the doorway.

"Hildy, is that you, darling? Where did you disappear to? I dreamed I was in an earthquake. I screamed for you and couldn't utter a sound, and you weren't there, and the whole house was rocking. It was Laura shaking my shoulder to rouse me, and when I saw her, I thought she'd gone into one of those daydreams of hers at the wheel and been killed in traffic on her way to me—and bad news is awful enough without being told it by a ghost, though Papa always said they were all charlatans and did it with electric shocks and ventriloquism and wet rubber gloves."

"Mother!" Hildreth was aghast. "You mean Laura is here? Now?"

Mrs. Carsidine's high sweet giggle spurted out.

"Isn't it fun, a surprise! Come in and see— Oh, Geoff, you come in, too. Isn't Hildy tall, Laura! And this is Geoffrey Weirson—you know, his grandfather had the store; he's dead and so is sweet old Mrs. Weirson, and Geoff's gone native. He lives here the year round now, just like Milly Coombs who does our washing. And Agnes Diamond—we still buy milk from her. Geoff is such a good neighbor, he brings us wonderful things from his garden—such a pity you're too late for the asparagus, but he'll have new peas for the Fourth, and always bringing us the nicest flowers and won't take a cent for them; those peonies are from his place. You ought to spray them, Geoff; they're crawling with bugs. . . . Oh, I didn't finish introducing you. My sister, Geoff, Mrs. Furnard, though I always think of her still as Laura Hildreth."

He thought: "Why, she's young! But she can't be. . . . And she isn't like Mrs. Carsidine at all. Hildreth's crazy."

She was small, for one thing; at least, she looked small, huddled in that big wing

COOL and Sensible for Hot Days

says Georgia Carroll

Vermouth and Soda

Vermouth and Soda
Simply pour ⅓ glass Martini & Rossi Italian Vermouth over ice, add seltzer to taste. It's fine with or after meals!

Count Rossi Cocktail
Vermouth, slice of orange, twist of lemon peel, ice. It's moderate and delicious!

Vermouth Glass—designed by Count Theo Rossi. 6 for $1.25; 12 for $2—postpaid. U. S. A. only. Write W. A. Taylor & Co., 10 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y. C.

Alcohol 15.95% by volume

● Hot weather demands that you be sensible. So try this cool, delicious summer drink—Vermouth and Soda. Yes, it's truly moderate. Try it once—and we'll wager you'll make it your regular hot-weather favorite.

Since fine flavor is important, always insist on Martini & Rossi Vermouth. It's the standard Vermouth—and America's favorite, too! The call for Martini & Rossi Vermouth is a signal of good taste—and a vote for moderation.

MARTINI & ROSSI VERMOUTH

Sole Agents in U. S. A. W. A. TAYLOR & CO., NEW YORK
IMPORTERS SINCE 1888

chair with her feet tucked up under her, and her green hat pushed wearily back on her head. She hadn't her sister's high color, and her hair, longish and rather limp, was a lighter brown than her sister's, more blonde than brown, really, and her eyes, glazed with fatigue, were a darker blue than Mrs. Carsidine's. She looked desperately tired. Even her hands hung limply, exhaustedly.

Hildreth said aloofly: "We didn't expect you this soon."

She didn't offer to shake hands. She didn't present her cheek dutifully. Hildreth didn't like being touched; she shied away a little even from her mother's hand.

Mrs. Carsidine was running on:

"Isn't it lovely, Laura, to have Hildy all grown up and graduated from Miss Gallop's so she can be with me every single minute? She's too thin, of course—all that hateful studying; but then she never was plump—remember what a puny baby she was?"

Laura said, "I'm awfully sorry about your grandparents," to Geoffrey, gently, as if she really was sorry. "They were always sweet to me when I was little."

Hildreth was looking at the bedroom doors behind which the exhausted Furnard boys must be sleeping. To rout them out and drag them down to Geoff's and make up beds and undress the children would take time and effort and patience. She and Geoffrey would have to do it. And Geoffrey might get very irritable.

Nervously she glanced his way. He didn't look irritable. He hadn't put on his poker face, either, which he could fit on like a mask when he chose to hide his feelings. It troubled her that he could hide from her and she couldn't hide from him. Her own face was treacherously mobile. It gave her away.

But he was even smiling a little, his eyes on Laura.

Madeleine said: "Oh, yes, she was always running away when she was little, either down to your house or up the hill to the store. Mrs. Weirson showed her how to make hollyhock dolls, and Mr. Weirson let her sit on the counter when there weren't customers, and always filled her pockets with hard candy from the case. She hadn't my sweet tooth even then, but she couldn't bear to hurt his feelings by refusing, and brought it home to me; I used to lap it up, though it was always stale."

HILDRETH said sharply: "Geoffrey's going to let the boys sleep at his house, Laura, so they can be near you."

Laura looked faintly alarmed.

"How near?"

"Why, you know where the Weirson house is! If you remember the people who lived in it, you must remember the house! Just down the beach road and around the corner a little way. There are two wide beds upstairs that the boys can have. They won't mind doubling up, will they?"

Laura looked dubious. She said: "Well, I don't know. Pete kicks. But Fergus could sleep with him. Fergus wets the bed."

Geoffrey laughed. Hildreth was astonished. He didn't often laugh out loud like that, light-heartedly. Not any more, at least. Why had he laughed? Fergus was a serious problem.

"He says I'm too serious about everything," she thought. "That I take things too hard. Well, things are hard, aren't they? For me as well as for him."

She thought: "Maybe Laura and the boys being here will do him good, give him something to think about besides his troubles. I expect he gets pretty tired of never seeing anyone but Mother and me. He doesn't really like Mother. And I never make him laugh."

She threw open the bedroom doors. The beds were all empty.

"What have you done with the boys?"

"I dumped them at the Port," said Laura. "At the Inn. It was hours past their bedtime, and I wanted a rest from them. They're horrible to travel with. Dillon threw up his supper. And Fergus slept on me for miles; that's why I'm so mussed. And Pete sang hymns. Cook taught him. I don't think I really like little boys, especially my own; they're so violent."

"Well, Geoff can handle them," said her sister cheerfully; "he's bigger than they are, and he used to be a camp counselor summers in college; he'll make them brush their teeth and everything. You've beautiful teeth of your own, Geoff; what do you use?"

He could have bitten her with them. Idiotic woman!

"Good night," he said abruptly, and made for the porch. He was at the road when Hildreth caught up with him.

"Geoff, wait. Or I'll walk along a way with you; that'd be better. . . . What do you think of Laura?"

"She isn't what I expected. You said she was like your mother."

"And so she is, except that Mother's more lively, and has that lovely color in her cheeks. Laura's awfully white."

"She isn't a whale like your mother."

"She was last time I saw her!" Hildreth was curt with embarrassment. "How did I know that it was mostly Fergus? But I do think it was awful of her to leave those children to wake up alone in a strange hotel in a strange town. I'll go after them right after breakfast. Will you go with me, Geoff? Please do. It would be a big help. I'm shy of children. I've never known any well."

He was touched. She didn't often ask for help. She didn't often say *please*.

"Yes, I'll go with you. By the way, remember Cathy? I had news today. An announcement. She's married."

Her wild relief was tempered by fear that he was hurt. How much had he cared? Was he over it yet? She cried fiercely: "She was marriage-mad! I can pity a girl who's man-crazy; she can't help it if she's made that way. But a girl who's out to find a meal-ticket so she can give up her job!"

He said: "She'd have got pretty sick of my meals! If you won't think it's sour grapes, I'll tell you something: I was crazy about her for a while, but I honestly never wanted to marry her. Can you understand feeling that way?"

"Oh, yes!" she said earnestly. She couldn't, at all, but if he said it, it was so; and what did it matter, anyway, how he had felt if he was over it now?

"It's a great relief to me, her being married," he said.

. She said: "It's a relief to me, too. I was afraid she might come back this year to pester you. I worried about you terribly last summer."

His voice was teasing in the dark, but gentle: "You're a congenital worrier, aren't you? But I can take it. I can even like it, a little. Nobody else takes the trouble to worry about me."

After he left her, she stood a moment, hugging her elbows, pressing her thin arms hard against her breast. Her breast felt as if it must burst. So this was the way happiness felt! She had never known.

Chapter Two

TOWARD morning a fog rolled in; and Laura, rousing a little, pulled the blanket higher about her shoulders and reached out her arm for the warmth and reassurance of Drake, who must be there, lying close. Her groping hand struck the cold wall. She was alone in a narrow bed. Alone? But where was Drake? And where was she?

She heard the surf then, pounding against the beach, and smelled the salt wind. Why, she was at the beach house with Mamma and Papa. Warmth and safety encircled her again. She slept.

The screeching of seagulls woke her, hours later. The fog was gone. Sunlight poured into the room, gilding the spatterwork floor. The white curtains flapped in the wind, limp starchless rags. Under the window someone whistled a signal, a loop of liquid notes. Now, who was that? Coming for her before she was even up! Mamma would be wild, and Papa would gruffly say: "Why can't your young men knock, Laura? Mimi's always did."

Only, which boy was this—and which summer.

A girl's voice, strident with exasperation, said: "Come on in, Geoff. We can't start yet. Mother won't let me wake her."

Geoff—that tall pleasant boy with the dark red hair that needed cutting. Like one of those boys whose names she had forgotten and whose faces had blurred in her memory. The same age, the same kind of clothes: worn leather jacket and corduroy slacks and never a hat. The same combination of diffidence and young arrogance. Only this one had whistled for Hildreth—her niece, Mimi's baby.

And she—Laura Hildreth? She wasn't Laura Hildreth. Who was she?

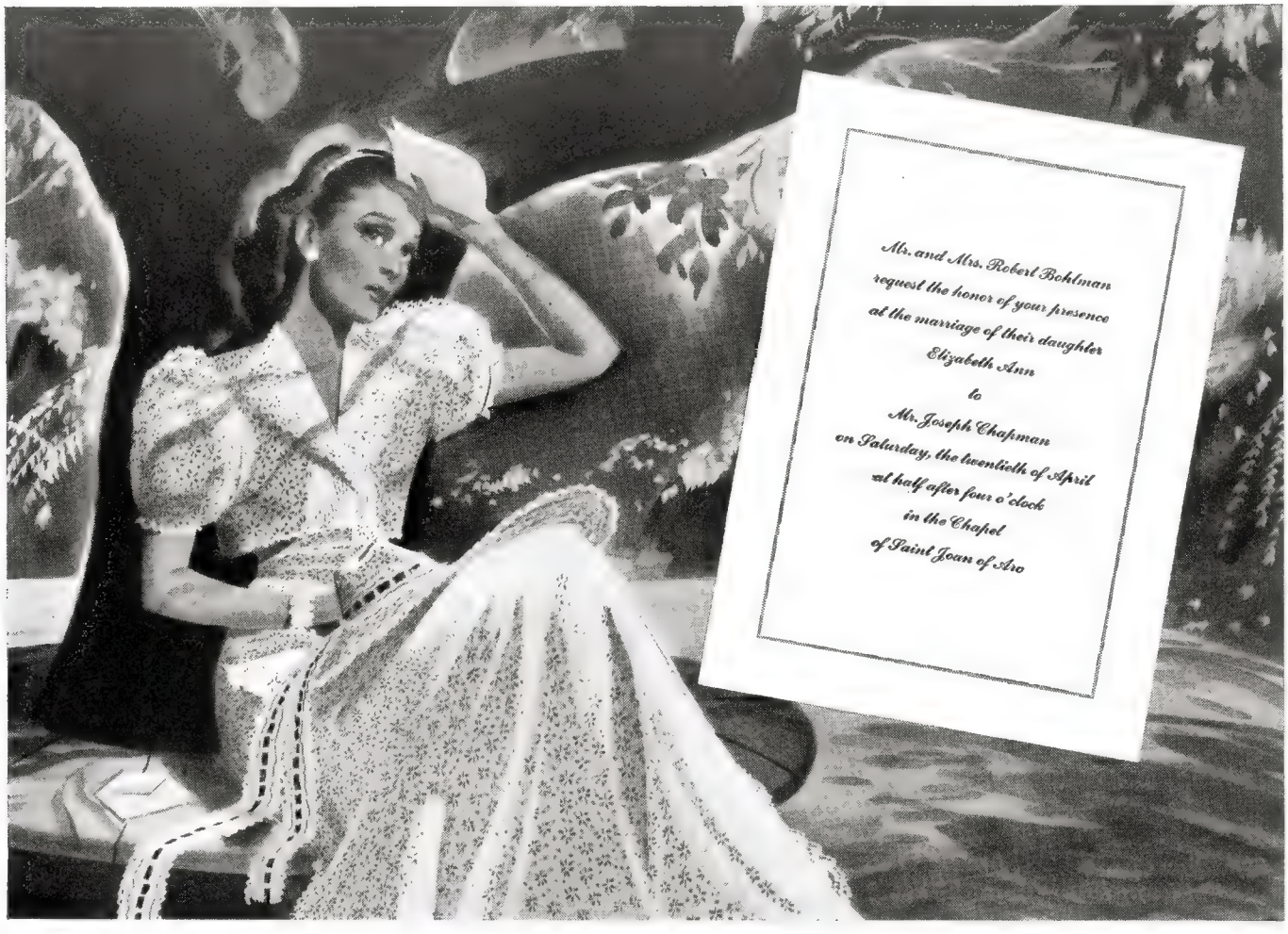
Every waking was the same. The same horror and shock. In this familiar room, in this well-remembered bed, she ought to have been safe. But the horror was there, standing beside her, waiting for her to open her mind and take it in.

She couldn't. She wouldn't. She wasn't strong enough yet. It wasn't true. It couldn't be. It was only something horrible she had imagined in her delirium when she was ill.

She stepped out onto the braided rug and caught up her dressing-gown. Mimi was somewhere near. She would get close to Mimi. Then she would feel safe, as she used to feel when she was young Laura Hildreth who lived in a charmed circle, and whom nothing sad or violent could touch.

When she went into the sunny living-room, the boy stood up quickly, smiling at her; but Hildreth scowled, and Made-

It hurts to find another's name where you hoped to see your own!


Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bohlman
request the honor of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter
Elizabeth Ann
to
Mr. Joseph Chapman
on Saturday, the twentieth of April
at half after four o'clock
in the Chapel
of Saint Joan of Arc

Helen could win happiness — if she'd learn that Mum each day guards charm!

ANOTHER WEDDING INVITATION! "So," thought Helen, "they will soon be married." Some other girl—no more attractive, no prettier—had won the man that *Helen* loved.

Yes—it happens! And it's so easy to blame *circumstances* for loneliness . . . so hard to admit that *you* may have been to blame. But a fault like underarm odor—a simple thing like forgetting Mum each day—can spoil even a pretty girl's charm!

Don't expect even a *daily* bath to keep you fresh all day! Bathing removes only *past* perspiration. *Future* odor must be prevented each day, if you want to be sure underarms are fresh. Mum after your bath prevents odor. Mum every day makes you *certain* you won't offend!

More women use Mum than any other deodorant. Mum is so easy to use . . . so dependable . . . . that women find it a "must" for day-to-day charm!

MUM SAVES TIME! You're through in 30 seconds with Mum.

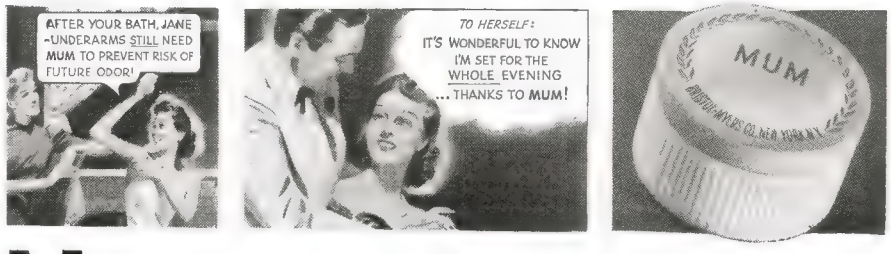
MUM SAVES CLOTHES! Mum won't harm fabrics—the American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you that. Use Mum even *after* you've dressed. And after underarm shaving Mum won't irritate your skin.

MUM SAVES POPULARITY! Mum makes underarm odor impossible—not by attempting to prevent the perspiration—but by neutralizing the *odor*. Today—get Mum at your druggist's. The daily Mum habit means that underarm odor can't spoil your charm!

* * *

SANITARY NAPKINS NEED MUM—More women use Mum for this purpose than any other deodorant. Mum is safe—easy to use—makes you sure you won't offend.

POPULAR GIRLS MAKE A DAILY HABIT OF MUM


AFTER YOUR BATH, JANE —UNDERARMS STILL NEED MUM TO PREVENT RISK OF FUTURE ODOR!
TO HERSELF: IT'S WONDERFUL TO KNOW I'M SET FOR THE WHOLE EVENING ...THANKS TO MUM!
MUM

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

leine, uncorseted and vast in lilac muslin, set down a silver pot on a breakfast tray and waddled across to kiss her.

"Darling, what a lovely sleep you had, right around the clock! You look rested already, not so haggard as you did. Sit right down here—will you have orange juice or a slice of melon? Melon's gassy, of course, like cucumber. Hildy, get the butter, darling, and some more cups. Geoff and I will have coffee to keep you company, though we've already breakfasted. Hildy doesn't like coffee; she starts the morning with cold milk, can you imagine!"

Geoffrey thought: "She looks young, even by daylight. As young as Hildreth."

Hildreth brought the butter, still scowling. Laura, piqued, thought: "I'll make her smile at me!"

She put a hand on the girl's arm.

"I'll have to get acquainted with you all over again, Hildy, now you're grown up. But it won't be hard, because you look exactly—"

The arm under her fingers went rigid. Hildreth's face paled till the tiny freckles on her cheekbones stood out like scars. She was obviously dreading something, bracing herself against something she was afraid to hear. What? That she looked exactly like her father? Did she mind so much not being pretty like Mimi?

"Exactly the way you used to when you were little, Hildy, little enough for me to hold you in my arms to jump the breakers, way out beyond your depth. Do you remember how you squealed?"

THE dread went out of Hildreth's face, but no responsive brightness took its place. She was still grave and somehow critical.

"She doesn't approve of me," thought Laura.

She was sorry. She liked to be approved of.

Hildreth said:

"Laura, I want to take your car. Ours isn't big enough. Did you leave it at Higgins' last night? It's not in the yard."

Laura was bewildered. Madeleine said: "She wouldn't know it was Higgins', darling; it was Weirsons' in her time. Clarence Higgins bought the store from Geoff's grandfather after you stopped coming to Tillferry, Laura. He added a garage, the only improvement in this place, I do declare, except Mrs. Blades' new teeth. You'll find Mamma's friends here pretty withered; Mrs. Pomfret is almost stone deaf, and Miss Hinckley is covered with moth patches, so shaky and frail since she had all those little tumors out! I play contract with the poor old dears on Mondays because they miss Mamma so, they need a fourth."

"May I have your car keys, Laura?" asked Hildreth loudly.

"But I haven't them," said Laura. "Regina has them. She'll be along with the boys any time now, and you can have the car."

"Regina?" cried Madeleine. "Is she with you? How nice! You know I misjudged her completely five years ago. I thought she would depress the children, so grim; and Drake was furious when I said you ought to have a younger prettier nurse—he was very rude to me about it. But she must be nicer than I thought; she was very kind about writing me details when you were ill, and when you left the convalescent home so suddenly, and went to that consumptive place in the mountains, I thought the pneumonia had left spots on your lungs, but she said it was only nerves."

Hildreth wailed: "But that spoils everything! Geoffrey won't have a strange woman messing about his house! He said so!"

Geoffrey swallowed hard.

Laura said: "But Hildy, I couldn't have brought the boys without Regina to look after them! Or the car—she had to drive it. I can't bear driving. And she doesn't mess. She's very neat. And self-contained. I promise you,"—to Geoffrey,—"she won't quarrel with your housekeeper."

He said: "I do my own housework. I can't afford help."

Her blue eyes opened wide.

"You mean you even know how to cook? Why, aren't you wonderful! The boys will be thrilled. They'll want to do it too. You mustn't let them be a nuisance to you. Regina will tell you what they eat. Raw meat, I expect. They're tigers, all of them."

Hildreth said impatiently: "Oh, Laura, be sensible! Geoff isn't going to feed the boys! I planned to have them here for meals, of course."

Laura was horrified.

"Oh, none of us could stand that. You've no notion, Hildy. Why, it's like feeding-time at the zoo. Oh, no! They'll have to eat somewhere else, the farther away the better."

Madeleine said: "Perhaps Mrs. Diamond would take them in, and Regina too. —There's Mr. Higgins; let him in, will you, Geoff?"

The cat bolted to his dish in the kitchen, sniffed, and came back to sit in the sun, biting his lean yellow flank.

"Isn't he homely!" Madeleine sighed. "And so self-centered; not a bit affectionate, not interested in anything but food and war and sex. I wanted a cozy pretty cat I could pet, but Hildy took this one because nobody else wanted him; she named him after the store, and it's very confusing."

"He has a right to his own name," said Hildreth stubbornly, "and to his own life. I admire his independence. There's no reason why he should love us or let us maul him if he doesn't choose."

The intense bitterness in her voice had very little to do with Mr. Higgins. It had to do with the extra money that was going into Mrs. Diamond's pocket instead of Geoffrey's.

"There's a car stopping out in front," said Geoffrey.

A clamor of shrill voices and a clatter of feet sent Hildreth to the door. She was almost thrown by three small boys who catapulted in and hurled themselves on Laura. The smallest screamed, "I beat, I got here first!" and was promptly kicked by both the other two. The tallest said: "You wouldn't of if you hadn't tripped me, you dirty skunk."

Laura said: "You see? Tigers! It isn't affection that brings them to me like this; it's competition. There is some merit, apparently, in being first into the car or first out of it."

"Mummy, it's a game! Last one out is a lousy so-and-so!"

Laura said: "Stand still and be presented. Mimi, this is Cass, this is Dillon, this is Pete. Boys, this is your Aunty Mimi. If she wants to kiss you, you let her. Dillon, what is that repulsive green smear on your chin?"

"S-sucker," said Dillon.

Outdoors a child was bellowing, less in heartache than in rage and frustration.

"That noise," said Laura, wincing, "is Fergus. He has the shortest legs, so he always gets left, and anyone gets tired of being a lousy so-and-so all the time. Cass is the biggest and Pete the least scrupulous, so they always win. It's the law of the jungle. No justice. Brute force, or dirty-work."

Hildreth eyed the boys uneasily. It was going to be hard to tell them apart. The only difference, at first sight was height, and that wasn't marked because Cass was small for his age and Pete was tall. All had olive skins, sharp noses, and straight black hair; all wore brown tweed pants and red-striped jerseys; all had narrow brilliant black eyes so intelligent as to be downright terrifying in boys so young.

She said to Geoffrey: "Let's see about Fergus."

One would be easier to face than three; and Fergus, in grief, might accept comfort and be friendly. The others seemed appallingly adequate.

Fergus, exactly like his brothers but fatter, sat on the running-board of the car, purple in the face, roaring tearlessly.

"Fergus," said Hildreth timidly, "I'm your cousin Hildreth."

He didn't even open his screwed-up eyes or pause for breath.

"Fergus!" said Regina. She was unlocking the trunk. "Be quiet."

The roaring stopped. Fergus closed his mouth and stared unwinkingly at Hildreth. She marveled. Regina hadn't even raised her voice.

"Regina, do you remember me from five years ago? I'm Hildreth Carsidine."

"I remember," said the nurse without cordiality. She gave Hildreth's outstretched hand a perfunctory shake and let it drop.

Geoffrey, introduced, said: "Let me help you with those bags." The nurse said curtly: "I can attend to it."

Snubbed, he thought. What a hag! She was as tall as he, big-boned, erect, with sloping shoulders and solid waist; hips like concrete; her neck was scrawny; the cords stood out; her hands were big and lean, her eyes green-hazel, curiously opaque, her chin heavy and long, her bushy fair hair lusterless and dry; it was cut off square like a horse's tail, and hooked behind her thick-lobed ears. Her clothes were good but dreary; her brown print dress fitted her; her broad-soled brown shoes were costly and hideous. "What a hag!" thought Geoffrey. Then he thought: "Why, she's ill."

There were beads of sweat on her upper lip and forehead, though the morning was cool, and her face had a greenish pallor.

FERGUS, feet planted wide apart, was staring at Geoffrey.

"Who's that man?"

"Our neighbor, Geoffrey Weirson," said Hildreth.

Fergus glanced at her and back at once to Geoffrey with open admiration.

BLENDED 33 TIMES TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER!

A BRAND NEW BONNET WITH A BLUE RIBBON ON IT

The goodness never varies—because every single glass of BLUE RIBBON is a blend of 33 separate brews!

Treat yourself to a glass of Pabst Blue Ribbon today. First you'll enjoy the *look* of it—the clarity, the sparkle, the creamy head.

Then you'll discover what beer flavor and beer smoothness can *really* be!

For in that glass—and in every glass of Blue Ribbon is a blend of not two, or five, or twelve...but *33* separate brews, from 33 separate kettles.

And each brew is as fine as 96 years of skill, the 28 Pabst scientists, and Pabst ingredients can make it.

An expensive way to brew? Of course! But that's what makes Blue Ribbon *America's Premium Beer,* with a smoothness that is unique . . . and a goodness that never varies.

Sometime today, have the pleasure of meeting a glass of Blue Ribbon.

It's the **BLEND** *that Betters the Beer*

Try **Pabst Blue Ribbon** *and Prove it*

Copyright 1940, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee

Adorably Dainty

To protect precious feminine charm, you need a true, long-lasting perspiration check

● Every minute of the day a girl's charm is being evaluated—for better or for worse. If you are determined always to be above reproach, you will accept no compromise in the very personal matter of underarm daintiness. You will demand the *surest* protection—a true perspiration check that will not wash off in a bath or fail you in hot weather or nervous excitement.

It is this priceless safeguard to irreproachableness that has made Liquid Odorono the choice of refined women. Liquid Odorono is *surer* even though you suffer acutely from perspiration. A doctor's prescription, it scientifically controls dampness, odor and staining for as long as five days!

• • •

A leader of Philadelphia society writes: "Of all the suggestions a mother can give a daughter on good grooming, I think advice about underarm perspiration and odor is the most basic. How hard it is to regain prestige once you have been careless!"

Liquid Odorono is mildly antiseptic—comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. Also in Ice form. Use it for excessive perspiration of the hands, feet and forehead, too. Be adorably dainty—get a bottle today! The Odorono Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

"Is he brown under his clothes too? Is he your husband?"

"No!" said Hildreth, startled, reddening slightly.

"Why isn't he?"

"Because he isn't. I haven't got a husband."

"Why haven't you? Why don't you get one? Don't you want one? Regina doesn't want one. She says we're enough trouble for her."

"Fergus," said the nurse, "go in and speak to your mother."

Fergus went.

Incredible, thought Geoffrey, looking after him, that Mrs. Furnard could have produced such dark and violent children.

"These go in. These are Mrs. Furnard's bags," said Regina, and Geoffrey was more than willing to carry them in.

Madeleine welcomed Regina with little cries: "How splendid to have you here! I do hope you'll like it; it's very quiet but healthful. Do you like sea-bathing? The water's very cold; I never go in, but that's because I couldn't possibly find a suit big enough. You look as if you had a headache, all that driving yesterday and the day before, so far, and so hot inland. Hildy, get her an aspirin."

"I'm quite all right," said Regina, and sat down quickly.

Pete and Dillon had been exploring the house. Pete said: "Mummy, let's not stay here. It's a dump."

Dillon said soberly: "There aren't enough b-beds."

Hildreth thought: "He didn't have that stammer five years ago."

Fergus was standing in front of Madeleine, gazing with fascinated interest at her bulging waistline. She began to wish uncomfortably that she had put on a corset. She asked nervously: "What are you staring at, lamb?"

"When is your baby coming?" he asked, beaming.

She said: "Why, Hildy's the only baby I have. You know. Hildy, your cousin. Only she's all grown up."

He shook his head impatiently.

"I don't mean her! I mean the little tiny baby you've got inside you, there!"—pointing.

She gasped weakly, "I'm not going to have a baby; I'm just fat," and Pete said brutally: "Aw, nuts! You don't have to talk like that to us. We know all about babies. Daddy told us ages ago. He said he wasn't going to have us believing in any damn' stork."

Madeleine squeaked.

GEOFFREY, shaking with convulsive laughter, turned his back and stared at the view without seeing it. He felt his elbow nudged. Cass, eager and confidential, said under his breath, "Wanna see something?" and pulled from his pocket a small dead fish with glaring eyes. It stank and so did he, but his face was radiant. He said: "I found it on the wharf this morning; some people were fishing; they threw it away. I'm gonna stuff it if I can find out how. Do you know how? I'm gonna take it home for my collection. I've got bottles and bottles at home with spiders and beetles and worms and a lizard. Daddy let me keep them on a shelf in the basement where the kids couldn't get at them. I want a tarantula. Did you ever see one? They come in bunches of bananas. If you get stung, you swell up and turn black and die in torture. I guess I'll have to be pretty careful, catching one."

Pete came up and said, "Whatcha got?" and snatched. Cass shouted, "Give that back! It's mine! I found it! Give it back, you bum!" and seized him by the hair. While Geoffrey plucked them off each other, Hildreth picked up the corpse and tossed it through the window, and Mr. Higgins bounded after it. Cass, white and furious under Geoffrey's hand, cried:

"You had no right to throw it away! It was mine! I was going to keep it!"

"You can't keep a dead fish," said Hildreth.

Fergus squealed: "Where's a dead fish? Wanna see a dead fish! Where's it?"

"It's gone," said Hildreth.

His lower lip came out. He wailed: "Nobody ever lets me see anything dead! I like seeing dead things! I wanted to see Daddy, and they wouldn't let me!"

Dillon hit him viciously and expertly in the stomach, and he folded, speechless.

REGINA had risen. She was green about the mouth. Her eyes looked blind. She said: "If someone will show me where the boys are to stay, I'll unpack their bathing-suits."

"I'll show you," said Hildreth. Then she asked anxiously: "Are you ill?"

"I'm quite all right," said Regina in a loud, firm voice. She took a step toward Hildreth, staggered, and went down like a log.

"Smelling-salts," said Hildreth, on her knees. "In the desk, Mother. The green bottle."

Geoffrey, kneeling too, said: "Don't lift her head. Keep her flat."

He had a glimpse of Laura's stricken face. He said: "It's probably indigestion. Biliousness. Nothing serious."

Madeleine was snatching things wildly from pigeonholes and drawers, strewing dark glasses and envelopes and receipted bills everywhere. A package of canceled checks escaped from their clip, and Pete began filling his pockets. Fergus danced to and fro, chanting, "Regina fell down, Regina fell down, Regina fell down!" stopping only to ask hopefully: "Is she dead?"

Cass said reassuringly to his frightened mother: "It's nothing, Mummy. She did it twice before at home. She said it was her stomach, but Cook said it was probably her age."

Hildreth said, "Don't bother with the smelling-salts, Mother. She's coming to," and helped Regina to sit up, adjusting the stiff brown hat almost with tenderness, not realizing that to Regina that little gesture might be the final infuriating indignity. Hildreth loved helping people. She began to like Regina for the first time, and Regina began to dislike her with irrational intensity. . . .

They were all out of the house at last and Laura was left with her sister.

"Mimi, what shall I do if Regina is really sick? I can't get on without her."

Madeleine urged her to a deck-chair on the porch.

"Now, darling, don't you fret. Hildy will take care of everything; she loves to manage. I couldn't do without her. Such a good mind, I only hope it doesn't scare men away from her. I do want her to

marry and have a nice baby, even if my own marriage was such a tragedy. Have a caramel?"—fishing a box from her knitting bag. "Don't tell Hildy on me; she makes my meals a horror, counting calories; of course I cheat behind her back, but I can't bear to do it before her eyes, she worries so. She thinks it's glands; it isn't—it's greed. I do love caramels and nougats and might as well enjoy them while I have my own teeth."

She popped a sticky cube into her mouth. Her jaws worked in contented rhythm with her knitting needles.

Laura looked out across the naked flats. The damp and drying sand, the elliptical pools, the lines of feathery seaweed left by the tide, made a pattern of beige and brown and silver, intricate, satisfying, soothing, as her sister's gentle prattle was soothing. The sea was far off. Turbulence was far off. Only the small clouds moved, and the wheeling gulls, and the supple beach-grass bending in the wind. Only a creaming line, far out, showed that the tide had turned and would, sometime, come rushing in again.

Forget Regina. Forget the children. Forget rapture and terror and death. This was the way it used to be, before rapture. Quiet and peaceful. The sea and the sky and the sand were as they had been; and Mimi was unchanged, except in bulk. For twelve years all this had been vague and unreal as a dream. Now this was real again, and comforting. Her marriage was the dream.

"I think," said Madeleine, "you ought to speak to Pete about his language; imagine how shocked poor darling Mamma would be to hear a grandson of hers say: 'Aw nuts!' "

Chapter Three

"WHAT did Cook m-mean," asked Dillon, "about it b-being Regina's age?"

Hildreth attempted to keep calm. She had dreaded this. She had planned what to say. But it was difficult. One mustn't lie to a child; one mustn't evade. She had resented lies and evasions bitterly at Dillon's age. And yet—

"Did she mean Regina was old enough to d-die?"

"Oh, no!"

"She's older than Daddy," said Dillon somberly, "and he d-died."

Dillon was the one with imagination, the one who nursed secret fears. The one most like herself. And he was the same age that she had been when her father deserted her mother, and her security ended. She felt closer to Dillon than to his brothers.

Now that she had known the boys for five days, she marveled that she had ever thought them alike. They weren't except in coloring and in their immense vitality. But Cass already had the makings of a pedant, with a passion for minutiæ; he loved to explain; only his marvelous enthusiasm saved him from being an eleven-year-old bore. Pete, at seven, was thick-skinned, without a vestige of mercy or kindness; his passion was to outdo, outwit, overcome; nothing had any value in his eyes until someone else desired or prized it; then, at once, he struggled to acquire it, and once possessed, it was valueless again; competition was his only

Refreshment ahead...

a cool April feeling, a wonderful breeze-swept sensation . . .

Something to look forward to every time you brush your teeth **with Squibb Tooth Powder!** It's brisker, it's fresher, it cleans and polishes gently, and there's Squibb Magnesium Hydrate in it, to help **neutralize** bacterial **acids** when it comes in contact with them . . . acids that might **harm teeth.**

You can rely on its safety, too. The Squibb control number recorded **for your protection** on every container is your assurance that Squibb Tooth Powder has **passed the exacting Squibb tests** for purity and safety before it is offered to you. Another good reason to specify Squibb every time you buy.

SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM also contains a new taste thrill and the same acid-neutralizing properties. It is attractively packaged in a smart cream-and-sepia tube.

★ Taste and feel the refreshing difference!

SQUIBB Tooth Powder

What's New in Tampons?

FIBS*

THE KOTEX* TAMPON —IT'S "QUILTED"

"Quilted" for Your Protection. Special "Quilting" makes Fibs the ideal internal protection...keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use – prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering – increases comfort and lessens possibility of injury to delicate tissues.

Easy to Use. Fibs, the Kotex Tampon, with *new, exclusive features,* is more comfortable, more secure, easier to use. Because of the rounded top, *no artificial method of insertion is necessary!* A Kotex product, Fibs merit your confidence!

Absorbs Faster Than Cotton. Because Fibs is made of surgical Cellucotton (not cotton) which absorbs far more quickly than surgical cotton; that's why hospitals use it. Mail coupon with 10c for trial supply today.

Accepted for Advertising by The Journal of the American Medical Association

(*Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Office)

FIBS—Room 1434A, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

I enclose 10c for trial supply of FIBS, the Kotex Tampon, mailed in plain package.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

real interest. Fergus was thick-skinned too, but easily distracted; he had a beguiling sweetness and a hideous temper.

To like Dillon best was wrong, Hildreth knew. But she couldn't help it. Favoritism was unfair. She liked Dillon best. She tried to conceal it. But she was flattered and pleased when he stayed behind to talk with her while the others raced ahead up the beach. She said: "You're not to worry about Regina. She isn't really sick. She's only tired. She's never had a vacation in her life. It's time she had a rest."

Easy to tell him not to worry. How could he help worrying? With his father dead and his mother completely indifferent, whom could he count on except his nurse?

"You're getting on all right at Mrs. Diamond's, aren't you? She gives you things you like to eat?"

"Oh, sure," said Dillon. He brightened. "We had p-pancakes for lunch."

THEY overtook Fergus, who was eating seaweed and had to be dealt with. Cass came running to show a starfish he had found; he already had a starfish, but this one was pink. Pete came back too, insisting that he had seen it first and tried to take it by force. Hildreth was put to it to prevent bloodshed. She tried to think how Regina would handle the situation. She had promised Regina to make the boys behave. It hadn't been necessary to reassure Laura, because Laura didn't care whether they behaved or not so long as they stayed out of her sight and hearing.

Fergus backed up to Hildreth.

"I itch. Scratch me. I can't reach."

"Your sunburn's peeling," she said. "That's why you itch. You mustn't scratch, or you'll make your back raw."

He was pleased, and lagged behind, scratching furtively.

Dillon asked: "How long are we g-going to stay here?"

"Oh, weeks and weeks, I hope. You like it, don't you?"

"It's all right," he said indifferently. "But I wish we c-could of brought the dogs."

"Oh, have you dogs at home? What kind?"

"Red s-setters. They were Daddy's dogs." His eyes glowed. "Whisky and S-soda, their names are. He named them. They m-miss him. They k-keep hunting for him all over the house. They'll miss us too, if we stay here long. I t-told them it wouldn't be long. Mummy d-didn't say it would be long. She just t-telephoned Regina to pack us up and b-bring us in the car, and p-pick her up at that p-place she was all winter. It's a p-pity the dogs couldn't of come with us. They like to ride. But Regina said they'd c-crowd us and would bother Mummy; she likes them, but n-not jumping on her; and Regina said if she was b-bothered, she might get s-sick again; and we mustn't t-talk about Daddy before her, but Fergus forgets, and I have to p-punch him. He can't remember, he's just a b-baby."

Hildreth said: "If you stay here all summer, you can learn to swim and dive the way Geoff does. He said he'd teach you. You'd like that, wouldn't you? Even if the dogs aren't here?"

"Would I!" said Dillon with fervor.

Already, in less than a week, the boys worshiped Geoffrey. He was big; he was male; he could outrun and outjump any of them; he could swim under water and pick things off the bottom of the sea; he could tell Cass the names of things and where to find specimens; he was brown all over, even under his trunks. Most thrilling of all, he lived by himself and did his own cooking, and didn't have to go to school or to an office; he could eat what he liked and go to bed when he liked; he took orders from nobody. Enviable independence, superb freedom; that was all unemployment meant to the children. No stigma, but glamour. "Of course," thought Hildreth, "they can't understand; they're only children."

But their point of view and their open adoration were healing Geoff. He had lost some of his touchiness.

"Geoff is swell," said Dillon with reverence. "Will he s-set off the rockets for us tomorrow night?"

"The what?" asked Hildreth.

He looked at her pityingly.

"We always have rockets the n-night of the Fourth. We bought our f-firecrackers ever so long ago, and we're c-coming down to your house to set them off, early, b-before breakfast, maybe f-four or five o'clock if we can wake up, because Mrs. Diamond said we mustn't set them off up there—they'd m-make Regina's head ache. But we aren't allowed to s-set off the rockets. Daddy d-did it. He said it t-took a man. And Geoff's the only man here, so he'll have to, won't he?"

"Yes. Yes, of course," said Hildreth. But her consternation showed plainly in her face. He saw it. He asked in a very small voice: "We're g-going to have rockets, aren't we?"

It was painfully important to him, she understood. She understood better than he did, perhaps, how important it was to have rockets on the night of the Fourth. Fireworks were part of the established order of his life. Too much of the established order was already swept away. Security was breaking down, bit by bit. Hildreth knew how he felt. She had felt like that at his age, with her father gone, her mother in tears, her grandmother raging, her grandfather silent and suddenly feeble and old.

"You're going to have rockets! That's a promise. I keep my promises."

He believed her. His relief and his trust in her twisted her heart. Oh, surely, to disappoint or deceive a child was the worst of crimes! To let a child suffer from catastrophe without comfort or explanation; that was wicked too. At nine she had had nobody to turn to except Geoffrey; he couldn't explain what had happened to her world, because he didn't know; but his companionship had given her comfort. Godlike at fourteen, he had put aside his superiority of age and sex; he had condescended to be kind; he had taught her to whistle, and to dive from the float without bellyflopping; he had taught her not to cry.

"CASS! Pete! We're going back now! Time for supper!"

She took them up the hill in the car to save time and Fergus' legs. She was in a hurry, but she stopped to report to Regina. The nurse was in bed, her face the color of ashes.

"Are you feeling better, Regina?"

"Much better," Regina's voice was fierce as if she expected to be contradicted. "Tomorrow I shall get up. I've been away from my job too long."

"Oh, no!" protested Hildreth eagerly. "We're getting along splendidly. You're not to worry about the boys. They don't need you one bit!"

She could have dealt the nurse no sharper wound.

"You must take things easy for a while! I promise you I won't let the boys out of my sight except when they're with Geoffrey, and he's absolutely reliable. You're not to fret. Just rest."

She wondered why Regina looked at her as if she hated her. There was no reason, of course, for the nurse to hate her, except that Hildreth was young and vigorous and was doing her best to take Regina's job away from her.

BACK at the house Hildreth was indignant to find Laura in the same deck-chair she had occupied all day, wearing the same long yellow housecoat she had worn at breakfast.

"Why aren't you dressed for Mrs. Pomfret's party, Laura?"

"Because I'm not going," Laura slid lower in her chair and put her sandaled feet up on a stool. "I wouldn't go for anything. Mimi's sentimental about the old biddies because they were Mamma's friends. And then Mimi likes bridge, and there's nobody else here to play with."

"I thought you liked bridge too. You used to play a lot."

Laura said nothing. She shut her eyes. Hildreth went in to her mother. Madeleine was magnificent in baby-blue lace. The old ladies always dressed up for their parties, and Madeleine felt she owed it to them to do likewise.

"Oh, darling, fasten my pearls, will you? I've left a bowl of chicken salad in the icebox for you and Laura; she won't go with me—isn't it too bad! The old ladies are wild to see her. —Does my slip show?"

Hildreth thought: "Laura may be too lazy to go to a party, but she's got to make some effort!"

"Laura, the boys are expecting fireworks tomorrow night. We'll have to drive over to the Port tonight. The shops will be closed tomorrow."

"All right," said Laura. "I'll dress while you take Mimi to Mrs. Pomfret's."

Her very amiability was provoking. Attempting to quarrel with her was like shadow-boxing. Nothing hit, and she wouldn't hit back. "She hasn't any substance," thought Hildreth angrily. "Why, Mother has twice her character! It takes real pluck to stick to a starvation diet."

Laura was ready and waiting when she came back.

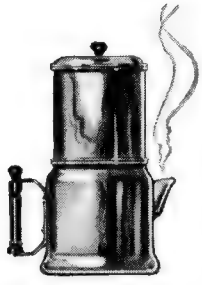
"Why don't we take Geoff along?" she asked. "He'll know what's safe to buy. We don't want the house blown up."

It was a good idea. If Geoffrey was to do the setting off, it was only fair to let him do the choosing. Laura sat in the car while Hildreth went in to find him. His supper was cooking on the stove, but he was out in the back garden, weeding, in khaki shorts and his skin. He refused at first. He was hungry and wanted a bath. But when Hildreth explained that Laura wanted his advice, he forgot about supper.

"You'll have to wait while I wash."

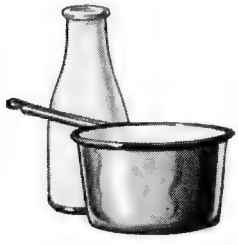
RECIPE

for making coffee in your icebox!

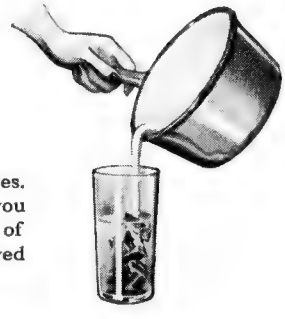


1. Make Sanka Coffee by your usual method,* but make it *double strength.* Use *two* heaping tablespoons of Sanka Coffee to each cup (½ pint) of water.

2. Pour your freshly made Sanka Coffee into an ice-cube tray. Cool. Set in refrigerator to freeze. A tray of these coffee cubes can be kept on hand, ready for instant use.



3. Now... when iced coffee is wanted, simply heat milk . . . not cream. Do not bring milk to a boil.



4. Fill a glass with the frozen coffee cubes. Then fill with warm milk. Instantly, you have delicious, refreshing iced coffee . . . of a consistency similar to iced coffee served with expensive cream.

WHY IT IS IMPORTANT TO USE SANKA COFFEE

5. Many people, who don't drink hot coffee because the caffein keeps them awake, should shy away from iced coffee too. For there is *more caffein* in *iced* coffee than in hot coffee! Iced coffee is made stronger . . . and a tall glass holds more coffee than a cup!

So make *your* iced coffee with Sanka Coffee. It's 97% caffein-free, and *can't* keep you awake. It's *real* coffee . . . *all* coffee . . . and is delicious iced. Best of all . . . *you drink it and sleep!*

The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: "Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden."

**Sanka Coffee comes in "regular," as well as the new "drip" grind.*

Copyright, 1940, General Foods Corp.

Why some people never get "STUNG"

1. To Most People the "good old summertime" is simply dinner-time for mosquitoes, gnats and similar stinging pests. But some people *never* get "stung." They've learned *how* to combat the insect plague.

2. They've Found a New Insect Repellent that really repels! A bland, pleasantly scented lotion that's not greasy, messy or irritating. You just rub it on—and watch insects buzz off.

3. Its Name is "Sta-way" and it's the result of four years research by eminent entomologists. Tested and pronounced "perfect" by thousands of people. At drug, hardware and department stores—only 35¢.

INDOOR comfort OUTDOORS

STA-WAY

TRADE-MARK

INSECT REPELLENT LOTION

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation
UCC
The word "STA-WAY" is a registered trademark of National Carbon Co., Inc.

It was all very well for Hildreth to cool her heels on the porch, but he couldn't make Mrs. Furnard wait and wait! He scrubbed hastily, and fumbled, dressing, so that his clean shirt tore as he dragged it on. He cursed wildly. But his coat would hide the damage.

"We'll have to ride three in front," said Hildreth. "I haven't had time to clean out the back. The boys left it full of sand and clamshells."

HE was all nerves, fitting himself in cautiously beside Laura, trying not to crowd her, hoping his clothes wouldn't soil her white polo-coat. She said: "I always did love your house. Those nice weathered shingles. Don't ever spoil it with paint, will you?"

Not likely!

"And the garden's lovely."

"It's better in the spring, with the iris," he said, "or in August when the phlox is out."

Hildreth needed elbow-room when she drove, so Laura was pushed back against Geoffrey's chest. He had to put his arm along the back of the seat. Her hair was close to his face. It was pretty hair. She must have shampooed it. It was silkier and fluffier than it had been that first night. He liked it better than Mrs. Carsidine's tight curls. Better than Cathy's black wreath of braids. This was no time to think of Cathy. But she chose her own times for haunting him. He dreamed about her at night sometimes, lately, and waked in a cold sweat; partly relief because she had gone away; partly gnawing desire for her. She had given so much, and not enough. Perhaps if he'd ever had more, he could forget her now.

She had no right to haunt him now, when Mrs. Furnard's shoulder was pressing against his breast. But he couldn't help remembering. It was a year since he had sat in a car like this with a pretty girl in his arms—well, she was practically in his arms. And she looked like a girl. She was as small and soft against him as Cathy had been.

"Am I taking up too much room?" she asked anxiously, and he said, "Oh, no, no!"

It was late before the purchases were made, and Laura said: "Let's eat at the Inn. I'm famished."

Geoffrey groaned inwardly. He hadn't a penny on him. He hadn't a penny, anyway, to spend on hotel meals for himself or anyone else. Hildreth said quickly: "Oh, let's not. Mother left a salad for us at home."

"It will keep. I need more than a salad," said Laura. "I need a steak."

Hildreth said: "I'm not fit to go into a public dining-room. I smell of seaweed, and I haven't combed my hair in hours."

Geoffrey knew she didn't care how she looked. She was trying to save his face. He wasn't grateful. The necessity for being saved was too bitter. Laura was exploring her handbag.

"Here's a comb, and six dollars that didn't go into gun-powder. If we eat more than six dollars' worth, we can leave your wrist-watch at the desk, Hildy. Come on."

The dining-room was gloomy and completely empty except for one bald-headed man in an ill-fitting suit who sat at a corner table, a book propped up beside his plate.

"This place is only one jump ahead of bankruptcy," said Hildreth when the waiter was out of earshot. "You'd think there'd be a few people here the night before the Fourth. But of course it's late, and the men who come to fish go to bed early so they can get up at three. There's nothing here to bring vacationers except the fishing. No golf, and the sailing's not much good, and the water's too cold for swimming except for polar bears like Geoff and me. Your boys don't seem to mind it, Laura. They stay in till they turn blue. Geoff has to drag them out."

"I'm afraid they're being a nuisance to both of you," said Laura.

"No," said Hildreth. "I'm getting used to them. They're very intelligent. I can't answer all their questions, but Geoff can."

Laura gazed at him in awe.

"How can you? Did you ask the same questions at their age? Or is it because you're a man? I sometimes think if I'd had daughters, I might have been of more use to them. Little boys seem an alien race to me."

"Geoff knows things because he's had a decent education," said Hildreth, her voice rising with anger; her old anger at evil circumstances. "You and I know simply nothing, Laura! How could we, trained as we were? A well-mannered halfwit could do as well. Do you know, I made just as good grades last winter when I hadn't a minute to study because Mother needed me with her all the time, as if I had worked my head off! They even handed me a gold medal for top scholarship! It turned my stomach! It didn't mean one thing! And Mother cried because I wasn't voted the prettiest, as she was in her class, or the one likely to marry first, as you were in yours!"

Her eyes were hot. Her voice, loud with resentment, filled the room: "And it isn't as if I could go to college, either, and learn anything that way! At least, Geoff, you've had that much! You've a decent education salted away! And I haven't even a hope!"

"Oh, hush," said Geoffrey. "Eat your dinner."

He was irritated with her for boring Laura.

Laura was looking past Hildreth's head at the bald man who was leaving, his book under his arm. She was obviously startled.

"Do you know that guy?" asked Geoffrey. "He's been staring at you. I was getting ready to go over and take a poke at him."

Hildreth craned her neck to see, but the man had vanished.

"I don't know," murmured Laura. "He used to have more hair. It probably isn't who I thought it was."

BUT after that she was preoccupied. When dessert was brought, she looked at it blankly and then pushed it aside.

"Did I order that? How silly of me! I don't like sweets."

("You ordered it," thought Geoffrey, "so that we could do the same without embarrassment. But your tact doesn't make it any easier for me to swallow food you're paying for.")

Laura slipped her coat on and pushed back her chair before he could move to help her. She said: "You don't mind if I go and see whether that man is the one

I used to know? Don't hurry. Go on and finish. I'll meet you at the car."

The meal was spoiled for Geoffrey. The evening was spoiled. He should never have come. He should have gone on weeding, and eaten his flavorless supper at his kitchen table.

It had been fun, buying the shooting-stars together. It had been companionable, the three of them, equals, contemporaries. Fun for him. But she had been bored. She seized the first opportunity to go and talk to an older man, a bald-headed old picked chicken like that. She had been bored with her niece and her niece's friend. They were tiresome children to her. (Go on and stuff yourselves, children, while I pay the bill and find someone really interesting to talk to.)

"Do you want Laura's ice-cream?" asked Hildreth.

"Good God, no!"

"I'll eat it, then," she said. "It's too bad to waste it."

Geoff shouldn't be cross with her, she thought. She knew he hated eating a dinner he couldn't possibly pay back. But it wasn't her fault, was it? She had tried her best to keep Laura from coming in here. She hadn't expected willfulness in Laura. Perhaps it had been suppressed during all those years of giving in to Drake; and now he was dead she was going to cut loose and do as she pleased, no matter what the cost to others.

LAURA walked quickly through the dreary parlors. Why was she doing this? She had never liked him.

There he was, bent over his everlasting book, his thick dark brows knotted, his long fingers drumming on the chair-arm. Except for the loss of his hair, he was much the same. He had always been lean and rigid. He looked dried up now, as if there were no blood in him, just gristle and bone. The bones of his face showed large through the yellowish skin.

"Alec," she said.

He saw her. His eyes were Hildreth's eyes—gray, direct. Before he spoke, he put a folded paper in the book to mark his place. His, "Well, Laura," was as dry as the chilly hand he permitted her to clasp. She was at a loss. She couldn't say, "How nice to see you again." Because it wasn't nice. He had treated her sister abominably. She said, "Are you vacationing here?" and saw him stiffen. He thought she was prying. As if she cared what he was doing here!

He rubbed his hand over his eyes and forehead. She remembered that habit. Partly eye-strain, partly sheer nerves.

"The doctor calls it a vacation. It's work to me. It's excruciating boredom. Rest, sun-baths, exercise, bland foods, complete quiet; no coffee, no smoking, limited reading. Buried alive. I'd rather be dead. But I can't afford to crack up. I have work to do. Twenty-five years of work ahead of me. I'm only forty-five."

Regina's age. The age when everybody, man or woman, became aware of fatigue, and discouragement, and loneliness. Not old. But not young any more. Alec was never young, thought Laura. He was always cold, and distrustful of emotion. Chlorophyl in his veins. Who had said that about him? Drake, of course.

"Have you been ill, Alec?"

Protect Your Baby

With Foods You Know Are Safe!

Serve Him Heinz Strained Foods; They're Backed By A 70-Year Reputation For Outstanding Purity, Quality And Flavor

YOU can enjoy the matchless satisfaction of knowing your baby's getting the *best* when you give him strained foods that bear the confidence-inspiring name of *Heinz!* Made according to Heinz famous quality standards, these foods are rich in color—fresh in flavor—high in vitamins and minerals! For we use only the pick of the nation's vegetables—luscious top-grade fruits—select meats and cereals. These are all cooked scientifically and vacuum-packed in special enamel-lined tins!

Save yourself time, work and worry by ordering a supply of Heinz 14 ready-to-serve Strained Foods!

57 ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN.

THESE TWO SEALS MEAN PROTECTION FOR BABY

YOU PAY NO PREMIUM FOR THESE VITAL ASSURANCES OF QUALITY

1 VITAMINS AND MINERALS are preserved in high degree by scientifically cooking finest fruits and vegetables—vacuum-packing them in enamel-lined tins. *Quality is controlled from seed to container.*

2 THE MOST MODERN cooking and packing methods have been developed by Heinz specialists in Mellon Institute of Industrial Research.

3 FURTHER ASSURANCE of uniform excellence is furnished by constant research work by scientists in Heinz Quality Control Department.

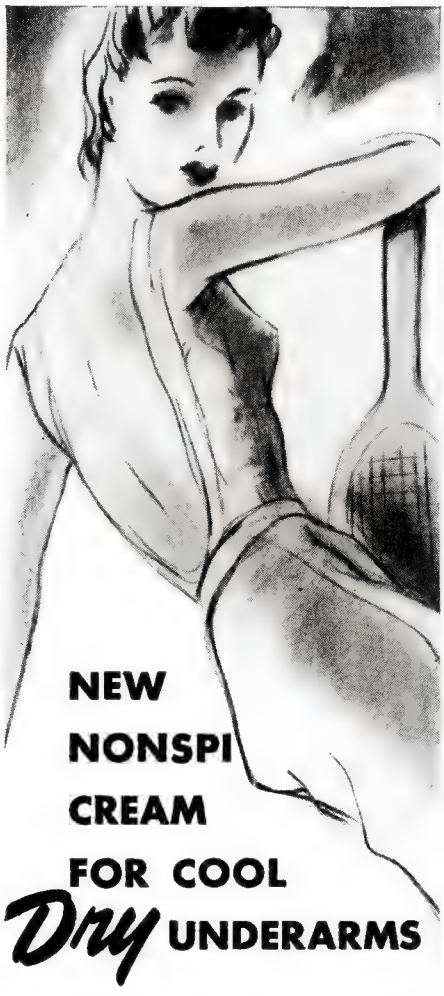
4 ALL HEINZ BABY FOODS on dealers' shelves are checked regularly by Heinz salesmen and replaced by fresh stocks after a limited time. *Quality is controlled from Heinz kitchens to consumer.*

Heinz Strained Foods

P.S. Heinz 12 Coarser, Highly Nutritive Junior Foods Meet The Special Needs Of Children Graduating From Strained Foods

KEEP UNDERARMS SWEET

BATH-FRESH



NEW NONSPI CREAM FOR COOL *Dry* UNDERARMS

SAFE TO APPLY as often as desired. Nonspi Cream is harmless to skin or clothing.

CHECKS *BOTH* perspiration and odor safely... effectively.

SOOTHING and cool when applied. Doesn't sting or irritate—even after shaving.

DRIES ALMOST INSTANTLY. Not sticky...a greaseless, stainless cream.

SEND 10¢ for trial size of Nonspi Cream. The Nonspi Co., 110 West 18th Street, New York City.

There is also a **LIQUID NONSPI** *— at drug and department stores.*

"Can't you see?" he snapped. "I'm still yellow. That's the remains of jaundice. Liver's giving trouble, too. And my ulcers have opened up again. They healed once."

She didn't want to hear about his insides. She was noticing how patterned with fine lines his face was, and the lines from his flaring nostrils to the corners of his small mouth were deeply gashed.

"Did you notice the dark girl at my table? That was your daughter."

He didn't bat an eye.

"Why isn't she going to college?"

So he'd heard. Well, Hildy had practically shouted.

"Is she so badly prepared that no college will take her? Hasn't she heard of tutors? Or is she stupid?"

"I'm sure she isn't stupid."

"Then what's holding her back? Lack of money? That can be arranged. Find out, will you? Tell her to come and consult me. I shall be here all summer. I never leave the hotel grounds except to walk through the town, and that takes only fourteen minutes."

Having got that off his chest, he waited for her to leave. She faltered, feeling almost as helpless and young before him as she had in the first years of Mimi's marriage; the little-girl sister-in-law.

"You're well preserved," he said, coldly appraising her. "You married and had a child, didn't you?"

"Four children," she said. "Four sons."

If he asked after Drake—

She was running back through the parlors, out to the car, hurrying to the warmth and safety of Hildreth and Geoffrey. Hildreth asked: "Was it the man you used to know?"

"I never knew him well," said Laura. She sounded evasive.

"Naturally she wouldn't tell us more than that," thought Geoffrey savagely. "One doesn't confide in children."

They drove the fourteen bumpy miles in silence. Hildreth had given up trying to rouse Geoffrey from his black mood, and Laura didn't even notice his mood. She was preoccupied. He knew how unaware of him she was. Practically in his arms and thinking nothing of it!

THEY stopped at Mrs. Pomfret's door, and Hildreth went in, leaving Laura and Geoffrey as much alone together as if sitting side by side in a little house with doors and windows closed, the world shut out. She turned impulsively:

"You know that man you thought was staring at me? He was staring at Hildreth. He's her father—Mimi's ex.—Alec Carsidine. I don't know what possessed me to hunt him up. I never liked him. I don't know why Mimi married him. She had plenty of other men crazy about her. Maybe she was dazzled and flattered because he was brilliant and everybody was talking about a monograph or something he'd done on light or heat or I don't know what; there never was much heat or light about him personally. But maybe Mimi thought she was being clever to capture a man with authentic brains when she had none at all. Girls are so silly. They don't really know the first thing about love or marriage till after they've been married a while, and then, if it's all wrong, there's nothing for it but divorce, and that's awful if there are children. It seemed awful to me tonight, seeing Alec and Hildreth there in that dining-room, father and daughter, alike as two peas; strangers to each other, not speaking, not even recognizing each other, perhaps. Awful! I suppose that's what made me go and hunt him up. I was snubbed for my trouble."

GEOFFREY'S black mood had exploded, rocketlike into splendor. His blood was racing; he felt wonderful. No wonder she had been preoccupied! And she was confiding in him! She was telling him things no one else knew!

Why, she was practically telling him that her own marriage had been as bad a mistake as her sister's, but she hadn't sued for divorce because of the children!

No wonder she cared so little about her own sons! They must be the image of their father. They kept reminding her of him. How brave of her to stick it out for twelve years! She hadn't really been living for twelve years, just existing. Now she was free, at the beginning of things. Now she could be happy. She looked young and untouched because she was. Perhaps she hadn't ever loved any man.

"I never did find out why he asked Mimi for a divorce. Her letters were incoherent, and when I saw her five years ago, I asked her, and she just cried and cried. Mamma said it was another woman. But how could he! Mimi was a perfect wife and a wonderful mother and hostess, and always sweet-tempered, and enchantingly pretty even after she began to put on weight. She's still pretty! You don't suppose he wants her back, do you? You don't suppose that's why he's here? He wouldn't have dared to come while Mamma was living; she hated him like poison for leaving Mimi. But maybe now he's sick and not so young, he wants back the comfort he threw away."

"Hildreth would never let her take him back," said Geoffrey. "She hates him as much as your mother did."

"Do you think I'd better tell her he's here? It would be a shock to Mimi to run into him in the Port without warning."

He didn't know what to say. He didn't much care about any of the Carsidines and their tangled relationships. He was a little dizzy. Her cheek was only a breath away from his lips. She would be sweet to kiss—sweeter than Cathy had ever been.

The Pomfret door swung wide. Madeleine lumbered through it, leaning on Hildreth's arm.

"I won the prize, Laura, the cutest little crockery rabbits, salt-shakers; the boys will adore them!"

"I don't think I'll tell her," said Laura. "Or Hildy, either. We'll keep it to ourselves, you and I. I can't bear to have an emotional scene. We're so peaceful, just as we are."

A secret with her! That was something. But the privacy of their little house was spoiled. What if he had lost his head and kissed her? Would she have been annoyed, or amused?

"I'll walk the rest of the way," he told Hildreth. "Your mother can't sit on clamshells in all that finery."

He half-hoped Laura would offer to walk down the hill with him. But she didn't.

"Still sulking!" thought Hildreth as he stalked away. "Well, if Laura can't bring him out of his bad mood, how can I expect to? All the experience she's had with a difficult man! But then, it's nothing to her whether Geoff sulks or not. I'm the only one who cares."

A new viewpoint and a sympathetic friendship for her characters gives Mrs. Estes' novel a special appeal which the forthcoming chapters in our next issue will confirm.

REWARD

(Continued from page 29)

marry her, and she maybe with a fine income to—"

"Not so fast," said Casey.

"Oh, so it's envious I'm making you, is it?"

"Not so fast. You're doing thirty-five."

"No great speed," said Rourke.

"The limit's twenty."

"Twenty! Who is it told you so?"

"I saw the sign back there. It said twenty. Where were your eyes?"

"Women!" said Rourke. "The finest creatures in the world!"

"You're not married," said Casey. "I am."

"You'll not be lifting your voice against women?"

"Women," said Casey, "are no worse than men."

"Aye. That they aren't. Women are God's—"

"And no better, either. No whit better."

"It's no gentleman you are, Casey!"

"Mind the bumps ahead. Can you not see it's a rough stretch we're coming to? Shift into second, and drive slowly."

"If I was to uncover a spy-ring—" said Rourke.

"A spy-ring it is now! What spy-ring?"

"A dastardly plot by the enemies of the United States to blow up—"

"Enemies?" said Casey. "The United States would not be at war."

"Menaced by sinister powers, she is, Casey. It says so in the papers."

"You can't believe all you read in the papers. Drive faster now. We've passed the twenty-mile-an-hour zone. Did you not see the sign?"

"Twenty thousand dollars' reward, Mr. Rourke, for your courageous and unselfish services at the risk of your life and limb —and a job in the United States Secret Service we're offering you. This country needs men like—"

"*Twenty* thousand it is now!"

"Mind your sarcasm!" said Rourke. "I'll not put up with it."

"Slow up!" said Casey.

"I see nothing—"

"Use your eyes. On the side of the road—under the tree. Put on your brakes quick! Do as I tell you."

"A child it is. But he'll not run out in the road."

"Pull up to the curb beside him. Do you not see the kid is crying?"

"Starving! His father dead, his mother helpless in bed, his baby sister—"

"Use your eyes, Rourke. The kid's kitten is up the tree, and afraid to come down. Get out of the car, Rourke."

"You little imp!
HOW DARE YOU MAKE FUN OF ME!"
AW, AUNT MOLLIE, I DIDN'T MEAN TO MAKE YOU MAD. EVERYBODY SAYS YOUR CLOTHES DO HAVE TATTLE-TALE GRAY
HA! HA! TATTLE-TALE GRAY
HE'S A SCAMP, MOLLIE, BUT DON'T GET SORE. MY CLOTHES LOOKED WORSE THAN YOURS TILL I STOPPED USING WEAK-KNEED SOAPS AND SWITCHED TO FELS-NAPTHA!
TRY THE BIG BAR OR THE WONDERFUL CRINKLY CHIPS! EITHER WAY, FELS-NAPTHA BRINGS YOU RICHER, GOLDEN SOAP TEAMED WITH GENTLE, ACTIVE NAPTHA. AND THOSE TWO BUSY CLEANERS GET OUT ALL THE DIRT IN JIG-TIME!
FEW WEEKS LATER
WHOOPEE! IS IT ALL FOR ME?
YES, YOU LITTLE INDIAN! MY WASH LOOKS SO GORGEOUSLY WHITE THIS WEEK I BAKED YOU A CAKE FOR TIPPING ME OFF TO FELS-NAPTHA SOAP. THAT BIG, GOLDEN BAR SURE IS A WONDER IN A TUB
AND FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS ARE GRAND FOR WASHING MACHINES. HUSKIER, GOLDEN CHIPS — THEY'RE NOT PUFFED UP WITH AIR LIKE FLIMSY, SNEEZY POWDERS. SO WONDERFULLY SUDSY, TOO, THANKS TO THAT NEW, ADDED SUDS-BUILDER!

Golden bar or golden chips—
Fels-Naptha banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

Wherever you use bar-soap, use Fels-Naptha Soap. Wherever you use box-soap, use Fels-Naptha Soap Chips.

COPR. 1940, FELS & CO.

New *under-arm*
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration

1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.

More than 25 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold...Try a jar today.

ARRID

39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
(Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

"Me?" said Rourke.

"Both of us."

"Here, kitty!" said Rourke.

"Stuff and nonsense! It does no good to call it. Can you not see it's afraid to come down? One of us must climb up after it."

"One of us?"

"You, Rourke. You can climb better than I can."

"That I can! If I was to come to a burning building, with women and children screaming for help, I would—"

"I'll give you a boost," said Casey. "Put your feet on my shoulders when I stoop down."

"Mind you stand steady," said Rourke.

"Grab the lower branch. Have you got it?"

"I have," said Rourke.

"Then shinny up."

"Here, kitty!"

"Waste no breath calling the kitten, I tell you! Climb to the top, and grab it."

"A high tree it is," said Rourke.

"Maybe ten feet," said Casey.

"Twenty feet at least!"

"No more than ten. . . . Have you the kitten?"

"I have," said Rourke.

"Come down carefully, and mind that branch on the left. It's rotten. . . . Rourke! Didn't you hear me? Couldn't you see that branch wouldn't hold a fly? Are you hurt?"

"No. . . . Yes! Casey, get that damned cat out of my hair before it scratches my eyes out! Be quick about it!"

"The child has it," said Casey. "And now into the car, and hurry. Late for dinner we are already—and Kate has a sharp tongue."

"A mean cat," said Rourke. "A very mean cat. An ungrateful cat."

"Hey! Where are your manners? Did you not hear the child say thank you?"

"Oh! You're welcome, sonny."

"Let off your emergency brake," said Casey. "No wonder the car won't go. If I knew that shortcut better, I'd tell you to take it, but we'll not risk getting lost when we're already late."

"If I was trapped in a blizzard," said Rourke, "the lives of helpless comrades depending on me to lead them safely—"

"When we get home," said Casey, "remind me to put some iodine on that scratch. There's no use taking a chance of infection. —And just mind that truck ahead of you!"

REDBOOK'S PICTURE OF THE MONTH

(Continued from page 11)

same vein by Arthur Hornblow, Jr., who produced the earlier mystery comedy. The picture is a humorous adaptation of the serious mystery play which Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard wrote many years ago; but with Hope in the cast, no plot can long remain serious.

Miss Goddard inherits an island on which rests a castle inhabited by a venerable ghost. Warned to avoid it, like any spirited American girl she is determined to investigate the stories that surround it. Through a series of circumstances, quite logical for a mystery play, Hope becomes involved in the project and the two set out for the island.

Knives to which warnings are attached are hurled at the two; mysterious strangers shadow them; mournful wails and shrieks resound through the castle; walls tremble with as much insecurity as do Hope's knees. As in all well-ordered mysteries, the least suspicious of the characters is the villain.

"The Ghost Breakers" is done with a sure and expert hand. From the opening lightning-storm which plunges New York into darkness, sheer terror never relaxes its hold on the performers. Walter DeLeon has fashioned a tight scenario, and George Marshall has directed it in the most forthright mystery comedy manner. It is high entertainment without a trace of significance.

A third film for any well-equipped "must see" list is "Andy Hardy Meets Débutante." Of all the month's offerings, this alone deviates from the screen's policy of avoiding problems; for those who have followed *Andy's* career know that no day passes that is not fraught with sorrow and trouble. It is hard to say which of the *Hardy* pictures can be labeled best, for all contain the homely and nostalgic elements that have endeared the series to patrons.

In this ninth of Metro's offerings, *Andy* becomes involved in the sinful and costly life of Manhattan. For a brief hour he is a member of New York's giddy café society. He enters one of the gilded palaces with that assurance for which he is famous; for in addition to his native ability, he is backed by unlimited finances. As he says upon leaving for the night-club: "With eight dollars, I can buy the place." It is a saddened and terrified *Andy* who is presented with a bill for forty dollars, and he realizes that he is a small-town hick after all.

This phase of *Andy's* life concerns his boasts around Carvel that Diana Lewis, who portrays the country's No. 1 débutante, is smitten with him. Forced to go to New York with his family, he tries to meet the young lady, and is rebuffed at every turn. After days of sorrow and pain, he is aided in his quest by Judy Garland, whom he has scorned throughout his visit; and he returns to his home town a conquering hero, subdued perhaps, but still insufferable.

The picture contains the familiar faces of Mickey Rooney as *Andy,* Lewis Stone as the *Judge,* Fay Holden as the mother, and all the other members of the *Hardy* tribe. The Misses Garland and Lewis have been injected as romances to take *Andy's* mind off Ann Rutherford, his adored *Polly Benedict* back home; Miss Lewis disillusions him, but Miss Garland manages to sustain his faith in women.

The *Hardy* pictures are the kind of yarns that Booth Tarkington was writing about American youth a quarter-century ago. They deal with a boy's genuine tragedies, and they constitute Hollywood's answer to the charge that the screen rarely reflects actual American life.

And so, for the first time in its career, Hollywood is to be commended with genuine enthusiasm for avoiding everything that might engender the slightest stirring in the thought-channels. This is a month to be gay while at the movies.

THE THIRD HORSEMAN OF THE APOCALYPSE

(Continued from page 13)

The German propaganda machine will get busy, and by reams of statistics will try to prove that there is enough grain in the Ukraine and enough oil in Rumania to feed the people of Belgium and the Netherlands, and to keep the wheels of industry going. But the Ukraine is part of the Soviet Union, which is Germany's ally but loves Germany not; and Rumania is far away; and besides,—so I am told,—its oil supply is getting very low.

I only know what the maps tell me. And they tell me that the people of the conquered North Sea countries will soon be on the verge of starvation, for not only are their means of livelihood gone, but being already densely overpopulated, they could only hope to survive as long as ships brought endless cargoes of grain from the U.S.A. and the Argentine. Draw your own conclusions!

And now please look at the maps of Denmark and Norway. Denmark was at the top of the list as the most successful of the "scientifically managed agricultural countries." It took, however, a great deal of scientific figuring to perform this miracle. For Denmark is a very small country, and its meadows alone would never have been able to support those magnificent herds of cattle and those armies of pigs which, after they had been duly converted into beef and bacon and butter and cheese, were able to provide the Danish people with that extra surplus of cash they needed to buy whatever else was necessary for their support. For Denmark was even less "self-contained" than the Netherlands, which can boast of at least half a dozen coal-mines.

NAZIS will be ready with the answer that nothing has really changed, for now the Danes can sell to Germany what formerly they sold to England. Of course, they can. But they forget two rather important items: In the first place, the Danish cows lived primarily on a diet of alfalfa cubes which were imported from the Argentine and from Manchukuo. Those cubes are no longer available, for Denmark is blockaded by the English. And while Germany is undoubtedly willing to buy, its money is not worth the price of Hitler's life in the Bronx. The Nazis can force the Danes to take it; but to the Danes, this means ruin, for it will buy them nothing abroad, not even in the other countries which now belong to Germany.

To make matters worse, the exceptionally cold winter has frozen the greater part of the local Danish potato crop. There are very few seed potatoes, for they are all of them needed to feed the people. And the fisheries will not be very profitable either, for most of the fishing water is mined and the North Sea is closed.

The same goes for the Norwegians. For in Norway, fully three-fourths of the land is absolutely unproductive. Two million bushels of wheat and five million bushels of barley and a somewhat larger production of oats is all the soil will produce. And the money to import grain from abroad had to come in the main from the

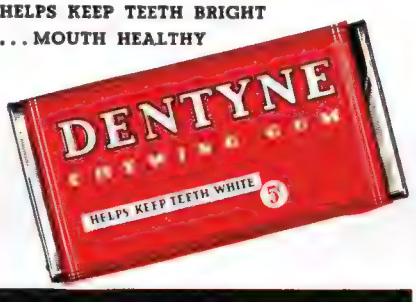
It's fun to talk to my dentist, Dad. He tells me stories—*true* stories.

Yesterday he told me about savages that have extra strong, white teeth—kept polished and healthy by chewing on rough, tough foods. He said the soft, civilized foods *we* eat don't make us chew enough—we need Dentyne!

Dentyne's special chewiness, he explained, gives your teeth the tough workout they need. Peps up lazy mouths—tones up your gums. Starts more saliva flowing too—helps clean and polish your teeth.

I started chewing Dentyne right away. It's great! Grandest flavor—spicy as Grandma's cinnamon cookies. I like the flat package, too. Slips into your pocket, neat and handy as you please. Dad and Mom have started the Dentyne habit, too. Try it yourself—get a package today!

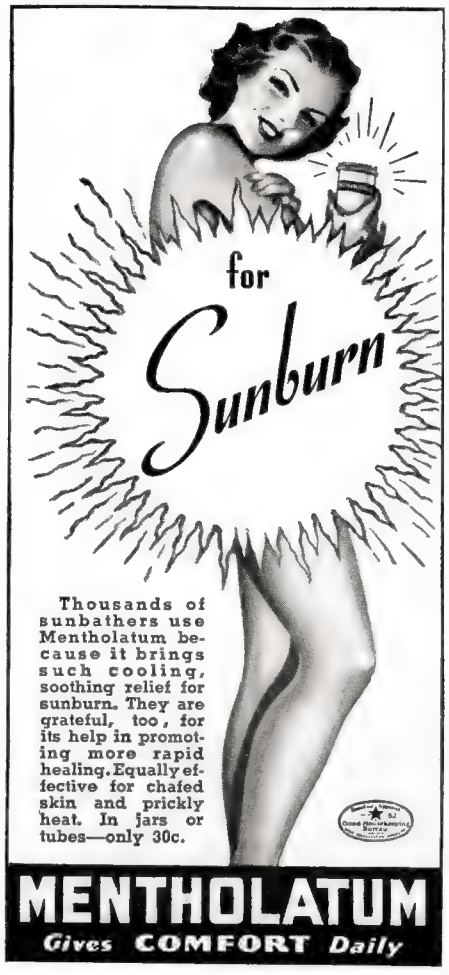
HELPS KEEP TEETH BRIGHT ... MOUTH HEALTHY



DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

After a hearty dinner
. . . what to drink?
COINTREAU
LIQUEUR
ANGERS
COINTREAU
THAT Settles THE QUESTION
80 Proof LIQUEUR
FREE: Brochure of delightful Cointreau recipes . . .
Browne Vintners Co., Inc. 50 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y. Dept. J


for
Sunburn
Thousands of sunbathers use Mentholatum because it brings such cooling, soothing relief for sunburn. They are grateful, too, for its help in promoting more rapid healing. Equally effective for chafed skin and prickly heat. In jars or tubes—only 30c.
MENTHOLATUM
Gives COMFORT Daily

forests, from the fisheries and, above all, from the carrying trade; for Norway, with less than three million people, was sixth on the list of international mercantile tonnage. That vast merchant fleet now lies idle or is cut off from its home ports. The forests can be worked for the Germans, in return for the ruinous German mark; but the cod and herring fisheries will be greatly restricted in their activities because the seas are no longer safe; and what can the Norwegian people do with their herring and their cod-liver oil when they are not able to export a penny's worth?

As for Poland, I am just as ignorant upon that subject as anyone else. From the vague scraps of news that have leaked out, it seems certain that, once Poland was at their mercy, the Nazi fury knew no bounds. And according to the best information available (very poor information, at that), the boys in the brown shirts had such a good time breaking up everything that fell into their hands that they destroyed a great many things that might have been of inestimable value to them during the next years of the war. What will happen meanwhile to the Poles, we do not know; but we can guess. God have mercy upon them, for that will be about the only mercy they can hope for until the hour of their country's delivery arrives.

There is a chance, therefore, that Hitler will conquer himself into defeat. Suppose he and Mussolini defeat France. . . . Suppose together they conquer England. Then it will become a war of continents; and the British Empire with its fleet safely moved to Canadian waters will continue the struggle. And Hitler, in search of food for his own people and the millions he has subjugated, will have to go abroad in search of wheat and barley and coffee and tobacco (both of these latter as much of a necessity of life today as wheat and oats) and the raw materials necessary for the construction of implements of war.

He will, of course, wait as long as he can. But then Pestilence and Hunger will come trotting down the roads of Conquest, to grin their obscene smirk at the mighty Fuehrer.

"And I looked, and behold a pale horse: and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him. And power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth."

A MAN WITHOUT A PAST

(Continued from page 49)

the thought of Madelon came uppermost in my mind. She had baffled me last night as never before. Kathie's death was beautiful, she had told me; and if Kathie had lived, we would have failed each other. No one had ever said before that there was any beauty in Kathie's death.

Amazed at myself, I realized suddenly that behind the black horror that I had known was hysteria born of a great pity for Kathie; the pity that I had given her through all my life, magnified to the infinite by the manner of her death. This morning I no longer pitied her.

IT was a strange morning. I remember speaking pleasantly to Edna, but I cannot recall what I said nor how she looked. I had a pact with Madelon. I had to back-track the trail of Jim Shanlon and obliterate his footsteps. I had to wipe the very identity of Jim Shanlon out of existence, and reclaim my life for the name that was my own. I had to face each thing from which I had fled.

I began with the University, and I felt like a fool before the astonished Dean.

"This is rather extraordinary," he said; "and you can understand that one naturally doubts the motives and the intentions of one who uses a false name."

"I know," I told him, "but there were excellent family reasons. Those reasons no longer lay any compulsion on me."

He nodded his gray head. "I understand," he said. "We will make the necessary changes in our records."

Becoming myself again seemed very simple. Then I thought of Scotty and of Mrs. McVeyne and Edna. That took the edge off my enthusiasm. They were not going to be easy interviews. . . . Scotty would sense that Madelon had something to do with it, no matter how I might try to conceal the fact. . . .

There was flood news on the air. Above us the river was on the rampage, and it was steadily rising in our section of the country. In twenty-four hours, according to reports, it would be roaring at its height through the State.

I looked with indifference at the gray clouds massed in the northwest. A flood was a pretty brutal proposition, and meant disaster for a great many people; but this flood had no personal threat to myself. Bantonvale was not a river town, and the nearest point on the river was nearly thirty miles away.

The announcer's voice went glibly on, and suddenly I stiffened. My house of cards came crashing down about my ears. He was saying: "The Aero Division of the National Guard is being mobilized for possible emergency duty, and private flyers capable of lending aid are requested to file their names with National Guard headquarters. Word is being sent to all transport and private air-fields."

I did not listen to any more. My hands were tight on the wheel. I had not thought about the ultimate test of Larry Drexcoll's come-back. Could I step into a cockpit again and point the nose of a ship down the runway?

I knew from the trembling in my legs and the sick feeling in the pit of my stomach that I could not. Rationalize as I would, reason away the fantasies of memory—I still could not wipe out the pain and the desperation that every nerve in my body remembered independently of my brain. I had left confidence on a mountain in North Carolina, and no psychological trick in the book could put a lost mastery back into my soul.

I could not think that through, and so I called Madelon.

She joined me, dressed as she had been dressed last night. I had never seen anything or anyone as beautiful as she was. She slid into the car beside me; and I was glad, for some obscure reason, that she looked as she had looked last night. I

had drawn confidence from her then, and she immediately recreated it now. She smiled, a trifle maliciously.

"Since you put me to the trouble of obtaining special permission to dine with you," she said, "we are having dinner at that little place near the airport."

I frowned at that. "I thought we would try another place," I said.

"Why?"

She asked it innocently, and there was no answer to it. I did not want to meet Scotty and Stan Rawsdon, but Madelon could understand that without my telling her. For some reason of her own, she seemed to like the idea that we might meet them. I did not try to figure it out.

SHE smiled across the table at me. "I like the name Larry," she said.

"Do you? I've been whistling 'Madelon' ever since I met you!"

"Where? In the shower?"

It was inane conversation: the kind that is pointless and without sense when put down in cold type, but that is so much more vital to human relations than pat cleverness or profound philosophy. We dallied through the meal; and when we had lighted cigarettes, I asked her what I wanted to learn.

"I wanted to be with you when you went to your father," I said. "Was it very bad, Madelon?"

She nodded, her eyes grave. "It was." She blew the smoke out in a cloud and watched it. "I cried emotion out of my soul up there, Larry, and I don't mind talking about it any more. Most people thought that it was pretty sordid, and something to be skirted delicately in conversation. That attitude hurt. I don't feel that way about it."

I shook my head. "Neither do I."

"You know," she said, "you fought it out. I thought about that. Dad made an awful mistake. That's all. He would never have made a big venture in business against such impossible odds; yet he staked his name and reputation against a desperate hope that he could find something better than he had. That woman was only incidental. She did not belong to anything that he had built in his lifetime. She could not have filled any need in his soul."

"Do you still think that, supposing nothing had happened, that he made the right decision in leaving home?"

She shook her head. "No. Forgetting Mother entirely, he needed his habits. They were all tied up in his home and his family. He did not know how to play alone. I should have seen that."

"Your mother," I said. "Is she—"

"She is taking a trip around South America on a cruise-ship to escape the barbed pity of her friends."

"And your brother?"

"Is back at U. She is being very noble and renunciatory about letting us go, of course."

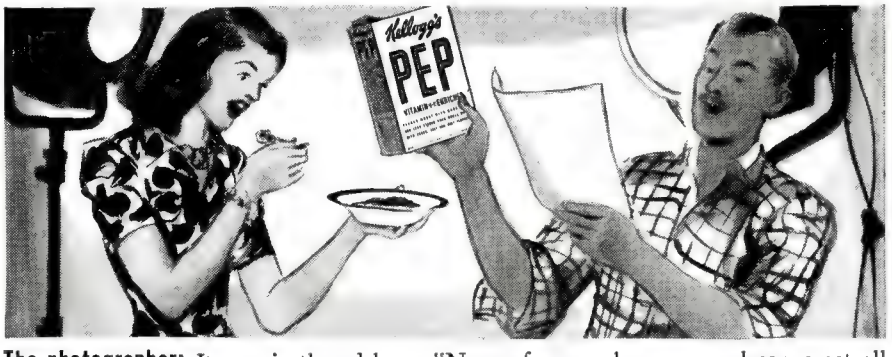
We both smiled at that, and I noted the absence of bitterness in Madelon's voice. I had seen a girl grow up and mature within the space of a few weeks: the Madelon of that first night had merely felt deeply; this Madelon interpreted.

We walked, and the things that we talked about were so much less important than the fact that we two were together. We left problems behind us, and

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Bundy

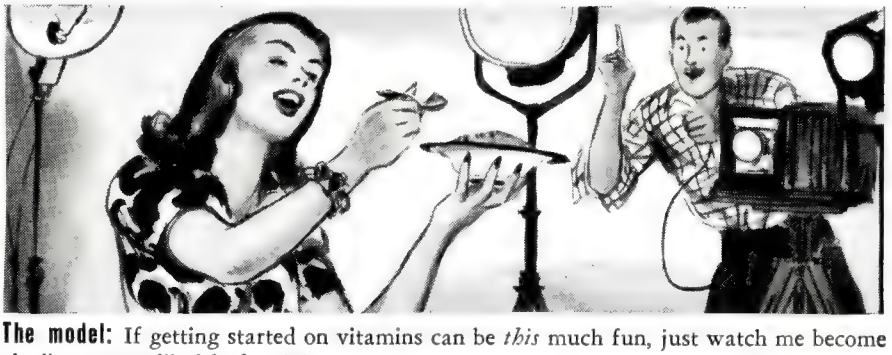
The photographer: Say! You'll never do for a PEP ad. Where's that old "oomph"? You know—that *pep appeal!*

The photographer: There! There! It's nothing personal. Maybe you just haven't been *feeling* right lately. And—that reminds me. Why don't we *try* a little KELLOGG'S PEP?



The photographer: It says in the ad here: "None of us can have pep unless we get all our vitamins. And right in this crisp nut-sweet cereal—KELLOGG'S PEP—are extra-rich sources of two of the *most important* vitamins, B_1 and D."

The model: *Wait a minute!* This is the most delicious cereal I ever tasted.



The model: If getting started on vitamins can be *this* much fun, just watch me become the "pep appeal" girl of 1940!

The photographer: Hold it, baby, hold it! There's a picture that will really tell America what we want to say.

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

COPYRIGHT, 1940, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

we explored the tastes and the aversions that were in each of us, our claims to humor and the hopes that stirred in us. When we started at length toward the Hall, Madelon said suddenly:

"Do you think I could get a job as an airline stewardess, Larry?"

"You!" The idea startled coherence out of me.

"Why not?"

I could not tell her the answer to that without making it a very long and very serious reply. "You ought to be a trained nurse," I said.

"Oh!" She was obviously disappointed. "I am afraid I would not make a good nurse."

"Why should you? You do not have to work."

She smiled, her lips slightly bent. "I will. I am finishing this term at Calloway—I own a plane—I have a nice wardrobe—I have nearly two thousand dollars. It is a good start, better than most people."

"But I thought—"

"I know. I had the money that Grandma left me. Well, that girl who went with Dad had two youngsters. They were headed straight for an orphan asylum. No close relatives at all. I did the only thing I could do—the thing he would have come back from the grave to do, Larry, if he'd been able to do it. I set up a trust-fund for them. That's not giving them a mother, but—"

There were tears in her eyes for a moment, and she blinked them back. I pressed her cold fingers tightly.

"I want to kiss you so badly, Madelon," I said, "that I don't dare risk it."

She laughed softly, but she was not laughing at me. I too had matured a little in the weeks that had gone by—and I think that she knew it.

"Good-night," she said. "I'm glad that we found each other again."

It was only when I was alone once more and on the way home, that I remembered I had not faced my one big issue with her. Something inside of me had failed the test of courage. I could not tell her that I would never completely retrace my way. At the end of my road back was an airplane.

THE morning came in on the wings of the wind, and rain slashed against my window. When I went upstairs, I found Mrs. McVeyne crying.

"It's my little girl, Mr. Shanlon," she said. "She ran off last night to get married."

The room seemed very quiet to me then, for all of the racket out of doors. "If you care to tell me about it," I said, "I would like to know. You knew the boy she married?"

"Yes, I knew him. Phil Cooper, his name is, and I was afraid of him when first I set eyes on him."

"Afraid of him?"

"Yes. Deep, serious eyes he has, and a lean face. That kind gets to wanting things, and there's no stopping them. I was afraid that he'd be wanting my little girl, and I sent him away."

"How old was she, Mrs. McVeyne?" I thought I knew, but the question helped to bridge a gap.

"Seventeen. Just a bit of a girl, Mr. Shanlon, for all of her woman's ways."

"I know," I said; "but if she has a boy who loves her, it is better than waiting. Waiting too long is dangerous, Mrs. McVeyne, to pretty girls like Edna."

She dabbed at her eyes for a moment, and she was making a gallant effort. "Pay no mind to me," she said. "I'll be getting over it, and it's always a welcome they'll have from me, Mr. Shanlon; them and the little ones, if they have them, God bless them."

I drove up to the university in the face of a rain-laden wind that almost carried my car off the road. All the talk around the halls was of the flood which had come down with the storm in the night. The river was on the rampage.

The storm continued through the day, and it was madness to attempt any unnecessary trips. I talked to Madelon briefly on the phone, and I made three futile attempts to reach Scotty. After that I went back to my room and my books.

The storm blew itself out during the night, and the morning was gray with a wet chill in the air. I kept the radio on in my car, and there was little on the air except flood-news. Relief efforts were concentrated upon the four towns to the south where the flood-waters had risen above the second-story windows. The National Guard was flying in supplies and scouting for refugees and stranded people on the rooftops. Private flyers were getting into the news, and I heard Stan Rawsdon mentioned several times in the course of the morning.

LATER in the day when I tuned to the local station, it was all Stan Rawsdon. The man was working like a Trojan. He had sent his change pilot to St. Louis for medical supplies, and he was flying the relief trick himself into the stricken area. I knew what flying under such conditions meant, and I paid a silent salute to him. He was flying long hours.

At five o'clock I saw Scotty. She was coming out of her boarding-house, and she was wearing a windbreaker, short skirt and lumberjack boots. "I'll grab a sandwich with you, Jim," she said; "but it will have to be fast. I'm co-piloting with Stan tonight. Bob Corliss just got in from St. Louis with a load of serum and bandages. We're flying the stuff down the line."

"Okay." I said. "But it's not *Jim* any more, Gail. That was a mistake."

She was seated in my car, and I had just gone in under the wheel after helping her in. She looked at me sharply and pursed her lips. "Madelon's idea?" she said softly.

"My own, Gail."

We stopped before the little restaurant and went in. We took our usual booth; and when we had placed our orders, Scotty looked at me with a question in her eyes. "What does Madelon think of the idea?" she said.

I did not like her returning to that question so abruptly, so I evaded. "Does she have to think about it?"

Scotty smiled faintly. "You could not have done it without a woman's help," she said; "and you wouldn't have attempted it."

Her eyes were so sure she was putting her own interpretation on my come-back.

"I did tell Madelon," I said.

Scotty nodded. "I hope it works out for you, Larry."

Our sandwiches came, and we ate them hurriedly, interspersing a little small-talk and gossip about the flood. We were drinking our coffee when Scotty raised the question that I had evaded even with Madelon.

"I hate to ask you to go to the airport with me," she said, "if it is still disturbing—or is flying included in your new program?"

I winced, at that. "I'll take you out, Gail, but I am through with flying. It isn't in the program."

"I see."

We went out to the car and I drove her to the airport. My knees were trembling as I walked across the short corner of the field to Rawsdon's operations office.

RAWSDON had been bending over a map, but he straightened up when we came in. He was wearing a khaki shirt and army breeches stained with mud. There were fatigue brackets around his mouth, and a myriad of little lines in the corners of his eyes.

"Glad you could come out, Shanlon," he said.

Scotty hesitated on the verge of telling him my real name. I could see the impulse rise and then die. She had suddenly remembered, no doubt, that Larry Drexcoll had been a flying-man, and that I was not. I felt the flush in my own face. It was damned awkward.

We talked for a few minutes about nothing at all, and then Rawsdon lighted a cigarette with elaborate casualness. "I'm going to take Shanlon out for a minute and show him something, Gail," he said. "Hold the fort, will you?"

"Sure." She lighted her own cigarette and crossed the room to the map he had been examining. Rawsdon and I went out; and when we were a few yards away from the operations office, he stopped and faced me.

"I don't remember a damned thing about the other night," he said, "except what they told me." He felt his jaw. "Someone popped me a beauty; and from the description I got, it was you."

I nodded. "I'm sorry, Rawsdon," I said; "but you did ask for it."

He flushed again. "I guess maybe I did."

It was straight shooting. "I made a bigger mistake than you'll ever make when I had been drinking," I said. "And I haven't touched the stuff since. My name's really Larry Drexcoll."

"The hell!"

"That's right. I'm taking it back. That incident I am talking about made it Jim Shanlon."

He nodded slowly. "I like you better for knowing that," he said. "You were kind of a stuffed shirt to me."

We both grinned, and he went on seriously. "Madelon was your girl," he said. "I had no business fooling around her. You didn't tell Gail?"

He seemed worried about that. "Why should I?"

He sighed with obvious relief. I shook hands with him then. "I'm sorry about the other night," I said.

"Forget it."

A few hours later Madelon and I were sitting on the bank of the river thirty

miles away and looking at the floodwaters. They roared by in a boiling torrent, and the headlights of parked cars highlighted the grotesque traffic of disaster: fences and bits of houses, furniture and telegraph-poles and empty barrels.

Madelon reached over and took my hand. Her own was cold.

"It is terribly fascinating," she said. "I feel as though I could sit here looking at it forever; but if I close my eyes and think about it, it frightens me."

"I know."

There was not much that I could add to that. It had the same effect on myself. I watched the bobbing lights along the bank. Men were working down there by the feeble glow of kerosene lanterns; setting sandbags into place and doing other vague things the nature of which we could not distinguish from where we sat.

"It is really ugly, Larry, even if it has a sort of horrible beauty." Madelon seemed more to be talking to herself than to me; it was the mood that rushing tons of water created for one. I thought again of the priest, and of the last thing that he said to me.

"What is beauty?" I asked.

She looked at me then, and the river was far away. There was a sense of divination in her, and she sensed it when I was not speaking lightly.

"One kind of beauty has been defined," she said, "beyond argument. The kind of beauty that women have, that men have, and paintings and fine lace and machinery and automobiles."

"And the definition?"

"Is old: 'Beauty is in the eye of the beholder.'"

It did not satisfy me, and I shook my head. She had drawn her feet up under her on the seat, and she seemed less a woman than a little girl. She moved imperceptibly closer to me, and I put my arm across her shoulder. I liked the warm feeling of her body close to mine, the intimacy implied by quiet discussion in such a setting, with a relationship of trust and respect established between us.

"If you mean beauty in living," she said softly, "I would say that it is loving someone, having faith in someone and seeing some bright hope over the horizon."

I held her close to me for a minute, and something deep within me said: "That is it. That is all the beauty there is."

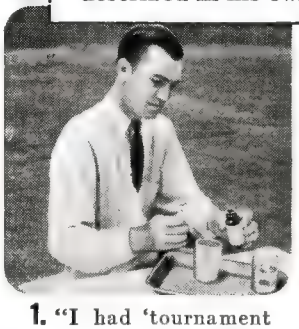
My arms went around her, and I drew her close to me. My blood was racing like the river. I had glimpsed something behind her eyes, and my body had leaped to answer it. I held her tightly and rained kisses on her eyes, her lips, the soft curve of her throat.

Something within me clamored vainly for attention, then despaired and wrote the impression down that in a calmer moment I might read. *"This,"* it said, *"is the world and the flesh and the devil—and this too is beauty."*

Chapter Eleven

IT rained intermittently through the night, and the morning was gray and dripping with sunlight fighting to shine through the clouds and having only indifferent success. The voice that came over my car-radio was tense and filled with foreboding.

PINEHURST... North-South Open... Hogan, almost jinxed by headache, takes Bromo-Seltzer... wins! Pictures tell story... show his famous drive, described in his own words:



1. "I had 'tournament nerves,' my head throbbed. I took Bromo-Seltzer.

2. "Head clear, I begin my drive! I use a definite palm grip in the left hand.

3. "I take a wide stance for perfect balance... can hit much harder this way.

4. "At top of swing... the tension point... body is coiled to its maximum.

5. "Weight shifts to left—wrists uncock to release power at impact.

6. "Club continues to full finish. Control, timing count. Bromo-Seltzer helped me!"

BROMO-SELTZER does more for headache than a simple pain reliever can

If you get headaches often . . . or if they last long . . . see your doctor. But fortunately, most headaches are simple ones. They may be NERVOUS or DIGESTIVE. For these, Bromo-Seltzer does all this:

1. EASES PAIN—works fast, pleasantly to ease the "ache."
2. STEADIES NERVES—relaxes tension, you feel calmer.
3. SETTLES UPSET STOMACH—helps set you right again.

For over 50 years, millions have relied on Bromo-Seltzer. Follow directions on the label. At all drug-stores, soda fountains. Keep it at home, too.

BROMO-SELTZER *FOR HEADACHES*

"The almost constant rain in the northwest has swollen the tributaries of the river," he said, "and army engineers predict that the highest head of floodwaters will reach the State line this evening with the peak about eight P.M."

This morning the flood meant a memory of last night to me—and it was hard to link it to disaster, no matter how the weather conspired with the voices of radio-announcers to make it seem like the end of the world. Last night I had held Madelon in my arms and felt the fierce beating of my heart, touched the accelerated pulse in her throat with my lips.

Strange that, under such mad compulsion as that, one pins all one's faith in action and forsakes words. We had held to each other for an instant of time, but we had pledged nothing. I did not know today if there had been anything to pledge. We were forever drawn together by that strange current that flowed between us, and we had shared much that was intimately a part of our inner selves; but we had never looked at the future with eyes that shared a single vision. Ours had been the wild thrill of the present or the interpreting touch of the past. Instinctively I thought of Scotty.

Scotty was a builder. All her life she had built the things that she wanted, shaped the years to come with the toil and the effort of the present. One thought of the future with Scotty, because the future belonged to her. Madelon stemmed out of an unhappy past from which she was not yet entirely free. She clung to the present because it delighted her or interested her. She brought something of herself to every moment of the passing scene: moonlight on a road, a person in trouble, a mad river flowing.

AT two-twenty I was summoned out of a class—urgently.

Madelon was waiting for me in the corridor. She wore a sport rain jacket and a peaked hood; there was a smudge across her face, and her high tan overshoes were thick with mud. There was worry in her eyes, and she took no time for conventional greetings.

"We've got to hurry, Larry," she said. "I've got a car. Gail Scottisford asked me to get you. She needs help. Tell you on the way."

"Scotty sent you? For me?"

I was half running to keep up with her. She nodded. "Yes. She's down in the river. On an island. Stan Rawsdon cracked up trying to get some people off the island," Madelon went on. "He was pretty badly hurt, I guess; but Gail Scottisford had our receiver tuned to him, and his radio was still working. She went out after him."

My right hand was gripping the metal on the car door with a death-grip. "And she cracked up too?"

"Blew a tire and went over on one wing. She wasn't hurt, but she cracked the wing. She is stuck out there, and he is hurt, and she has been talking over the radio. Almost the first thing she did was have one of the girls send for me; then she asked me to get you."

"Why?"

Madelon did not look at me. "She wants to talk to you on the two-way set."

It was all too obvious, and my blood was like ice-water in my veins. Scotty was in trouble, and it was serious enough to make her send Madelon, of all people, for me. I was Larry Drexcoll, who had been a pilot, not Jim Shanlon who was a groundling—and she needed a man who could fly.

"Where's that lad who flies for Rawsdon?" I said.

"St. Louis. It is zero-zero up there, and he can't get out."

"Boats," I said. "Can't they get them off with boats?"

She shook her head. "They have the power-boats downriver evacuating those four towns and taking people off roofs. The radio says they haven't enough equipment for that." She was throwing the facts at me, and deftly passing the slower cars in her way. She passed Calloway and took a right turn in a wave of mud and water, then straightened out for the little field a few miles down the road. She had not anticipated by a single word the problem that I faced when I reached the field. She gave me the situation, but she offered no advice or argument on what I should do. Scotty had asked her to come for me, and she had done what was asked of her.

Vaguely I resented it. She was too completely impersonal. Scotty had a problem, and I had a problem; but her attitude seemed to say that, apart from the driving, she was not personally concerned in what either of us might do.

We rolled onto the field across a muddy corner by the hangars, and stopped before the small white building that was evidently the operations office of Scotty's endowed school. The world that surrounded the white building was a weepy gray, but it was no longer raining. There was a light wind, and the ceiling was pretty low. I had to take a deliberate deep breath before I stepped out of the car. My heart was pumping slowly, and I was afraid, desperately afraid.

Madelon went ahead of me, and there was a huddled, anxious-looking group in the one big room: a half-dozen girls, two young lads of twenty-one or -two. A short, blocky, dark-haired girl was sitting at the radio-controls, the mouthpiece in her hand. She took one look at me and spoke into the receiver.

"Go ahead, Miss Scottisford."

She turned the switch then to listen; and without hearing anything, I knew that Scotty was answering her. The girl switched back to say: "Okay, Miss Scottisford. He's here. Just a minute."

I knew then that I could not go through with it. There wasn't any power on earth that could get me into a plane again. But I could not talk to Scotty now before all of these people and tell her so.

I motioned frantically to the girl. "Not yet," I said. "Wait."

The girl's eyes widened. She hesitated a minute and wet her lips, then she turned the switch again, and Scotty was talking to her. The girl turned around and I was conscious of all of those people in the room looking at me. "Miss Scottisford wants to know what's keeping you, and to please hurry," she said.

I nodded, but I did not know what to tell her. Madelon stepped into the breach for me.

"He's got to know what it is all about before he talks to her," she said. "Get that map flattened out."

I could feel the sudden breaking of tension. The dark-eyed girl turned back to the mouthpiece, and everybody else in the room seemed to find some excuse for moving around. There was a long table, and one of the young lads was helping two girls to hold a map flat on the surface. A thin, nervous girl was pointing to a pinpoint island.

"That's it," she said. "Mostly bare, but a few trees on the south end. A squatter family lived there. Man and wife and a little girl. They kept signaling for help. Stan Rawsdon went down after them, and cracked up."

"Damned fool!" I said. To say it, released something in me. Somebody laughed nervously, and one of the boys said, "Sure."

The girl who was showing me the map frowned. "Miss Scottisford went after him and made it," she said, "but he made her take the squatters off first because that's what he went in for—and he was hurt, so she couldn't take him too—then when she went back, she blew the tire."

The thin girl looked at me. "Is there anything else you want to know?" she asked.

It was the end of my reprieve. I could not stall for more time without being obvious about it. I looked at Madelon. "Can I see you a minute outside?" I said.

She nodded, and we stepped out. "I can't do it," I said. "You know I can't do it—and why."

She stood there quietly. "Gail Scottisford is in a terrible position, Larry," she said; "and if Stan Rawsdon is badly hurt, you can't tell what may happen to him."

I wanted a flying-man's nerves then, and a flying-man's faith, and the quick coördination of a flying-man's brain and hands. I wanted desperately to be able to turn around and walk back into that room, pick up that radio mouthpiece and say: "Hold everything, Scotty—I'm coming."

The man who could have said that had left his last flight on the mountains of North Carolina—and I stood there helplessly staring at Madelon Kelvey.

"I can't do it, Madelon," I said slowly.

She looked into my face, and her lips were tight. "I'll do it, then, Larry," she said, "I understand."

She stepped to the door and called into the room: "Will you two boys wheel my ship out and warm it up?"

They were out of there on the jump, and two girls went with them. Madelon lighted a cigarette, and her hands were steady. "Two boys from the U.," she said. "Neither of them can fly, but they know engines."

I gripped her tightly by the shoulders and shook her. "You can't do it," I said. "You aren't expert enough at flying. You'll throw your life away."

She shook her head. "I'll make a good try," she said.

"I won't let you," I said.

"You can't stop me!"

SOMETHING in me seemed to snap. Maybe I would never go back to the life of Larry Drexcoll; but wherever I went or whatever I did, this girl would fling her hat over the rainbow with me and follow it to the other side.

Anger rose in me because I had been slow and soft and weak. I lifted her from

her feet and set her down roughly on her heels.

"We'll see whether I stop you or not," I said.

I strode into the room and made one gesture to the startled girl at the radio. "Get her!" I said.

I took the head-phone and the mouthpiece, and Scotty's voice was in my ear. "Larry! You've got to help us. You can do it. There isn't anyone in the State who can fly like you, Larry. Stan's pretty bad. He'll get pneumonia out here. —Come back, please."

Her voice faded out, and I turned the switch. "You know better than to waste time on the hooey," I growled. "Tell me the picture for a landing there. —Come back."

I flipped back to the earphones and her voice came through with a choked sob in it. "River's over the banks both sides of us. This island's less than half a mile long. Mostly sand on north end but pretty firm. I've got it clear. No obstructions. Slopes upward about three degrees and slows you a bit, but you'll have to slip in, Larry. You'll have a cross-wind. —Come back, please."

"Okay, Scotty," I said.

MADELON'S ship was on the line; it was one of those small models—not a cub, but the kind of ship I had always regarded as something of a toy. It was a cabin job, but so much smaller than the type of weather that it would be called up to fight! Madelon was standing beside it.

"Ready?" she said.

I nodded, and she waved me in. "Let's go!" she said.

I stopped and looked at her. "What do you mean, let's go?"

She was just as grim as I was. "It is my ship."

"I don't care. It's just a ship to me. You're staying here."

"Oh, no." Her little chin was firm. "Larry," she said, "you haven't flown in a long time. You can't fly any more. You're going to kill yourself—and you can't do that to me!"

That stripped me of guns. I could only stare at her, and she went on swiftly. "You did not do that to Kathie, and you can't do it to me. You can't leave me to face things alone. I won't let you."

"I'm not going to leave you," I said. "Where did you get that idea that I can't fly?"

I was savage about it, but she still held my arm. "If you can, you'll prove it to me," she said.

"Okay," I said. "You're asking for it."

I walked around the ship then, and looked it over. I have never flown a strange ship on anyone's word that it was all right. I check them myself, and I checked this one. I paced off the field, too, and tested the consistency of the mud; then I sat in the cockpit and studied the instrument panel, ran up the engine and felt out the controls. Madelon sat quietly beside me on the wide double seat.

"Sit tight," I told her.

I gunned the motor, pointed to the wind, and we went away.

My heart was thumping slowly for a minute or two as the gray tentacles of fog fastened around the ship. We moved into it, and the wing-tips were blotted out.

SCHENLEY "SWALLOWS" SING:

Highballs, Cocktails, Take Your Bow!
Melding Makes You 'Smoothies' Now"

Groom your taste for better things with better spirits...SCHENLEY Black Label or Red Label light-bodied whiskies. They're unexcelled because we "meld" . . . an improved and exclusive blending method . . . that creates better spirits by permitting their weight reduction without flavor destruction. Buy the best.

Better Taste

SCHENLEY *Light-Bodied* **WHISKIES**

SCHENLEY Black Label, 65% grain neutral spirits. SCHENLEY Red Label, 72½% grain neutral spirits. Both BLENDED WHISKEY and 90 Proof. Copr. 1940, Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City.

All sensation of motion ceased, and we were suspended in a dense cobweb above the earth. I held my eyes on the instruments, and my heart resumed its normal beat.

It was a small instrument panel, and if I cared to be technical, I could list its shortcomings; but it told me what I had to know, and my brain registered the facts coldly and without panic. Instinct had pushed memory into the background and kept it there. I took my package of cigarettes out of my pocket and passed it to Madelon.

"Do you still think you could have done it?" I asked her.

She lighted a cigarette and passed it to me. "I never did think so."

"You were bluffing, then?"

She lighted her own. "No. I would have tried—but I did not believe I would have to."

"Why?"

"I had more faith in you than you had in yourself."

It was something to think about, and I was still watching instruments. "You were pretty cold about it," I told her. "You might have tried expressing that faith."

"I had to be sure of something," she said.

"What?"

It took her a long time to answer. "If you had been able to make yourself fly because Gail Scottisford needed you," she said, "I wouldn't have come along."

I could not think of anything to say to that, so I merely said: "Why?"

"Because it would not have been my gamble then."

We flew on, and I still did not look at her. I was watching the instruments and calculating the distance I had come. I nosed down, and I was over the highway that I had traveled that first night in Bantonvale.

"We will probably fight a lot," I said, "because I am going to resent your knowing the answers before I do."

She stretched her body contentedly and linked her hands behind her head. We might have been sitting before a fireplace instead of winging our way over a wet world to a wetter destination.

"I will not always know the answers first," she replied. "I like to make other people find answers. It is lazy merely to accept life. It makes cowards of us."

"I was a coward tonight." It cost me an effort to say that, but I said it. She laughed softly.

"If you were, you would still be one."

I WAS dropping low now over the turbulent waters; I could see the island ahead of me. I circled it, and there were two wrecked ships piled up into the half-circle of trees at the end of the bare sandy stretch to the north end. The water was choppy with the wind, and I had to land on a dime. My nerves were tense now as I came around and throttled down.

"Fasten your belt!" I said.

I kept reminding myself that Scotty had made it once. We were coming down, and I was ruddering against the cross-wind, slipping the ship in. The trees were suddenly giants, the cleared landing-place the size of a postage stamp! For a wild second I had the feeling that there had never been a landing like this one, and that we were going to crack worse than Rawsdon did; then my wheels touched gently, and we rolled, with the rise in the ground slowing us and with our worries over. Madelon expelled the air from her lungs in a long sigh.

"Grand!" she said.

I laughed at her and swung down. Scotty was running toward the plane. There were tears in her eyes, and she looked a long way from the cool, poised Scotty of the airlines, or the efficient, purposeful girl who had known Jim Shanlon. She was wearing a windbreaker and breeches that were stained and caked with mud. There was a long streak of dirt on her left cheek, and a patch of dried blood on her right.

"Larry!" she said. "Larry, that was perfect. I knew you'd find yourself. I knew it."

KNOWING what I knew about that finding of myself, I was embarrassed. "How is Rawsdon?" I said.

She seemed to take a grip on herself. "He needs a hospital," she said. "I think one of those broken ribs nicked his lung. I've been afraid of exposure. I've done all I could for him, but—"

"We'll get him out," I said.

Scotty, who had been a trained nurse, had been up against too much today. She could go in after Rawsdon and commit the colossal folly of taking the squatters out, and risking herself and him on a second gamble; she could hold a fort and stay at the radio calling aid—but she could not rally her poise to meet rescuers. She had Rawsdon in the cabin of her own ship.

He was a game Irishman. "You're probably luckier than you think," I said: "I've just discovered something."

I was thinking of his evident feeling for Scotty. He managed a smile. "So have I," he said thickly.

Scotty was leaning against the door. "Get on your radio," I said, "and order up an ambulance to meet us."

Scotty straightened, and a very quiet voice behind her said: "I did that before we left. It will be waiting at Mr. Rawsdon's own airport."

Scotty wheeled around, and I knew then that she had not seen Madelon before. I had not paid any attention to Madelon myself since we landed. The two girls fell into each other's arms, and I turned back to Rawsdon. I was thinking about that ambulance, and the faith that it represented. It shook me, somehow; yet it was such a little thing, when so much had been happening. After all, why should it, when she had given her greatest declaration of faith by riding with me? I don't know. It just did.

We all helped to carry Rawsdon to Madelon's plane. There was a long, narrow seat behind the two front ones that, under ideal conditions, two people might have occupied, rather uncomfortably. We needed that for Rawsdon. Madelon stepped back with me.

"You'll have to do it again," she said. "I'm waiting here for you."

I stared at her, and I did not have a single word in my vocabulary. Scotty turned, and she was white-faced. "We can't all go," she said. "You could never take off with us, even if you could squeeze us in. I'll wait with Madelon."

She looked back toward the cabin as she spoke; her heart was in there with Rawsdon. She had risked her life for him, and worked over him and fought to get aid for him, and it had done something to whatever indecision had remained in her mind. I knew then that Scotty and Stan Rawsdon could build together, that they could own an airport and work on it and see it grow, and find a vast happiness in the thing that was theirs.

Madelon was standing with her hands rammed deep in the pockets of her jacket. "You're needed in that ship, Gail," she said. "Larry can't take care of Stan Rawsdon and fly. I'm not needed, and I insisted on coming. I'll wait."

"No." But Scotty said it feebly, and I waved her into the cabin.

"Madelon's right," I said. "Go ahead."

She went in to Stan Rawsdon. My throat was dry, but I gripped Madelon's arms and held her off from me so that I could see her eyes.

"Did I ever happen to tell you that I love you?" I said.

She lifted her head, and for one breathless moment she seemed to stand on tiptoe.

"Yes," she said, "in a thousand little ways; but I wasn't sure that *you* knew."

I swept her close to me then and kissed her. I had kissed her before, but never like this. We banished time for a moment, and touched eternity. I felt alive in every atom of my being; and when I released her, there was no longer a dry feeling in my throat, no longer a fear in my heart.

"I won't keep you waiting long," I said.

I had a log under the wheels and I gunned the engine; then I gave a signal to Madelon, and she pulled it away. We went off that island in one of the nicest zoom take-offs that I had ever done—behind a ninety-horse engine that was lifting plenty of weight. I had every flying-card in the deck, and I felt invincible. For a brief minute I circled the island and looked down at the tiny figure standing there; then I lined out for the east.

THROUGH the lowering ceiling I came down on Rawsdon's airport, and I landed by the light of his sodium contact installation that once I had not dared to inspect. The ambulance was waiting, and for just a moment Scotty turned back to me.

"She's a grand girl, Larry," she said.

"I like Stan Rawsdon too."

I said that from the heart, and I meant it. Whatever had fallen between us, it was Stan Rawsdon in the end who had supplied the test which had restored my identity to me.

My hand clung to Scotty's, and we shared the thought of all flying-men who reach a parting. "Happy landings!" we said.

I walked back to my ship alone. The ceiling was coming down, but it did not worry me now. Madelon would be waiting for me out there in the middle of the raging flood, her head thrown back and her eyes fixed on the sky. Even as had Scotty and Stan Rawsdon, we had made a mad gesture to the fates—but I was unafraid. We had faith and love and a hope over the far horizons. It was the definition of beauty.

THE END

THAT OTHER HEARTBREAKING MIRACLE

(Continued from page 41)

denly upon a chair, and the poor old figure stood waiting with her beseeching hands. Then she took the hands back, and one word broke from her; her son's name—"Maurice!"

It was with the name that she was asked who she was. She nodded; she felt her own mouth drawn, showing the same grimace: "Yes. I'm Jeanne. . . . I've come—"

"He is—" The great, bony hands were folded, clasped where her heart was.

She nodded again. Neither of them could say it. The poor old thing turned away from her, as though she could bear no other presence as a witness. She went to the door, opened it and stood, without going out, on the threshold, her form pressed against the fallen darkness. Above her a star pricked its way out. The dog pushed against her skirts, snuffing at her to get out. The silence was terrible, like black, black water—the waters in dreams. And then, simply, like an animal entering a stall, the old woman shut the door and came back to her.

"Did you walk up?" she asked.

"Yes."

"I will get you some soup." She went over to the hearth and went down on her knees to break some twigs off a stack of faggots. She stuffed the thin slips into the almost dead embers, and blew them into a flame with a pair of bellows; then she drew a pot forward and put on thicker pieces. She rose, raised the lamp-wick and put a bowl and a plate on the table. "I was getting ready for bed," she said. She made Jeanne take the hot onion soup with slabs of bread in it. She ate it with an astonishing appetite. It was good. It took the awful clawing out of her. She supped it ravenously, not ashamed before this woman who was Maurice's mother, who stood before her, regarding her, saying nothing. What was closer and more powerful than words linked them. And then, suddenly the dark, overwhelming anger clashed against all outrage and physical pain, forked like lightning, took possession of her. Then she too put out her hands for mercy, awed for an everlasting second. So it had come—this—that came to women.

PAIN possessed her in great shattering blows. Words began to flow between her and the old woman, uniting them. It was like the deafness that is shattered by tumult, in the crash and thunder of machines. In the midst of the hammer-blows, in great waves, meaning flowed between them. They were drawn into a close, lucid understanding and intimacy. They were clear to each other, nothing hidden—two women who had possessed the one man. Maurice had been born in this bed where the sheets smelled of wild honey or the wind over a bean-field.

"I believe God brought you here. . . . All of them are gone now—one in infancy and two of them in the last war. . . . This war is only beginning." Like the dark creeping night outside, it had still to run. "All of them gone. . . . My husband in 1918 . . . the very last month, not a hurt

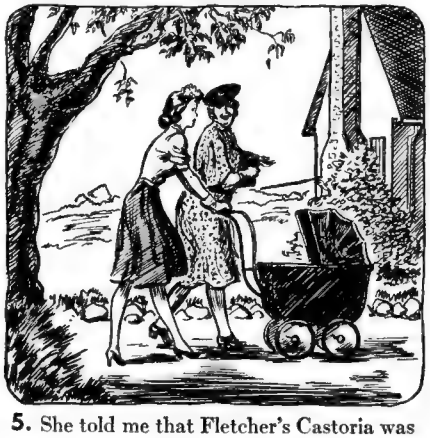
"An old maid showed me how to raise my baby"

1. I was unlucky, I guess. Some women go through pregnancy hardly knowing it. Mine was awful. Some mothers have babies good as "gold." Mine used to howl all night long. And was terribly constipated in the bargain.

2. One day an old friend of the family came to visit us. The house was a mess. The baby upset again. And I was on the verge of tears. My friend put her arms around me and said maybe she could help.

3. "I may be an old maid," she said, "but I work for a baby doctor. And he always asks mothers if they use *special* food . . . do they use *special* powder . . . *special* baby medicines. You see, everything a baby gets today should be made *especially* for him."

4. She looked up on the dresser and saw the laxative I was using for the baby. "Now that adult laxative up there," she pointed: "my doctor would advise against it. He would recommend one made *especially* for children . . . one like Fletcher's Castoria."



5. She told me that Fletcher's Castoria was designed especially and *only* for a baby's needs. It's gentle, as a baby's laxative *should* be. Yet very effective. It works mainly in the lower bowel—so it's not so likely to upset the stomach. And above all, she said Fletcher's Castoria is SAFE.

6. So I bought a bottle. It worked like a charm! But one of the pleasantest surprises was its nice taste. If your baby is a medicine-hater, as mine is, you know how important taste can be. So you can bet I keep Fletcher's Castoria always handy. (I honestly couldn't recommend a better laxative.)

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially for children

or scrape till then, and then all at once, up in pieces, they said. . . . Maurice was a boy of nine. He did not cry. He kicked. When he wanted to fly, I looked into his eyes and I saw his father, and I had to let him go, against my will, against —all." She put her hands where her heart was, and the wide, anguished smile seemed to fill her face with light. . . .

The physical pain scoured Jeanne's spirit, and brought her mind back from flight, to what was true, what was *now*. She knew now what had happened to Maurice. He was dead—quiet, sightless, dumb, deaf —stiff. He was *gone*. She did not care if she died too. It would be easy to die, go out. Her eyes followed the old woman all round the room, putting a basin of water on a chair by the fire. It was a big fire now. On the back of the chair was an enormous towel, folded in a thick wad. It had a bright red border. The woman took her hands off it: ". . . all the fields fallow. . . . Wagemans, my neighbor, promised me the plowing. . . ."

She never heard why Wagemans didn't do the plowing. This time she went down, down into the depths. She heard a madwoman screaming, and time beating in great thuds, a two-beat time that went *olanola, ola*—sinking into the deep, folding darkness.

SHE woke up into peace, swung into it. The bed felt heavenly to her, a wild heavenly peace beyond all understanding. There was a child crying. She saw the child, wrapped in the towel with the red border, in the old woman's arms; then the old woman was crying and giving her the child: "A girl—another woman. . . ."

The touch of the child released the flood in her. The tears came rushing in a wild, afflicting tenderness, a love that gathered-in the old woman forever, a love that enfolded Maurice. Her arms did not move, but her eyes embraced the poor, weeping woman: "He wanted a girl—to play horses with."

The woman stood there, weeping. She saw that just as the smile was not a smile at all, but sorrow, so this grief had joy at the root of it—the deepest love of women, moved by the miracle of birth.

There came into her mind another loveliness, the memory of a poet's voice, a woman's voice, reading that thing of Salmon's, that other, heartbreaking miracle of death that was joined in this instant for her to the old woman and the child that had been born: *"Ton fils . . . ne reviendra rallumer jamais le blanc calumet de la paix, au noir calumet de la guerre."* This woman's son would never come back to light again the white calumet to the black calumet. . . . Yet death and birth were joined here . . . irrevocably. . . . One had gone out of the gateway . . . and another had entered.

PRELUDE TO A TYRANT

(Continued from page 60)

The regular troops had been withdrawn. General von Schleicher, with that unquestioning Prussian respect for legality, had left the Chancellery without a word of protest, although his elimination was the result of intrigue. Hindenburg had appointed Hitler Chancellor and Von Papen Vice Chancellor. Von Schleicher accepted his dismissal—which was never officially communicated to him—without a murmur; a general must obey a field marshal.

ON February 26th, in the midst of the campaign for the coming Reichstag elections, Hanussen formally opened his palace of occultism in the Lietzenburgerstrasse. A curious mélange of humanity thronged in all the rooms of this astrological mansion. Jewish financiers rubbed elbows with high Nazi officials; Russian aristocrats bumped knees with little ladies of the chorus; journalists, film actors, judges and professors had come to pay homage to the court prophet of the new régime. Before long, the celebration had degenerated into the most wanton orgy Berlin had ever witnessed.

First there was a banquet for several hundred guests. For each of his Nazi guests the soothsayer had invited two beautiful women selected from his extensive call lists. He did not merely introduce the ladies to their cavaliers. In a hectic ceremony, reminiscent of Arabian tales, for which Hanussen had donned the jewels and flowing silk robes of an Oriental monarch, he handed over the girls like so many pieces of property, as if they were chattels and he their owner.

Of course Count von Helldorf, who was expected to be appointed Chief of Police for Greater Berlin, was among the principal participants in the revelry. In full regalia he led the wild dance that was staged in Hanussen's weird auditorium, where yellow and green lamps threw an eerie, almost unearthly light on the noisy carousal.

While the festivities were at their height, the two friends withdrew to the host's private office. Serious matters had to be discussed. In spite of the Fuehrer's solemn pledge, Hanussen still felt uneasy. For one thing, he knew that the battle was not yet won for the Nazis. Hitler was Chancellor, but the working-districts were still closed to the Brown Shirts. If the elections missed, Hitler's reign might be brief indeed.

An ominous silence reigned in the precincts where once had flared the Spartacus revolt that came near turning the Reich into a Soviet republic. Detachments of Hitlerites who had ventured into Wedding or Moabit were promptly chased out. The labor temples, adult schools and community centers that had grown up there in the fourteen years of the Weimar Republic, were crowded day and night with laborites ready to fight to the death. How was Hitler going to overcome that opposition? And could he do it without turning the whole of Berlin and of Germany upside down?

These were some of the points that troubled Erik Jan Hanussen, and it was from his friend Von Helldorf that he sought enlightenment. The Count was in close touch with the Nazi chiefs, a member of the inner council, in fact. He, if anybody, ought to know what was in the cards, what Hitler's next step would be in imposing his authority on his most determined opponents.

Whether Hanussen extracted the secret from Count von Helldorf by trickery, or received information freely given, cannot be said with certainty. However, Erik Jan Hanussen learned the secret—and then he blabbed. His all-overpowering lust for publicity brought on his own doom. That night he provided Goebbels with the pretext for carrying out the vengeance which the future Propaganda Minister had sworn when Hanussen had forced him to retract a statement, made in the *Angriff*, that the soothsayer was a Jew.

Meanwhile word had spread through nocturnal Berlin that Hanussen the Prophet was throwing the wildest party the city had ever seen. Men and women, friends and strangers, were coming to the brilliantly illuminated mansion in a constant stream. There was cheer for all. Hanussen had thrown the lid off, was keeping open house, and in his exuberance did not reckon the cost. Far better would it have been if he had filled his powerful Mercedes car with gasoline and made his get-away across the border into his native Austria!

Newspaper-men dropped in at the Hanussen palace just before dawn. While the new Propaganda Minister, Dr. Josef Goebbels, was keeping his lips hermetically sealed on the Fuehrer's next major moves, a place like the Hanussen manse, where so many important figures of the new régime had drunk themselves into a most convivial mood, was apt to turn up some interesting gossip. Maybe Erik Jan himself would venture to make one of his startling predictions. In fact, this was the moment to lift the veil that shrouded the murky future. It did not take the reporters long to persuade the magician to give a public séance to demonstrate his occult powers.

Those of the guests who could still stagger were summoned into the great mystic hall, where Hanussen shortly appeared garbed in his pontifical robes to take his seat on the "throne of wisdom," like the Pythian oracle of yore. Dispensing with preliminaries, he went into a trance at once. He closed his eyes, and his body began to heave and twist in those amazing tortuous convulsions which presaged the coming of revelations.

SUDDENLY the soothsayer's moaning became a cry: "I see!" he exclaimed. "I see troops on the march! They are German troops. . . . The Fuehrer is leading his men. . . . He leads them to glory! The entire world bows down to the ground before the German leader. . . . Germany is like a great magnet, attracting three, five, ten nations to her side. . . . All the world comes to Germany! The Fuehrer is like God—he commands and rules the universe. . . ."

There was a long pause during which the assembled guests heard nothing but the deep, labored breathing of the man. Then, with a shout, Hanussen broke into a new spell of prophecy. "I see!" he cried again. "I see a small flame licking its way to the top of a dome. . . . The flame mounts rapidly. . . . I can hear it crackle as it rises higher and higher. . . .

It has reached the spire! The dome bursts into flames! The entire neighborhood is lit up."

Another short pause, and then, in a deep, grave voice, the clairvoyant continued: "The flames throw a light as brilliant as daylight. . . . I recognize the surroundings! It is here in Berlin! I see a row of statues. . . . It is the Siegesallee! A majestic building at the end of the avenue is on fire. . . . The Fuehrer's enemies have set it on fire."

That was all—and it was enough. Erik Jan Hanussen had predicted the Reichstag fire. For everybody knew that at the end of the Siegesallee with its double row of white marble statues of German warriors and heroes, stood the massive building of the nation's Parliament.

THE newspaper-men present had just heard what probably was one of the greatest scoops of all time. The advance publication of the story of the Nazi-planned Reichstag fire might have altered the course of history, not only for Germany but for the whole world. Yet none of the reporters and correspondents witnessing this incredible incident took Hanussen's prediction seriously. Not one of the lavishly illustrated stories that appeared in the press the next day describing the soothsayer's fabulous celebration mentioned his vision of the burning Reichstag. But somehow the unbelievable prediction spread. The next day it was whispered in all the corridors of the Hotel Kaiserhof, and finally reached the ears of Goering and Goebbels.

The little Propaganda Minister realized at once that the hour for his revenge on the Jew Steinschneider had struck at last. He confronted Hitler with the accounts of the revelry at the Hanussen mansion, and with the soothsayer's forecast. While Goebbels was still talking with the Fuehrer, Goering stormed in. Hitler summoned Count von Helldorf.

Helldorf admitted readily enough that he had been at the Hanussen festivities the night before. It was true, too, that Hanussen had made some vague prophecy about a big fire. But the clairvoyant had not actually named the Reichstag building. Helldorf tried to shield his friend, but his efforts were of no avail. "We've had enough of this Jew," Goering is reported to have said. "He must be eliminated before he does any real damage."

That night the Reichstag burned; and therewith the signal was given for the Fuehrer's clean-up campaign against the Communists and for his overwhelming victory at the polls, which was to give him the majority that would vote him dictatorial powers. A poor half-witted Dutch boy, Marinus van der Lubbe by name, was caught running out of the burning building with only his trousers on—but in a pocket of those trousers was a card of membership in the Communist party.

Unaware that his doom had been decreed by his friend the Fuehrer in person, Hanussen enjoyed to the full the supreme position he now commanded. He was the undisputed monarch of his art; no one could now try to drag him down from the throne he himself had erected. His lawsuit against the Leftist press would never come to the trial he had dreaded, for the Hitler régime had abolished both

For Great Occasions

AN EVEN FINER SCHLITZ

One glance at the new cream, gold and brown label on the famous Schlitz Brown Bottle will tell you that there's news inside. And there is: It's an *even finer* Schlitz—a beer brewed for the great occasions of life . . . a beer that's dry and brilliant and buoyant, without a trace of bitterness. Try it—discover for yourself how good a bottle of beer can be!

Copyright 1940, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company, *Milwaukee, Wis.*

the labor papers. Every evening the people worshiped at his shrine at the Scala, where he had resumed his public séances. Hanussen, Prophet of the Third Reich, now in his forty-fourth year, thought he stood at the start of a glorious career.

ON March twenty-third the new Reichstag, held at the Kroll Opera House, conferred dictatorial powers on Hitler. Very late that night—or rather early the next morning—when Hanussen alighted from his car, he discovered that his house-lock had been tampered with. He could not get the key in—the lock was full of wax. Wistfully Hanussen looked down the street after his fast-disappearing limousine. He was all alone.

Well, that was too bad. But before ringing the bell and waking the servants, he would make another try at the door, the soothsayer decided. He pulled a gold penknife from his pocket and started to dig the wax out of the lock. Now who, he mused, could have played him this contemptible trick? There was talk about an unprecedentedly extensive program planned for April first, together with the inauguration of a rigid anti-Jewish boycott. Had some free-lance Nazi rowdies been delving into the archives of the Civil Court, and on finding the record of his ancestry, picked on him as the first victim? No, that could not be. It must have been some rival necromancer, jealous of his fame and prosperity. Yes, that was it. A rival. He smiled. He would see Helldorf about it, and arrange for a Nazi guard around his house. The idea pleased the magician immensely.

As he stood scraping away at the lock, a service automobile drew up and two black-uniformed Schutz Staffel men, members of Goering's elite guard, stepped out. The military chauffeur remained at the wheel. Erik Jan looked up in surprise.

"Herr Hanussen?"

"Yes."

"Please step into this car. The Chief of the Secret Police wishes to see you."

"But what for?" stammered the seer, now frightened. Holding his silk hat in his hand, he wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"Oh, just a little formality—a minor matter," came the reassuring answer.

They drove to the Gestapo headquarters. Hanussen was at once brought to the office of the Chief. But the Chief did not address him as Herr Hanussen; the name he used was Herschmann Steinschneider. Drops of sweat rolled down the soothsayer's forehead. What was up?

"Surely this is all a mistake," he ventured.

"Perhaps it is," the Chief admitted.

At these words Hanussen recovered himself. With a triumphant gesture, he flung Hitler's letter on the table.

"There you are," he said. "If this doesn't satisfy you, I will ask the Fuehrer himself to telephone you."

The Chief read the letter, held it up to the light, scrutinized the signature.

"We will keep this letter here, Herr Hanussen," he said. "We have to establish its authenticity. But you may go now. For the present you are free."

Free? Well, that should establish his privileged status once and for all. Of course he had known all the time that the letter would have its effect.

Quietly, smiling to himself, he walked down the stairs. He was glad it was over. He would not betray his anxiety to anybody, or the terror of the moments he had just passed through. He would go home and call up Count von Helldorf. Really, this was outrageous—obviously some mistake on the part of a minor official. He would demand an apology. Or perhaps it was one of Goebbels' vile maneuvers. He would teach the clubfooted little Propaganda Minister a lesson—he would have his revenge. Just wait till he got Helldorf on the phone!

"Get into that car, you Jewish swine!" A Storm Trooper had leaped at him as he stepped out of the Gestapo building. The man dealt Hanussen a staggering blow that made his nose bleed.

"Just a moment—just a moment! I have a letter from the Fuehrer—"

"You have no letter, you pig. Get into that car, and be quick about it!"

Four Brown Shirts seized him and pushed him into the car, which sped off in a southerly direction. It was dawn. A pinkish light flooded the horizon.

People were going to work. A column of soldiers in field uniform passed by. Hanussen wanted to call for help. He reached over to open the window, but one of the Nazis struck him down and kicked him in the stomach as he lay on the floor of the car.

"You will answer to Count Helldorf for this," he moaned.

The Storm Troopers roared with laughter. "Save your breath, Jew. We're going to make you run for your life."

"But I am not a Jew!" he cried. "I was baptized. I'm as good a Christian as any of you!"

"Shut up! Once a Jew, always a Jew," said the leader of the Brown Shirts. "We're going to start cleaning up the Jews in Berlin. And you're the first to get the works, my boy!"

So that was it. He was going to be killed for being a Jew! The pogrom of which Helldorf had spoken to him that day on the yacht was about to begin. And everything had been in vain. He had denied his Jewish origin, betrayed his people, abandoned his ancestral faith. For years he had cherished the comforting thought that he alone of all the Jews would escape the fury of the Nazis. What a fool he had been! What a purblind fool! Why had he not gone to Vienna in December, when it was still possible to escape the dragnet? He could easily have made his get-away then. In fact, he had spoken about it to Hermann Leopoldi, the Viennese singer, just a few days before Christmas, when he had chanced to meet that acquaintance of his youth in the rotunda of the Scala Theater. Too late!

Too late . . . . too late . . . . The throbbing motor hammered out its ceaseless refrain: *Too late!*

THE car halted in a forest. One Nazi kicked him from behind and ordered him to run. Hanussen looked around, saw that the men were drawing their revolvers, and he ran. A shot rang out, and another. He felt a sharp pain in his left shoulder. But he only ran the faster. Fear seemed to give him wings. His athletic training came him in good stead now.

There was a road ahead. One more glance around. His pursuers were falling behind. They were out of wind. He would make it. More bullets whistled past his ears. Another stabbing pain struck the back of his neck. He summoned all his strength. If only he could make that road! . . . Blood was staining his dress shirt. . . .

Two weeks later, on April 7th, his body was found—a bullet-riddled body. The head had been smashed to a pulp.

In the *Angriff*, Dr. Goebbels' newspaper, appeared a brief notice: *The body of a Jew was found in an evergreen grove on the road from Baruth to Neuhof. He had been shot to death. His face was unrecognizable. At the morgue he was identified as Herschmann Steinschneider, who under the name of Hanussen had a certain vogue in Berlin as a clairvoyant.*

Hitler smiled when he read the obituary notice. One *H* was enough for Germany.

AROUND THE CLOCK WITH AMERICA'S ACE JOCKEY

(Continued from page 43)

his tremendously powerful hands; it may be his uncanny sense of pace; and then again it may be the fact that as far back as he can remember, he always wanted to be a jockey.

Born and raised in Plankinton, South Dakota, (try to find it on your map!) he never missed a county fair or a chance to buttonhole a horseman. So persistent was he that finally a kind-hearted horseman sent him to a trainer named Sam Orr in Omaha, Nebraska. Meade stayed in Omaha three months; then he went to Tulsa, and traveling by slow stages, finally wound up in Vancouver. It was in Vancouver that he actually got his first mount. He was yet to celebrate his fifteenth birthday, and he weighed seventy-five pounds. He admits that nothing would please him more than to be able to claim that he won his very first race; but to claim that, he says, would be a lie. The truth is that he could not get his horse out of the gate, and so the race was over while he was still struggling with the stubborn animal. That first defeat made Don plenty mad, and he decided he would not give up until he learned how to handle a horse.

He learned very fast, and a year later he began winning. In the past eleven years he has won nearly two thousand races. He is twenty-six now; he weighs one hundred and five pounds stripped, and stands exactly five feet one-half inch in his stocking feet. There's nothing surprising about his being so short, because all jockeys are short; but it does surprise and please him no end that he does not have to watch his weight. Other well-known jockeys find it extremely difficult to keep from tipping the scales at one hundred and twenty pounds—which automatically prevents them from accepting a great many mounts which are supposed to carry lighter weights; but Meade never

worries about his weight. Other jockeys live on a terrifying diet of dry toast, lettuce and tea. Other jockeys spend their nights in a Turkish bath and their free days exercising; but Meade, to use his own words, "eats like a horse."

At present Meade is under contract to Mrs. Marshall Field at the George Odom stables. This contract nets him about fourteen thousand dollars a year. He is permitted to ride for other owners in the races in which George Odom has no entry. This free-lancing is responsible for a good part of Meade's earnings. He gets ten dollars a race if he loses, and twenty-five dollars and ten per cent of the purse if he comes in the money. On what he calls a "good day," he rides seven mounts, is in the money three times, and out of the money four. He makes forty dollars on the losers, seventy-five dollars on the winners, and his percentage of the purses nets him around $240, a grand total of $355 earned in a single day.

Considering that he works at least two hundred and fifty days a year, many of our REDBOOK readers may be tempted to become jockeys. So we had better explain right away that Meade's life is no bed of roses. Read the captions under the photographs on pages 42 and 43, and you will understand that Meade does work for his money.

IT goes without saying that the winning of the Kentucky Derby in 1933 on Colonel Bradley's Broker's Tip was the biggest thrill ever experienced by Meade. His percentage of the purse amounted on that occasion to five thousand dollars, which he promptly handed over to his parents and invested in a business in California.

Meade realizes that sooner or later he will have to quit riding and do something else. He hopes he will be able to follow in the steps of Earl Sande, one of the greatest jockeys ever produced in America, who is at present considered one of our best trainers.

Concerning his success Meade says: "Horse-racing is the only ambition I ever had; I love it. I wouldn't like to lead any other life. I love horses; every one of them is different. Most of the horses I ride I see for the first time a few minutes before the race, so I have to size them up right away, and try to ride them not according to any formula, but as I think they would like to be ridden."

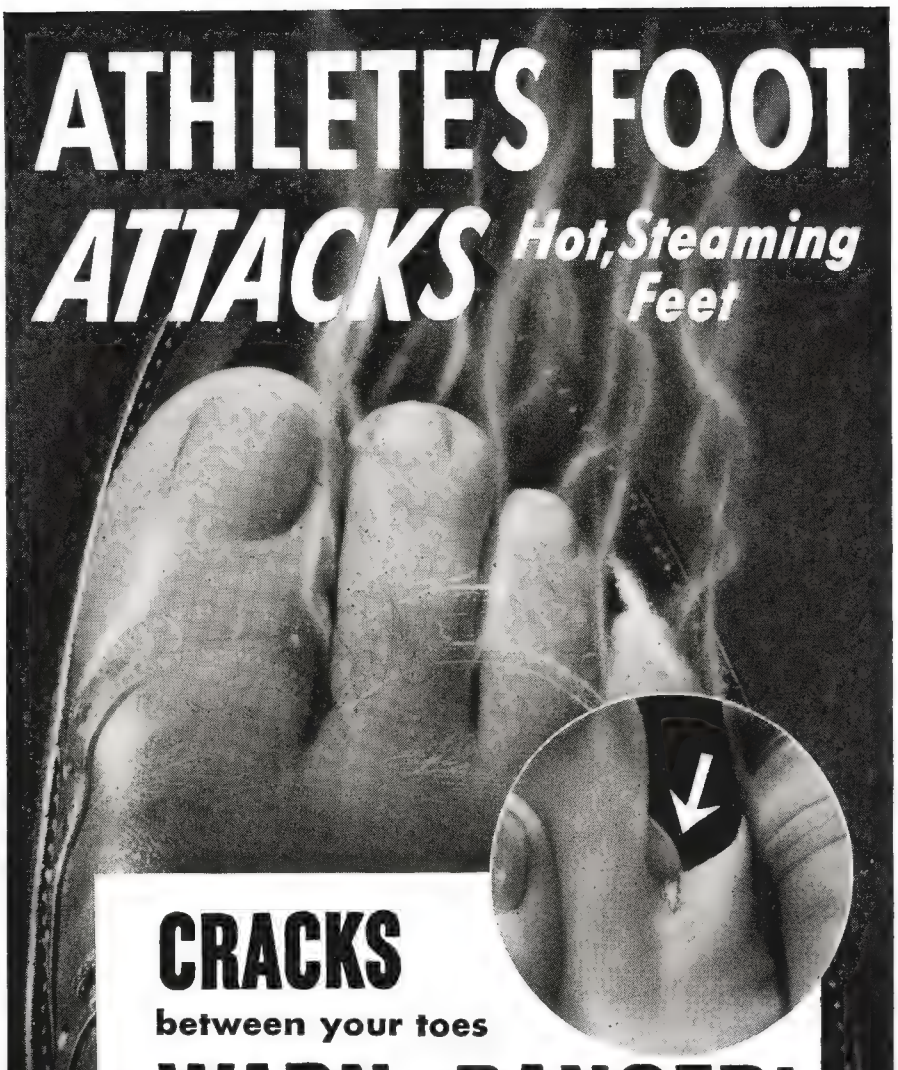
A BROADWAY MIRACLE

(Continued from page 12)

wool New Yorker, can fail to react to the tragedy of the hero of "There Shall Be No Night." A pacifist and a distinguished physician, he decides to join the Finnish army, not because he has any hopes for victory, but because he feels that democracy must take a stand or perish.

We reproduce herewith the most memorable scenes from the most successful plays of Mr. Sherwood. The gay and dashing "Reunion in Vienna;" the very gloomy and depression-ridden "The Petrified Forest;" the anticipation of the nightmares of the coming war as shown in "Idiot's Delight;" the lonely hero of "Abe Lincoln in Illinois;" and finally the crucial moment in "There Shall Be No Night."

ATHLETE'S FOOT ATTACKS Hot, Steaming Feet



CRACKS between your toes

WARN of DANGER!

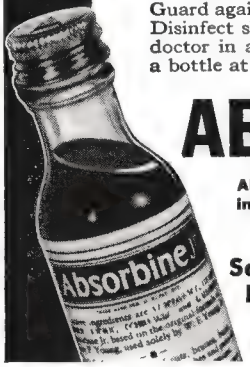
The fungi that cause painful Athlete's Foot thrive in hot summer weather. Laboratory tests show they grow twice as fast when your feet perspire excessively. Actually, they feed on this extra amount of perspiration and dead skin. Then, when cracks appear between the toes, they strike—*through those cracks*—spreading beneath the tissues. Your toes redden and itch. Skin flakes off in whitish patches—it's Athlete's Foot you've got!

DRENCH those cracks at Once!

Drench the entire foot with Absorbine Jr. at the first sign of a crack! Unchecked, Athlete's Foot can cause great pain and agony.

1. **Absorbine Jr. is a powerful fungicide. It *kills* the Athlete's Foot fungi *on contact*.**
2. **It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.**
3. **It dries the skin between the toes.**
4. **It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.**
5. **It relieves the itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.**

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. $1.25 a bottle at all druggists.



ABSORBINE Jr.

Kills Athlete's Foot Fungi on Contact!

ALSO QUICK RELIEF FOR: Sore, aching muscles, tired, burning feet, sunburn, bites of mosquitoes and other small insects

Sample Bottle Free

W. F. Young, Inc., 270P Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.
Please send me sample bottle of Absorbine Jr. FREE.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

HOW IT HAPPENED THE LAST TIME

(Continued from page 37)

proper to a German soldier. The effect was instantaneous. The men began to press toward us, and I addressed them in urgent tones, endeavoring to touch their sense of honor.

Even while I was speaking, I could see that I had won the contest. In the end, a mere lad of perhaps seventeen years, a Saxon with a frank boyish face and decorated with the iron cross, stepped forward and said: "Herr Kronprinz, don't take it ill; they are only silly phrases; we mean nothing by them; we all like you, and we know that you always look after your soldiers well. You see, we have been traveling now for three days and have received no food the whole time. Don't be angry with us."

On the evening of the 8th of November, 1918, I received at Waulsort an unexpected command from His Majesty to report myself to him next morning at Spa. Not a word as to what it concerned or what he wanted of me. I had only the knowledge that this summons could not portend anything good, and a foreboding of fresh agonizing conflicts.

The Kaiser was lodged in Villa Fraineuse just outside the town.

General von Gontard, the Court Marshal, received me in the hall. His face wore a serious and very anxious look. In reply to my questions, all he did was helplessly to raise his hands; but the action said more than any words have done.

My chief of staff, Count Schulenburg, was there. He had been in Spa since the early morning, and until my arrival had been advocating our views with the Kaiser.

ACCORDING to Schulenburg's report, the course of events so far had been as follows:

In the early morning my father had thoroughly discussed the situation with Major Niemann, an officer of his General Staff, and had resolved boldly to face the threatening revolution. With this firm resolve, the Kaiser had participated in a discussion at which Field Marshal Hindenburg, with Generals Gröner, Plessen, His Excellency von Hintze, Herr von Grunau and Major Niemann were present. The Field Marshal had opened the deliberations with a few words which clearly revealed that he was on the point of giving up everything.

Then General Gröner had spoken. As Schulenburg sketched things, I could see and hear Gröner—Gröner the new man, who had been only a fortnight in the place vacated by Ludendorff, and was hampered by no such considerations as those which choked the words in the throat of the old Field Marshal.

General Gröner's words as reported to me by Schulenburg, had they been the ultimate truth, would indeed have signified the end: the military position of the armies desperate; the troops wavering and unreliable, with rations for a few days only, and with hunger, dissolution and pillage threatening to follow after; the homeland blazing up in inextinguishable revolution; the reserves refractory, disintegrating and rushing to the red flag; the whole hinterland, railways, telegraphs, Rhine bridges, depots and junctions in the hands of the revolutionaries; Berlin at the highest pitch of tension which, at any moment, might snap and bathe the city in blood; to turn the army upon the civil war at home with the enemy in the rear would be quite impossible. These views of his and the Field Marshal's had been indorsed by the divisional chiefs and by most of the representatives of the General Higher Command. Although not expressly, this report contained, implicitly, a demand for my father's abdication.

Finally the Kaiser had closed the discussion with a repetition of his desire that the commanders-in-chief be asked for their views. "If you report to me," he said, "that the army is no longer loyal to me, I shall be prepared to go—but not till then!"

The answer of the chief of the general staff with the Berlin Government, Colonel von Berge, had arrived and had brought a confirmation (albeit a qualified one) of the representations furnished by the Imperial Chancellery—bloody street-fighting, desertion of the troops to the revolutionaries, no sort of means in the hands of the Government for combating the movement; furthermore, an appeal by the new Reichschancellor Prince Max of Baden stating that civil war was inevitable unless His Majesty announced his abdication within the next few minutes.

Do You Plan To Move Soon?

IF YOU do, please tell us about it early, for delay in advising the publisher may result in one or more issues being sent to your old address. The Post Office does not forward these magazines to the new address. In order to avoid loss of copies, it is necessary to send your change of address at least four weeks in advance. If that is impossible, advise us as soon as you know what your new address will be and we will make every effort to provide uninterrupted service. Write to Redbook Magazine, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio. Be sure to give your old address as well as the new one.

With these messages, the Field Marshal, General Gröner and His Excellency von Hintze had hurried into the garden and were now reporting the matter to the Kaiser, while Count von der Schulenburg was explaining the situation to me.

I now went with my chief of staff to join the Kaiser.

He stood in the garden surrounded by a group of gentlemen.

Never shall I forget the picture of that half-score of men in their gray uniforms, thrown into relief by the withered and faded flower-beds of ending autumn, and framed by the surrounding mist-mantled hills with their glorious foliage of vanishing green and every shade of brown, of yellow and of red.

The Kaiser stood there as though he had suddenly halted in his agitated pacing up and down. Passionately excited, he addressed himself to those near him with violently expressive gestures. His eyes were upon General Gröner and His Excellency von Hintze; but a glance was cast now and then at the Field Marshal, who, with his gaze fixed on the distance, nodded silently; and an occasional look was also turned toward the white-haired General von Plessen. Somewhat aloof from the group, stood General von Marschall, the Legation Councillor von Grunau and Major von Hirschfeld.

With their bowed attitudes, most of the men seemed oppressed by the thought that there was no egress from their entanglement—seemed, while the Kaiser alone spoke, to have been paralyzed into muteness.

CATCHING sight of me, my father beckoned me to approach, and himself came forward a few paces.

And now, as I stood opposite him, I saw clearly how distraught were his features—how his emaciated and sallowed face twitched and winced.

He left me scarcely time to greet the Field Marshal and the rest; hastily he addressed himself to me, and while the others retired a little and General Gröner returned to the house, he burst upon me with all he had to say.

He poured out to me the facts without the slightest reserve, reiterated much of what Schulenburg had reported just before, supplemented the particulars, and gave me a deeper insight into the character of the catastrophe threatening to spring from the instability and the disintegration of will and energy. Only just arrived from my Army Group and the seclusion of the front, and while I was still endeavoring to grasp and master all that Schulenburg had told me, I now learned that the previous evening, before he called me to Spa, a thorough consultation had taken place concerning the situation, in which General Gröner had urgently dissuaded the Kaiser from returning home—from attempting "to penetrate into the interior." Insurrectionary masses were on their way to Verviers and Spa, and there were no longer any trustworthy troops whatever. . . . My father also informed me that, according to the statements of these gentlemen, the cities of Cologne, Hanover, Brunswick and Munich were in the hands of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Councils, while in Kiel and Wilhelmshafen the revolution had broken out, and that in view of the apparent necessity for his abdication as Kaiser, he was going to transfer to the Field Marshal the chief command of the German army.

General Gröner now joined the other group again, accompanied by Colonel Heye, who, as I learned, had come from a conference of front officers convoked as a sort of council by the Higher Command without consulting the chief commanders of the army or the army groups, the vote of this council being taken by Gröner to be decisive.

In reply to the Kaiser's command, Colonel Heye reported to the following effect: The question had been put to the

commanders whether, in the event of a civil war in the homeland, the troops could be relied upon; the answer was in the negative; the trustworthiness of the troops had not been unconditionally guaranteed by certain of these gentlemen.

Count von der Schulenburg intervened. He adduced what we, who were familiar with our men, knew from personal experience; above all, this one thing, that the great majority of the army, if faced with the question whether they would break their oaths and desert their sovereign and chief war lord in the time of need, would certainly prove true to their Kaiser.

At this, General Gröner merely shrugged his shoulders and sneered superciliously, *"Military oaths? War lords? Those are, after all, only words; those are, when all is said, mere ideas."*

Once more Schulenburg replied, telling the General that such statements as his only showed that he did not know the heart and mind of the men at the front, that the army was true to its oath and that, at the end of those four years of war, it would not abandon its Kaiser.

He was still speaking, when he was interrupted by His Excellency von Hintze, who had meantime received further reports from Berlin and wished to lay the evil tidings before the Kaiser. The Imperial Chancellor, Prince Max, he said, tendered his resignation and reported that the situation had become so extremely menacing in Berlin that the monarchy could no longer be saved unless the Kaiser resolved upon immediate abdication.

The Kaiser received the news with grave silence. His firmly compressed lips were colorless; his face was livid and had aged by years. Only those who knew him as I did could penetrate that mask of calmness and self-control maintained with such an effort in spite of the impatiently urgent demand of the chancellor.

When Hintze had finished, he gave a brief nod; and his eyes sought those of the Field Marshal as though searching them for strength and succor in his anguish. But he found nothing. Motionless, deeply touched, silenced by despair, the great old man stood paralyzed, while his King and lord, whom he had served so long and so faithfully as a soldier, moved on to the fulfillment of his destiny.

The Kaiser was alone. Not one of all the men of the General Higher Command, not one of the men whom Ludendorff had once welded into a firm entity, hastened to his assistance.

THE COMING OF THE DAY

(Continued from page 9)

Until then Miss Day was a comparatively unknown actress in Hollywood. She appeared in several pictures, but created no stir. She did create no end of stir in "My Son, My Son!" She proved that she has not only a great dramatic talent, but an amazing nervous vitality as well.

Long before "My Son, My Son!" was released and shown to the public, Miss Day was recognized as the most important discovery of the year. She is about to appear in "Foreign Correspondent," a Walter Wanger production based on Vincent Sheean's "Personal History." From now on, she will be heard from very often.

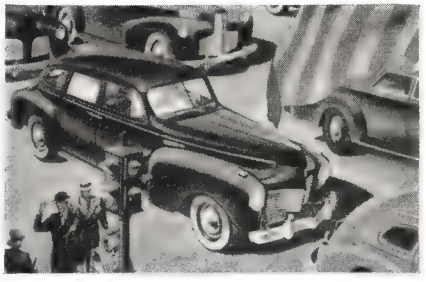
Question: "WHAT'S TODAY'S BIGGEST TREND IN MOTOR CARS?"

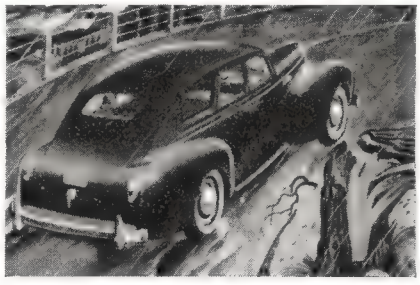
Answer: "TRY *Fluid-Driving* IN A CHRYSLER!"

Traffic Light Bugaboo Ended!
When you reach a traffic light, just touch the brake to stop. Leave the car in high gear. When the light turns green, step on the gas and float away, smooth as oil. That's *Fluid Drive!*

Stop Streets No Bother at All!
Same thing at stop streets . . . no declutching . . . no shifting into neutral . . . no laboring through gears. Just touch the brake to stop . . . touch the throttle to *Fluid-Drive* away!

No Shifting in Heavy Traffic!
Let other drivers fiddle with clutches and levers . . . the throttle is all you need. Engine speed controls *Fluid Drive's* silky power . . . so why shift gears and make work of driving?





Safer in Slippery Going!
Fluid Drive doesn't jerk . . . it flows like oil. That's why it prevents skidding . . . pulls better in mud and snow . . . is safer on hills and slippery streets.

Smoother Ride for Everybody!
Even a careless driver can't make *Fluid Drive* jerk. You get under way in complete silence and smoothness. See your Chrysler dealer and try the smoothest drive ever put into a motor car.

ONLY **$38** EXTRA
on Traveler and New Yorker Models

Fluid Drive is simplicity itself. One fan-like wheel drives another through a cushion of oil. Time-tested. Standard equipment on Crown Imperial . . . only $38 extra on Traveler and New Yorker models. Try it . . . *today.*

Miracle Happens Here!

★Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network, Every Thursday, 9 to 10 P. M., E. D. S. T.

★ **WHY SHIFT GEARS?** ★

"TODAY EUROPE, TOMORROW THE WHOLE WORLD!"

(Continued from page 19)

nicht daran," he shouted. ("I waste no thought on it.") *"Die Amerikaner sind ja nur ahnungslose Leute,* naïve, absolutely unsuspecting people whom we can fool more easily than any other nation. We will defeat Britain in the next war before the Americans realize that their only protection is gone." He referred to the British navy.

When the soldiers in Hitler's assault-cars, rumbling into the old European capitals of Prague and Warsaw, Oslo, Amsterdam and Brussels, sang lustily: *"Heute gehoert uns Europa, und morgen die ganze Welt"* ("Today Europe is ours, and tomorrow the whole world"), this was no mere soldiers' ditty inspired by a momentary exultation over victories speedily won. Those words echoed the fundamental ambition, and sheer, unbreakable determination of Germany's leaders and brain-trusters, her scientists, philosophers and chiefs of the general staff, from the time of Otto von Bismarck to the latter days of Adolf Hitler.

"Today Europe, tomorrow the whole world!"

For more than half a century the Western Hemisphere has figured in the plans of the Berlin general staff as the final goal and objective of Germany's march to world power. It is here, on this continent, that the Reich's master strategists and long-range economic planners not only foresee but actually intend to wage the final battle for the mastery of the world. In their calculations the Republic of the United States of America appears as the last and supreme enemy to be crushed before the "World Empire of Germans" can begin to fulfill its rôle and destiny as the unchallenged and unchallengeable mistress of the universe "for a thousand years to come."

ON the plan-maps and economic charts openly published in Germany, the conquest of this hemisphere appears today as a forgone conclusion. The territory of the United States is already shaded in the German color, the same color that covers the national territories of Czechoslovakia, Western Poland, Scandinavia, the Low Countries and the North of France. On those charts the British Isles are a mere outlying province of the Greater German Reich; there are located the main shipyards that are to hammer together the new merchant marine with which the Reich intends to carry on its trade with its trans-Atlantic and trans-Pacific possessions. America is shown as the chief German market, where industries will be allowed to operate only in so far as they do not compete with German home industry. However, neither the control of a single industry in America nor the direction of any important phase of American national life is to be left in the hands of native Americans. Everything is to be administered by trusted Nazi commissioners sent over here from the Reich.

Folly and poppycock, you may say. If Hitler thinks he can overrun America as he has overrun the better part of Europe, he does not know the temper and character of the American people. Why, every mother's son in this nation of a hundred and thirty millions will leap to arms the moment the first Nazi storm-trooper is sighted. We have the gold of the world. Our resources are inexhaustible. We are able to go on fighting for years. Moreover, our shores are impregnable. Haven't we a first-class navy, and will we not soon have the biggest and swiftest air fleet in the world at our disposal? And is it not the considered opinion of some of the ablest military experts that the invasion of America is a physical impossibility?

All that may be true. But the military experts and diplomats of Germany, the same men who planned and executed the annihilation of Czechoslovakia's marvelous defenses, and who broke through the first line of the finest army in the world in France in so short a space of time that it took the world's breath away—these same men do not think the conquest of America is an impossibility at all.

It is not fear of America's fighting power that has deterred the Germans so far from making an attempt to conquer this hemisphere. The project has required infinite preparation, careful preliminary maneuvering, vast and painstaking labor in both the diplomatic and the military field, study of American psychology and a careful watching of economic trends in this part of the world and elsewhere. At least twice in the last seventy-five years was this staggering scheme on the point of being launched, once during the Civil War and once during the Spanish-American war. What has held it up is the absence of what the brain-trusters of the German military machine call a propitious *Konjunktur,* a favorable combination of circumstances of a military, economic and even of a psychological nature. The time was hitherto not ripe for the master-stroke of history. The plot to conquer the Western Hemisphere from Labrador to Tierra del Fuego, which if successfully carried out will make Germany the undisputed mistress of the world, was worth delaying until preparations should be completed in the smallest detail.

With the coming to power of Adolf Hitler, that favorable *Konjunktur* for which the Reich has patiently and uninterruptedly been waiting and planning, through good times and bad, through war and peace and inflation and civil strife, is now taking shape and becoming ominously visible. The war in Europe is the last colossal effort to clear the road for the supreme task which Germany has set herself. If the Reich emerges victorious from the struggle with Great Britain and France, the final objective of her world-planners lies clear and naked before her.

With them the war against the European nations unleashed by Hitler in September, 1939, is admittedly but a preliminary test of strength, a limbering up, a gaining of experience for greater military exploits to come, for the titanic duel of the continents. Once Europe has been brought completely under German domination, the vanquished nations with all their resources and equipment—industrial plants and shipyards, oil-wells and steel-mills, munitions and poison-gas factories and bacteriological laboratories—are to be welded into one single, unified, continent-wide war economy for the conquest of the rest of the world.

The execution of the first part of Germany's world program, the unification of Europe, has advanced so far that early in May Adolf Hitler appointed Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, financial wizard and former president of the Reichsbank, as the head of a select commission of financial and economic experts to study practical means of putting the European union plan into effect. In May, Hitler and his advisers considered the conquest of Europe no longer a theory but a virtually accomplished achievement. The second phase of the plan, the welding of Europe into a single economy, could be taken up while the armies dealt with the scattered resistance of France and England.

GENERAL KARL HAUSHOFER, the head of the Geopolitical Institute at Munich, the man who thinks for Hitler and under whose inspiration and supervision the fantastic plans for German world conquest are worked out, recently announced to his twelve hundred staff-workers that the first phase of Germany's great task would be completed with the conquest of Britain. Our next task, he said, is the formation of the German Federation of the United States of Europe. From Haushofer's works we know that this statement is tantamount to an open declaration of Germany's intention to weld together the whole of Europe into a war-machine of monstrous proportions.

It is all done so openly and brazenly that one still hesitates to take the matter seriously, in spite of the realistic lesson that the world ought to have learned from the cataclysmic events in Europe. The very effrontery of flaunting these plans is apparently the best method of lulling to sleep any people's alertness and suspicions. For there is calculation in this seemingly naïve frankness. The first reaction of any normal person at the sight of a plan showing his country under foreign domination is to say that it must be the work of crackpots and deluded megalomaniacs. That if Germany were really serious about the conquest of the United States, she would not be so foolish as to give the game away by publishing in advance particulars of her project.

We forget that the lie is the Nazi power's strongest weapon. Hitler has declared himself a faithful disciple of Machiavelli. Consequently any weapon, no matter how contemptible, is utilized by the régime he has instituted. And so it uses even the truth deceitfully.

There is nothing unreal about the idea of an armed conflict between the United States and Germany. As a matter of fact, every student of political history knows that the archives of the State Department at Washington abound with documents proving conclusively that the possibility of an invasion of America was envisaged by Germany long before her sea- and air-fleet came into existence. The first great German navy, which was built from the year 1887 onward, was intended primarily to abolish the Monroe Doctrine. American ambassadors in various European countries warned the then Secretary

of State that Germany planned to assist Spain in her forthcoming war with our country.

If at that time, over forty years ago, the danger of a German attack was realized by the Government and people of this country, one wonders why the present danger seems so far removed to most of us. Then a strong British navy stood between Europe and this country, and we were in a position to form protective alliances with other European countries. Today there looms an almost almighty Germany, a Nazi-unified Europe with all the resources of the Old World at its command. And this Germany indulges in no mere daydreaming.

Next month Mr. Van Paassen continues the all-but-incredible account of German plans in relation to us.

LONESOME

(Continued from page 35)

of day," I said. "She seemed upset when I came by, so I stopped for a little visit."

"Thank you for being so thoughtful," the woman said. "I've been frantic about her. There was a fire downtown, and the cars were lined up for blocks."

Her voice had the soft husky note I like, and it suited the curve of her mouth, which looked friendly and warm. I didn't answer right away, because I was thinking how desirable she looked in the twilight, and how pleasant it would be to go into the house with her. She was a widow, it seemed, or at least not living with her husband.

Perhaps my thoughts showed in my face, or perhaps my silence embarrassed her. Whatever it was, she lowered her eyes suddenly, and when she did that, something turned over inside me and I felt very cheap. After all, I'd said I wasn't having any more. I'd said I was through. Then why start messing around here?

Peggy broke out of her mother's arms and looked quickly around. Then she pointed at the white dog and said: "That's Spot, Mummy."

"What a pretty fellow!"

"Don't be polite," I smiled. "He isn't mine."

"Oh. . . . Well, he *is* rather dirty."

Peggy took her mother's hand.

"Can he sleep on the back porch, Mummy?"

The woman kept looking at the dog, who got down on his belly and wriggled toward her, his face pulled out of shape like a Hallowe'en mask. Whether because of this, or because Peggy had been frightened, the woman said:

"Yes, he can sleep on the porch. Jim—Uncle Jim—will be here tonight, and perhaps he'll help us wash him."

I turned toward the sidewalk. "Well, so long," I said.

"Good-by," Peggy answered. She had her arm around the dog's neck.

"Good-by," her mother smiled. "And thank you again."

I nodded and kept on. My last impression as I left them was the smug look on Spot's face. He was an "owned" dog now, and I fancied his eyes gleamed after me with condescension and pity. I've

THREE KINDS OF MONEY NO MAN SHOULD BE WITHOUT

EVERY man who faces reality finds—eventually—that he really needs not one, but three kinds of money.

Sudden misfortunes such as illness can deal special punishment to the man who is not prepared for emergencies. So, he needs a kind of money that is always ready to his hand—cash in the bank.

For the sake of his family, he needs still another kind of money... money that can shoulder his responsibilities in case of death.

The need for both of these types of money is well recognized. One out of every 3 families in the country has a savings account. One out of every 2 has life insurance.

But today, many, many people are awake to the urgent need for a third kind of money...money which will be accumulated persistently step-by-step during the years of a man's best earning power to take care of the years that follow. *This* kind of money is, truly, a kind no man should be without.

The First Step

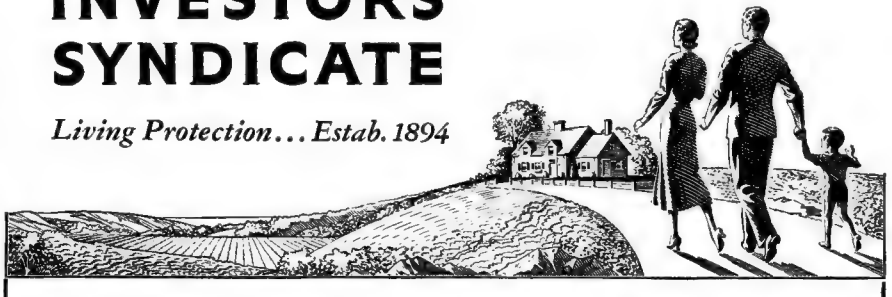
If you make a regular and adequate income, yet you still find yourself unable to accumulate money, the first step is to find out *where your money goes.* Keeping a record of what you spend is essential if you want to make the most of your income.

To help you take this first, important step, Investors Syndicate offers, without obligation, a booklet, "Living" Expenses...a simple, easy way to find out where your money goes. This is *not* a budget book. For your copy, mail the coupon immediately to Investors Syndicate. Enclose 10c in coin or stamps to cover handling and postage. Do it *now!*

Home Office, Minneapolis, Minn. Affiliates: Investors Syndicate Title & Guaranty Co., New York; Investors Syndicate, Limited, Canada.

INVESTORS SYNDICATE

Living Protection... Estab. 1894



INVESTORS SYNDICATE
Dept. R-80, Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me your new booklet "Living" Expenses. Enclosed is 10c to cover cost of handling and mailing.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

known dogs as smart as that, and Spot was no fool. I felt pretty low.

Between there and the corner I made up my mind. The drug-store on the corner had a telephone-booth in it, and I was going to call up my wife. She lived out in the North Borough, but she ought to be home by now. I'd heard she had got a job. She'd refused to take any money when we separated.

She answered on the first ring.

"Hi, Jane," I said.

"Hello, Bill."

"Still know my voice, eh?"

"Of course. Why shouldn't I?"

"No reason. I just thought you mightn't."

"I don't see why."

I wished I hadn't started that way. It was the same old thing—back and forth, with nobody getting anywhere; and this time it was certainly my fault.

"Let it go," I said. "Listen, Jane: here's what I was wondering about. Do you ever get lonesome?"

SHE didn't answer for a time, and I was afraid I had offended her. Then her voice came over the wire, muffled a little, and it was somehow small and serious, like Peggy's when she first spoke to me.

"Yes, Bill, I'm lonesome once in a while."

"I'm lonesome quite a lot," I told her. "Maybe we could have dinner together some night."

"Maybe we could."

"Tonight?"

"That would be nice."

"Great!" I said. "Something happened this afternoon I want to tell you about."

"Will you be here soon?"

"Absolutely," I said. "In a minute."

WHITEOAK HERITAGE

(Continued from page 57)

"Yes, yes. It's pretty hard on me. My friendship with Mrs. Stroude has been a great pleasure—more than that; but I'll abide by this. But what am I to say to the family?"

"Tell them it was no use. Tell them you know a great passion when you meet it."

Ernest, looking dazed, rose unsteadily.

"I—I must go to bed. I'm very tired."

"Shall I give you my arm, Uncle Ernie?"

"Thank you. I shouldn't have taken that last drink. What did you say you threw?"

"A five and a six."

"Well—what a pity!" He stood leaning on the table. "Eden, you've won. Be worthy of her!"

EDEN took his arm and led him through the door and up the stairs to his room.

When Eden returned to put out the light, Rags was in the dining-room laying some silver on a tray. Rags said:

"I'm just taking a little food to Miss Whiteoak, sir. She ate little or nothing last evening. The electricity upset her. . . . 'Ere comes the rain again!"

A fresh rainstorm was beating violently on the windows.

"Put out the light, then, when you come down," said Eden.

"Yes sir. Do you think Mr. Ernest is all right, or 'ad I better go to 'im?"

"He's all right."

"W'at about the windows on the top floor?"

"I'm going up. I'll see to them. Has any one been in to my grandmother?"

"I closed 'er window, sir. It was very 'ot in there. She murmured something about India. 'Er parrot 'ad got off 'is perch, and was sitting on the foot of the bed. 'E's a rum 'un. 'E opened one eye and gave me a nasty look and repeated over and over: 'Indiar—Indiar—Indiar!' It *was* gruesome."

"Rags—"

"Yes sir."

"You needn't mention to anyone that my uncle and I had a drink here."

"Ow, no sir! I see you 'ad a little gyme of dice, sir."

"It was nothing. Just to settle a dispute."

"My word! Listen to that! I don't fancy these storms. I 'ope it clears before tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?"

"It's my wedding-d'y. I'm afraid I shall look a wreck, sir, w'at with the loss of sleep and the perturbation natural to the occasion. I shouldn't feel so nervous if we was going to fix it up at a registry office, but this 'ere walkin' up the haisle of the church, with the horgan playing the weddin'-march, makes it a serious business."

"You'll come through it all right."

"I call it kind of Captain W'iteoak to give the bride away."

Eden felt that Rags would stand there tray in hand, talking till dawn. He said good-night to him and went up the two flights of stairs to his room.

He stopped outside the open door of the room shared by his young brothers. By their breathing, he knew they slept. A bluish flash of lightning illumined the room.

Piers was shown lying on the bed, flat on his back, his tanned chest exposed, his attitude statuesque: The room was intolerably hot, and little Finch had carried his pillow to the window and was curled there on the floor. He slept so deeply that the rain, actually beating in on him, did not wake him.

Eden shook him irritably.

"Do you want to get your death of cold? Get into bed, you young duffer!"

Only half awake, Finch scrambled obediently to his feet and staggered toward the bed. His wet nightshirt clung to his thin body. A clap of thunder drowned the uproar of the rain.

"Oh, gee," he whimpered, "the storm's awful!"

Eden grinned. "I thought you liked it. I thought you'd like to sleep right out in it."

Finch opened his eyes, which he had kept tightly shut. They were met by the fierce glare of lightning. He shut them again and scrambled in a panic across Piers' body.

Eden put the pillow beneath Finch's head, turning the wet side down.

"Thank you, Eden." Finch burrowed into the pillow. He pulled the sheet over his head.

Eden jerked Piers' pillow from under his head and plumped it down over his face.

"Take that! You lazy dog!" he said.

He closed the window and went to his own room. He sat down by his desk and leaned his head on his hand. He did not close his window, but sat looking out into the storm. A feeling of melancholy crept over him. What was it all about? What had happened to him tonight? No great experience was over, but something was done with. Why had he made a fool of Uncle Ernest? He had got the best of him. He had shown the family that he would go his own way. But what was that way? Where would it lead him?

Chapter Fourteen

Rags' Wedding

AFTER the storm, morning broke fair as a flower. The grass had been washed till every blade shone. The curled petals of dahlias which had been filled with rain, now spilled it out as the heavy blooms drooped. There was a wind from the west, and round white clouds like chariots were rolled across the sky.

In the kitchen all was preparation for the wedding. Eliza had come back to take Rags' place while he went on his honeymoon, which was to be a two days' excursion to Niagara Falls. Eliza was disapproving of this union between two people she disliked. It would have been better, she thought, if neither of them had come to Jalna, let alone being married there and settling down to be as common and as wasteful as they chose. She disapproved still more the family's making their wedding a gala occasion, just as though the two had been serving well at Jalna for years. But the old lady had taken a fancy to Rags; also, she liked excitement of any sort, on any pretext. There she was in her room, choosing what cap to wear, just as though it were the wedding of one of the family! She had bought Maggie a fine silk dress, and Rags a pair of cuff-links. Generally she was close enough; it took a wedding to loosen her purse-strings. It was a pity there were no weddings in the family. There was Mr. Ernest, who should have been married long ago. There was Miss Meg, who had been treated so cruelly by Mr. Vaughan. If only some other nice man would come along and win her!

There was Mr. Renny! Eliza's lips took a downward curve when she thought of him, but her eyes softened.

The boys were to miss afternoon school, in order to be home in time for the wedding. The preparations for it had given Piers and Finch that feeling of hilarity which made them mislay each of their belongings in turn, dawdle over their breakfast and seem likely to miss their train. Eden was preoccupied and inclined to be irritable with his juniors.

As the three sped along the country road on their bicycles toward the little

railway station, Eden felt irked by the monotony of these journeyings. Yet he infinitely preferred them to being in residence in the college. He wished he had Oxford ahead of him. His uncles had gone there; but the family exchequer would no longer run to it, or so at least Renny said. For some reason which he did not try to fathom, his mind turned resolutely away from the affair of the night before. . . .

His brothers were pressing too close behind him. It was understood that he should lead the way. Yet he could see the front wheel of Piers' bicycle and he gave him a warning look over his shoulder. But Piers, oblivious of Eden's senior claim, rode past him through a deep puddle, sending a spray of muddy water over Eden's gray-flanneled legs. Finch, following blindly in Piers' wake, did the same; as he passed Eden and saw the fury in his face, he pedaled with all his might, almost colliding with Piers' rear wheel.

"Look out!" shouted Piers.

"You young blighters!" exclaimed Eden.

Finch wobbled distractedly. It seemed that he would topple over; but somehow he righted himself, and sped after Piers into the station-yard. Exchanging mischievous looks, they hurried into the baggage-room where they were allowed to keep their bicycles, stood them against the wall and, unable to control their grins, watched Eden approach.

"I suppose you think you're funny," he said scathingly.

They stared speechless at his damaged trousers.

"It's hard on a fellow," he said, "to have two such imbeciles always at his heels."

Finch giggled. Eden banged his bicycle into its place. He continued:

"I had a mind to pull you off your bikes and roll the two of you over into that puddle."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't!" said Piers. "You might do it to the kid—not me!"

"Not you, eh? Come back with me now and I'll show you."

"All right." But as Piers turned truculently toward the door, the whistle of the locomotive shrieked at the crossing.

"I can't do it now," said Eden. "I'll see you about it later." He took out his handkerchief and attempted to dry the mud-spots on his trousers.

As they entered the carriage he jostled Piers against the door and had the satisfaction of seeing him wince. There was only one vacant seat. Eden took it, and drawing a book from his pocket, began to read, ignoring the other two, who had to stand by his side all the way to town.

THIS morning Ernest slept late. He had slept heavily the night through. He felt heavy-eyed and oppressed in spirit when he woke; but after a cold bath, his depression lifted. In reviewing the events of the night before, he felt the exhilaration of one who has had a narrow escape. What might not have happened if his intimacy with Amy Stroude had progressed? He might have been drawn into marriage with her, and some instinct told him that she was not the wife for him. He doubted if the woman lived who was the wife for him. He had done his best to win Mrs. Stroude from Eden. He had been worsted.

The Newfoundland comes to your aid in mixing summer drinks

11½"x 8" full color reproduction of this painting, without advertising, sent on receipt of 10¢. Address Box HH.

THE Newfoundland is *developed* with deep lungs and heavy coat for the strong tides and icy waters into which his rescue work takes him. Since 1870, Fleischmann's Gin has been *developed* to bring velvety smoothness to the icy drinks you prefer in the summertime. Every kernel of grain from which Fleischmann's is distilled is *selected* for this purpose. That's why Fleischmann's is called a *pedigreed* gin. Let America's first gin come to the aid of *your* parties this summer.

Would you like a reputation for prize-winning drinks? See your dealer for "The Mixer's Manual" or write Box HH, The Fleischmann Distilling Corp., Peekskill, N. Y.

Fleischmann's Gin

A PEDIGREED GIN FOR PRIZE-WINNING DRINKS

Distilled from American Grain. 90 Proof.

Copyright 1940, The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, Peekskill, New York.

His spirit was tranquil. No more hot walks to her house. No more long fervid conversations that left him feeling tired. He would gracefully fade out of the picture. He would pass the torch to other hands. Let Nick have a go at her!

He sauntered almost jauntily to his mother's room. She was already dressed for the wedding. He bent and kissed her.

"How early you are dressed, Mamma!"

"Anticipation is the best part of a wedding," she replied.

"I hope this one will turn out well. While these two are not perfect as servants, they have their merits. She is an excellent cook, and he will turn his hand to anything. I hope they appreciate what you are doing for them today."

"I like a party. The wedding breakfast is to be laid on tables on the drying-green. The Rector and his wife are coming and the Lacey girls and Lily Pink. Weddings always amuse them. I've also asked that man Dayborn and his sister, and told them to bring their child. Then there's that Mrs. Stroude. I want to see you and her together."

"There will be nothing in that to interest you, Mamma. I've given up."

She stared up at him from under the lace edging of her cap.

"Given up what?"

"Mrs. Stroude. It is useless for me to interfere. Eden and she are attached beyond my undoing. In fact, it is I who am undone."

"D'ye mean to say you can't cut out that stripling?"

"Yes. No one can say that I haven't tried. I have given up time when I should have been working on my book. My own feelings even have become involved."

"Ha! She *is* a charmer, then!"

"Of the most dangerous sort; for she has no beauty, though she has fine eyes and an alluring voice."

"I wish we had sent Nicholas to do the job."

"So indeed do I. He would have undertaken it as an adventure. I accepted it as a crusade."

THE more Ernest talked, the more pleased he was with the situation. He wished that Augusta might have been there to hear him. But his mother was impressed. He confided to her the details of his many visits to Mrs. Stroude. He told her of the dice-throwing of the night before.

Her shaggy eyebrows went up.

"A duel! 'Pon my word, it was next thing to a duel! You've heard of the duel that was fought for me, when I was but fifteen. 'Twas between Lord Boyne and young Tim Crawshay. They fought with swords for an hour. My brother Abram held the hour-glass in his hand. They fought till they fell down exhausted, but they were such fine swordsmen that neither of them had a scratch!"

Ernest had heard the story many times, but he becomingly asked:

"Which did you favor after that, Mamma?"

"Neither. While they fought, I sat waiting with a young lieutenant of the Guards. He was so sympathetic that I took no notice of either of them again."

"I hope that you feel that I did my best, Mamma."

"I do, Ernest. But I wish it had been Nick. Gout and all, I think he would have beat you."

"Mamma, no man living could do more than I have done. I have been tossed like a billow on the brine. Mrs. Stroude is infatuated with Eden."

Adeline thrust out her lips: "Then I will have something to say to her."

BY afternoon the breeze fell. It was hotter than ever. The brilliant breathless air enmeshed the countryside in a golden veil in which a thousand crickets, locusts and grasshoppers sang; the fluff of milkweed and pollen of goldenrod hung; the voices of farm workers and the neigh of horses were muffled.

Eliza looked cool and collected; but the poor bride, after a final encounter with the wedding breakfast, was crimson-faced, and as she herself said, in a lather of sweat. Eliza clothed her in a garment of talcum powder before squeezing her into the new silk dress.

As for Rags, he was wearing a morning suit which had been Renny's before the war. A tailor had cut it down for him, but it still was somewhat long in leg and sleeve, and the tails almost reached his knees. However, the tailor had made a good job of the shoulders; and as this part was all Rags saw of himself in the small looking-glass in his room, he was in a state of high satisfaction. He was pallid as the bride was flushed, as spare as she was full-bosomed, as composed as she was flustered.

Rags walked across the fields to the church with his best man, a cockney groom with whom he had struck up a friendship. Renny drove the bride in a dog-cart. He was to give her away. Eden took Meg and his younger brothers in the car, while old Hodge, the coachman, drove the carriage wherein sat Adeline, Ernest and little Wakefield.

There were a number of people already in the church when they arrived, for work on farm and in stables had ceased for the occasion. The friends of the family were in the front pews. There was a scattering of people from the village in the back of the church.

Eden slid into a pew beside Mrs. Stroude, who was sitting alone. He made facetious remarks to her, under his breath, about the groom's costume, the bride's color and the company in general.

Miss Pink, having scrubbed her hands with her pocket handkerchief, fervently produced the wedding march on the organ. Adeline craned her neck, while holding Wakefield close, to watch the approach of the bride. Renny, wearing the austere expression of a father who is not positive that he is giving his daughter to a man worthy of her, led the cook up the aisle. She suddenly bloomed into a shy and trustful bride. She savored every moment of this greatest day of her life. As they passed Adeline, Wakefield struggled on her knee.

"I want to go too!" his little voice piped.

"Hush," she admonished him, and pressed his face against her.

Eden whispered to Mrs. Stroude: "What if it were you and me!"

She colored deeply, and her fingers touched his hand, which lay on the seat between them.

Piers whispered to Finch: "I wonder if Eden changed his pants!"

Finch gave a suffocated giggle. The sound of it horrified him. Then he heard himself give another. He clenched his hands till his nails hurt him. The back of his not-too-well-washed neck grew red. He shook with giggles. Meg looked across Piers and him and beckoned. He clambered across Piers' knees and sat on Meg's other side. When he dared raise his eyes, he beheld the Rector performing the last of the ceremony.

Now they were man and wife, grappled together for a long serving of the Whiteoaks. The master of Jalna bent his red head ceremoniously, and imprinted a kiss on the cheek of the bride.

The wedding cake, made by the bride but iced elaborately by a confectioner, stood in the middle of the long table. The table was conveniently close to the kitchen, so that platters could be replenished with ease. All commonizing articles, such as clothes-lines and props, had been removed from the scene. The grass had been shaved and watered. A great bunch of dahlias stood near the cake.

It was an impressive sight to see Rags escort old Adeline to her place at the head of the table. She had removed her mantle and bonnet, and wore a mauve-and-white cap with rosettes of ribbon.

"Who but you, dear Mrs. Whiteoak," said the elder Miss Lacey, who had once been a flame of Nicholas', "would have thought of doing anything so charming!"

"It's not the first party I've given for my servants."

"Indeed, I remember others. But this is especially kind, as they have not been with you very long."

"Time flies when you're past ninety," returned Adeline. "I'll not be here to give them a silver-wedding breakfast."

"I wish Nicholas had been here."

"I think he stayed in Quebec to avoid it. He has no taste for such junketings."

"I declare," said Miss Pink, "my fingers stuck with heat, to the keys of the organ! I thought I'd never get through with the march. What a pretty thing that young Mrs. Cummings is! But how strange of her to have brought her baby to a wedding."

"I invited him. To my mind, there's no more appropriate guest at a wedding than a baby."

"Oh, yes," agreed Miss Pink faintly.

ERNEST found himself beside Mrs. Stroude. He was not distressed by this. He was his usual detached, urbane self. She was conscious of a change in him, but could not have named what it was. It was probably, she thought, the presence of his family. Eden, on the other hand, was so openly attentive to her as to be embarrassing. Yet she gloried in his attentions.

It was an irritation to her that Dayborn was seated opposite her. His expression was stony. He spoke only in answer to questions, and then taciturnly. Chris looked heavy-eyed, as though she had shed tears. It was characteristic of Amy Stroude that the scene of the night before had finally closed the door of her friendship against them. Their plight moved her to no generous impulse.

Renny was rising. He said:

"It is with real pleasure that I propose the health of the bride—not only for her own sake and the sake of her husband, but for the sake of all of my family. Four times every day I bless her. In the morning with her good porridge inside me, I go to my stables as ready for work as any horse there. At noon I return, knowing that a delicious joint and a tempting sweet await me. At tea-time I know that the tea will be hot and that there will be plenty of it. At night—well, her suppers invariably fill the bill. What more can a man want in his bride—except beauty and charm; and if anyone doubts that Mrs. Wragge possesses both, let them look at her smiling there. As for Rags—he is in some ways a better cook than she, because she has to have good materials and plenty of time (I know that because of the bills I pay); but when Rags and I were at the front and he said, 'There's not a blasted thing to eat, sir, but what's in this tin, and the carcass of a hen,' then I knew that a particularly good feed was coming. . . . I foresee a long happy union for these two, and I have great pleasure in proposing the health of the bride."

"Hear! hear!" said the Rector, who had eaten a particularly large meal.

The bride's health was drunk. She blushed furiously.

"Naow then," urged the best man, kicking the groom under cover of the table.

Wragge rose with trembling, but conscious of the elegance of his appearance. He bowed profoundly.

"Lydies and gentlemen, I want to thank you very much for your good wishes to my wife—"

He was interrupted by loud applause, led by Piers. He bowed again and proceeded:

"My wife and myself. This 'ere getting married is new to me, and that there ceremony at the church a greater hordeal than shell-fire. I little thought, when I came to Jalner, that I'd get 'itched up so soon, but I believe I've made a good choice. Mrs. Wragge and I feel like old family retainers. When I first went to Captain W'iteoak as 'is batman in France, I says to myself: 'That's the gentleman I'm going to stick to in 'ealth or—blown to bits!' And so I 'ave, and so I will." He sat down and wiped the perspiration from his face with one of the dozen silk handkerchiefs which were Meg's present to him.

The cheering, led by Piers, was hearty.

The day continued fine and hot. The married pair set out for Niagara Falls. The phonograph had been brought out, and Finch put on one record after another, till the three pieces of wedding cake he had eaten began to have their effect on him. He went down to the washroom in the basement and was sick. The family and their friends retired to the house, leaving the rest of the guests to enjoy themselves unhampered. Dayborn seized the first opportunity to draw Renny aside.

Chapter Fifteen

Contrasting Scenes

"I WANT to tell you something," said Dayborn. "Can we go in here?"

He jerked his head toward the open door of the sitting-room. The folding doors between it and the dining-room

NO-O-O— I DIDN'T HAVE A VERY GOOD TIME AT THE PARTY. I DON'T KNOW JUST WHY!
I COULD TELL PEGGY WHY...IN THIS HOT WEATHER I GET PERSPIRATION ODOR VERY EASILY. PEOPLE NOTICE IT—THEY AVOID PEGGY
Dresses • • • like undies • • • absorb perspiration odor—use
NEW QUICK LUX
New Quick LUX
LUX
LUX
SUDS IN A SEC
• Don't let perspiration odor from dresses spoil *your* popularity. New, quick Lux takes away perspiration odor quickly.
In water *as cool as your hand*, these sheerer flakes give suds *3 times* as fast as any of 10 other leading soaps tested—give *more* suds (ounce for ounce) than *any* of these other soaps, even in hard water. And new, quick Lux is so gentle—safe for *anything* safe in water.
FIGURE WHAT LUX SAVES
Harsh soaps—cake-soap rubbing—may fade colors, spoil your dress. A penny's worth of Lux does a dress—keeps it new-looking longer. Cuts down cleaning bills!
In the same familiar box—at no extra cost to you!

LOOK

WHAT YOU SAVE ON THIS NEW, LONG LIFE BRUSH

50¢ TOOTH BRUSH, NOW 23¢

JOHNSON & JOHNSON GUARANTEE

This is the same, improved-quality Tek, introduced last year at 50¢. By an exclusive process, Tek lasts 6 times longer than before.

were shut. Renny nodded, and they went in, closing the door behind them.

"What's up?" asked Renny, wondering if Dayborn again wanted an advance of wages.

Dayborn answered in a tense voice: "We've got to go."

"Go! Why? What do you mean?"

"Mrs. Stroude has given us notice to get out of her house. She gives us three days."

"The hell she has! How much are you behind with the rent?"

"Two months. That has nothing to do with it. She doesn't want such near neighbors."

"D'you mean the noise?"

"Lord, no! Just the proximity. She doesn't want her doings spied on."

"Do you spy on her?"

"If you call it spying to stand at your own door before you go to bed. Your uncle and your brother were both there last night. The woman is a devil. I wish you'd heard her fly at me when she discovered I'd seen them. There was no innocence there. She simply raged."

Renny knit his brow. For the moment his chief concern was that Dayborn and Chris had nowhere to go. He said:

"It's a devil of a mess. There's not a vacant house anywhere about. There's no one who takes lodgers. How long does she give you?"

"Three days."

"She was in a temper. She's probably over it now."

"Not she. She hasn't spoken to either of us today."

"I'll see her. Perhaps something can be done. But first I want to see my uncle. Find him, will you, and tell him I want to speak to him here. How are Launceton's legs?"

"He's still nibbling at them. It's just nerves. They're not filling up."

"He's been working too hard in the heat. Tell Scotchmere to bandage them."

"All right. I'll send your uncle here first." He opened the door. Mrs. Stroude's rich laugh came from the drawing-room. Dayborn stood with his hand on the doorknob. "In the first place," he said, "she's a social climber, and so I told her."

"You blasted fool!" said Renny.

He stood motionless, thinking, till Ernest came. He closed the door behind him.

"What is that young Dayborn so mysterious about?" Ernest asked.

"There's no mystery. Mrs. Stroude has ordered him and his family to leave their house in three days. There was a row last night after you and Eden left."

There was no embarrassment in Ernest's face. He replied urbanely: "Really! I'm sorry for that. But we can't do anything about it, can we?"

"*Do* anything! I can't part with Dayborn and Chris now. They're too important to me!"

"If the rent is paid, I don't think Mrs. Stroude can force them to go without a month's notice."

"Of course not! Why didn't we think of that! I'll pay the rent, and they'll have the month for looking about for a place." His face cleared, then darkened again. He said:

"Dayborn says Mrs. Stroude is a devil: What do you think?"

"I think she probably has devil enough in her to be stimulating."

RENNY gave him a shrewd look. He asked:

"How much longer is it going to take you to cut Eden out?"

"I've thrown up the sponge. I've tried, and I've failed. I look on the affair as very serious."

The color in Renny's already high-colored face intensified. He exclaimed hotly:

"The young fool! With a woman that age!"

"What about yourself at eighteen?"

"I deserved a thrashing. My father was too easy-going. The woman is a pest. She has turned out Dayborn and Chris, and roped in Eden. I shall have a word to say to her, and to him too."

"I wish you were more cautious. You may do more harm than good. I sometimes fear I have."

"I'll be crafty."

There were voices in the hall. Someone was going.

"I had better go back to our guests," said Ernest. "The Laceys are leaving."

"Uncle Ernest, I wish you would tell Chris I want to speak to her. She must be very upset. Bring her here, will you?"

Renny walked impatiently about the room. Through the window he could see the Miss Laceys departing. What a hot walk they had ahead of them! Why had no one thought of taking them home in the car? He stuck his head out of the window.

"Wait a moment!" he called. "Someone will take you home. It's as hot as blazes."

They came over to the window.

"Oh, how kind of you!"

"It's been such a delightful afternoon—"

"Dear Mrs. Whiteoak is wonderful. She said to me—"

"And she even had a piece of the wedding cake. I said to her—"

He heard Chris enter the room. He signaled to her behind his back. She took his hand in hers.

The elder Miss Lacey was saying:

"I remember a garden party at Jalna. It was just such a September day as this.

Do You NEED MONEY?
IT COSTS NOTHING TO TRY. We pay you $5 for selling ten $1 boxes. 50 distinctive assorted Christmas cards with or without name imprinted. Sell for $1. You make 50c. Write for full particulars. **FREE SAMPLE OFFER**
CHEERFUL CARD CO., Dept. S-1, White Plains, N.Y.

TORRID TEST *in* PALM SPRINGS

(91° IN THE SHADE)

NO UNDERARM ODOR AFTER!

This difficult test was carried out under the supervision of a trained nurse, at famous "Palm Springs" resort in California. The thermometer stood at 91° in the shade! In this gruelling heat, Miss A. D. played two sets of tennis . . . after applying Yodora. Afterwards, the supervising nurse pronounced "not a trace of underarm odor!" Amazingly efficient, this deodorant seems as gentle, as silky, as delicate as your face cream! It is soft and easy to apply. Non-greasy, Yodora leaves no unpleasant smell to taint your clothing. Will not injure fabrics. In 10¢, 25¢ or 60¢ jar, or 25¢ tube. *McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.*

YODORA
DEODORANT CREAM

Your grandfather was still living, and he—"

Renny ruthlessly interrupted the amiable flow of words. He felt Chris' lips against his palm.

"Just wait a moment, will you," he said. "I'll get one of the boys to bring the car."

He withdrew his head. Chris was in the shadow behind him. Silently he held her close.

The younger Miss Lacey's voice came clearly.

"Certainly *he* has not his grandfather's manners. Did you notice how—"

"*Did* I? And the abrupt way he—"

With a rueful grimace at hearing himself so criticized, Renny pushed Chris farther into the shadows. "Back in a moment, darling," he whispered.

He looked into the drawing-room. His grandmother, uncle and sister were there with the Fennels and Miss Pink. He went to the dining-room. Here Eden and Mrs. Stroude were standing beneath the portrait of Adeline. They were talking in a low tone, but met his eyes without embarrassment. He said:

"Sorry to interrupt, but I want Eden to drive the Miss Laceys home in the car. I'd send one of the men, but they're playing games of some sort out there."

"Much better interrupt us than them," said Mrs. Stroude with an enigmatic smile.

Eden said deliberately: "All right. I'll take Mrs. Stroude too. It's a good idea."

He left the room. There was a moment's somewhat embarrassed silence. Then she remarked, looking from Renny to the portrait: "There is a resemblance between you and your grandmother, isn't there?"

"It has always been remarked," he replied stiffly.

"It must be extraordinary to be a member of such a large family. I have lived alone so much. I have never had more than one other person in the house with me since I was a child."

"That partly explains you," he said.

She was on the defensive: "What do you mean?"

"I mean that if you had had young brothers, you would know a boy for a boy when you met one."

She flashed him a look of anger.

"Perhaps Eden is less of a boy than you think."

"I don't see," he said, "how you can be interested in him. However, there is quite a different matter I should like to talk to you about. I'll come to see you this evening, if you don't mind."

For a moment she felt she must refuse him; she was conscious of a kind of harsh dexterity in him that might worst her in a conflict. Yet how could she refuse? She heard herself saying:

"Yes, I'll be glad to see you. Any time this evening."

EDEN had returned. He gave Renny a swift look as though to penetrate what was going on in his mind, then said:

"I've brought the car around. Will you come?"

"Yes. I must say good-by first."

Renny bowed gravely to her as she passed him. He went through the folding doors into the sitting-room, closing them behind him. Chris was still standing where he had left her.

"They've gone, haven't they?"

He looked out of the window.

"Not yet. Mrs. Stroude and Eden were in the dining-room. I'm going to see her tonight."

"It won't do any good. She's adamant. If you had heard the scene she made with Jim last night!"

"But she has been very kind to you in the past, hasn't she?"

"Yes, but she's changed. She's quite different now. What do you think we had better do?" She raised her eyes trustingly to his face.

"We'll find a way out. Don't worry. Time enough, if I can't induce that woman to change her mind. Eden will go home with her after he's put down the Miss Laceys."

She looked about the room. "What a nice room! Are all those pipes yours?"

"Just two; the rest were my father's."

"Was he like you?"

"Not a bit. Much nicer."

"Then, to judge by what the Miss Laceys and you say, your family is deteriorating. I don't believe it. I believe that you're the flower of the flock! Anyhow, I love you. The thought of having to go away makes me sick." She put both arms around his neck.

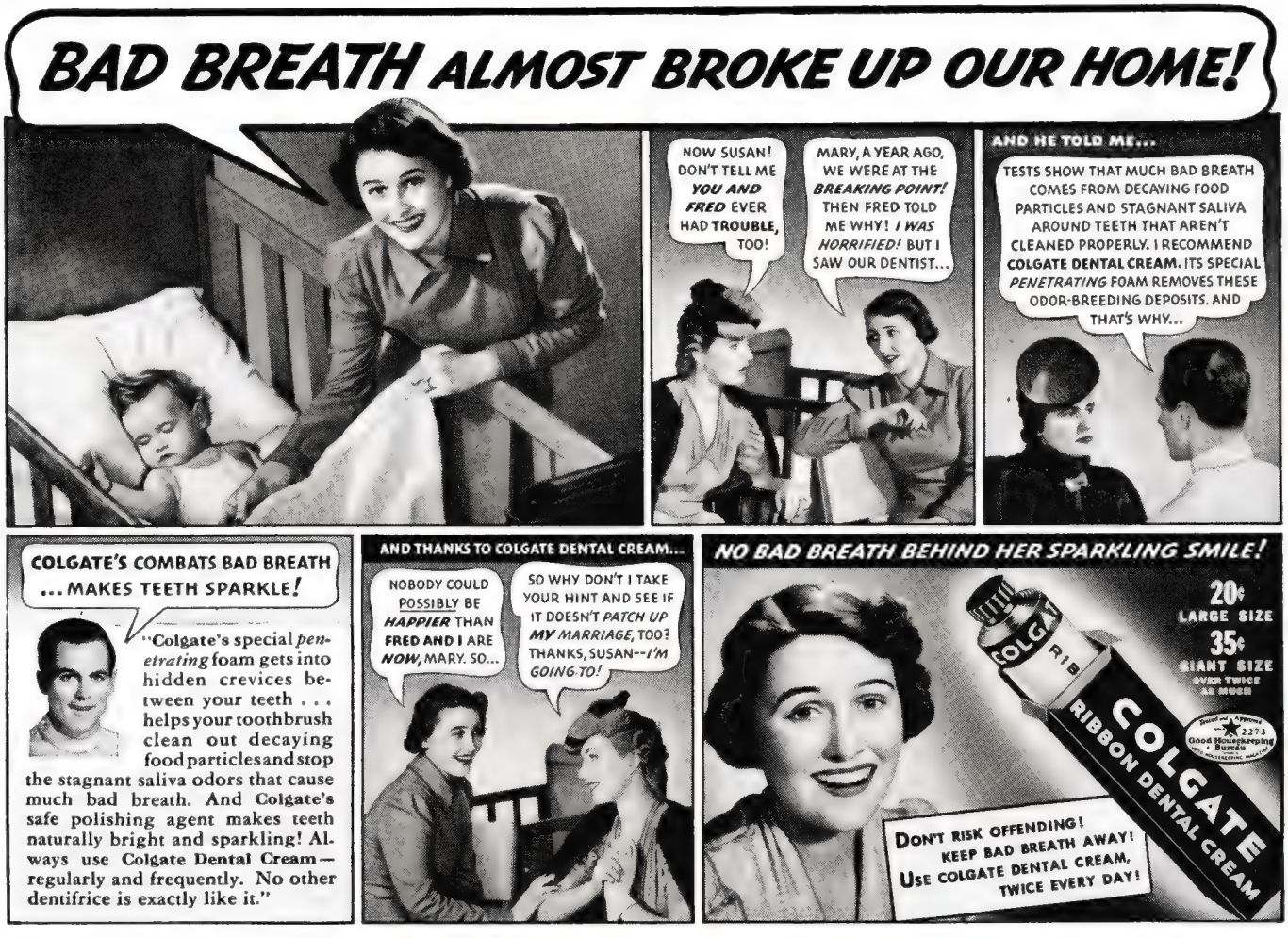
He laid his cheek against hers.

"My pretty heart!"

"You do say such nice things, darling!"

"Not to anyone but you."

"Well, you must say nice things to Mrs. Stroude, tonight. Don't let her turn


BAD BREATH ALMOST BROKE UP OUR HOME!
NOW SUSAN! DON'T TELL ME YOU AND FRED EVER HAD TROUBLE, TOO!
MARY, A YEAR AGO, WE WERE AT THE BREAKING POINT! THEN FRED TOLD ME WHY! I WAS HORRIFIED! BUT I SAW OUR DENTIST...
AND HE TOLD ME...
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."
AND THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM...
NOBODY COULD POSSIBLY BE HAPPIER THAN FRED AND I ARE NOW, MARY. SO...
SO WHY DON'T I TAKE YOUR HINT AND SEE IF IT DOESN'T PATCH UP MY MARRIAGE, TOO? THANKS, SUSAN--I'M GOING TO!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
20¢ LARGE SIZE
35¢ GIANT SIZE OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau
DON'T RISK OFFENDING! KEEP BAD BREATH AWAY! USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM, TWICE EVERY DAY!

MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM is the complexion lightener that aids, hastens and supplements the natural activity of the skin in flaking off dull, lifeless, over-pigmented superficial skin. You then see revealed the smoother, softer, lovelier true skin—your own natural complexion. Get a jar of Mercolized Wax Cream today and try it.

Choose Saxolite Astringent

A DELIGHTFULLY pleasant and refreshing astringent. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and pat briskly on the skin several times daily.

Try Phelactine Depilatory

REMOVES ugly superfluous hair quickly and easily. Skin appears more attractive.

Sold at all Cosmetic Counters

I SEE

by the papers that QUEST (the Kotex deodorant powder) positively eliminates all body and sanitary napkin odors!

EXTRA MONEY! *in Spare Time!*

Show largest assortment low priced Personal Christmas Cards on market. 5 series, 62 designs. Also 9 exclusive box assortments including $1 GIFT BOX 21 *Artist Award* Christmas Folders. Costs you 50c. Season's most sensational seller. Big selection De Luxe Personal Cards. Tell us which lines interest you. Samples on approval. Write today.

JANES ART STUDIOS, Inc.
364 Anson Place Rochester, New York

SELL PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS
LOW AS 50 for $1
100 Designs including De Luxe Line

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $2,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. About 20,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 866-H, Chicago
A Correspondence Institution

WE PAY YOU $5
FOR SELLING TEN $1 BOXES

50 beautiful assorted Christmas cards with or without name imprinted. Sell for $1. Your profit 50c. Write for details.

Thomas Doran Co., Dept. F-1, White Plains, N.Y.

FREE SAMPLE OFFER

us out! If it weren't for Tod, it wouldn't be so bad. God! I wonder where he is! I must go and find him!"

After some searching, she found him sitting on Scotchmere's knee, a currant bun in his hand, watching a game of quoits. Scotchmere said:

"You're a fine mother, aren't you!"

Tod held up his arms to her. She took him and wiped the crumbs from his mouth.

"How are Launceton's legs?" she asked.

"Filling up," Scotchmere answered sourly. "You worked him too hard yesterday."

"Like hell I did!" Chris rejoined. "Where's my brother?"

"Over yonder, by the cider-barrel. He don't care what becomes of the baby."

"Thanks, Scotchmere, for looking after him."

"Ah, he always makes for me, no matter how many other folks there are about. He knows who his friends are, don't you, Tod?" He took the child's foot in his hand and patted it. Tod beamed down at him, then nibbled the currant bun. Chris went to Dayborn's side, and after a little the three disappeared along the path that led through the orchard.

Contrary to Renny's expectations, Eden was home for the evening meal. Their grandmother had retired for the night. Ernest, weary after the strain of the preceding day, was ensconced in his own room with chicken-broth and biscuits at his side, and his writing-folio in readiness for a letter to Augusta. He had much to tell her.

Eden was lively and apparently exhilarated. He directed his conversation to Meg, and avoided Renny's eyes. Mrs. Stroude had told him of the meeting to take place that night, and he anticipated it with suspicion. Finch was lost in dreams, staring into space. Piers eyed Eden warily, wondering if he had forgotten what had happened that morning.

It was not often that Eden chose to make himself useful, but this evening he purposefully unrolled the garden hose and set about watering the flower-borders and the grass. Meg approved of this. She wandered about, directing the stream.

There was the sound of hoofs, at a walking pace and Renny, on his favorite Cora, rode along the drive. The mare did not quite like the hose, and lifting an expostulating foreleg, took a few side-steps. Meg turned.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Just for a little exercise. You know Cora hates taking it in the paddock. We'll not be long."

Chapter Sixteen

RENNY AND MRS. STROUDE

MRS. STROUDE was watching for him through the window. She had powdered her face and clipped gold earrings on her transparent-looking ears. She felt a perturbation which she tried in vain to quiet. She did not know what sort of interview to expect, but she was determined to hold her own. Although Ernest and Eden had often spoken of Renny to her, what they had said had been confusing rather than enlightening. "He is such an individualist," Ernest had once said, "that he sometimes seems taciturn or erratic when he is neither. He's very tender-hearted. He has my mother's keenness. It has been rather a handicap to him that he attracts women with so little effort." But Eden had said: "I'm always up against his matter-of-factness. He's fond of his horses and of Jalna, but he has an awfully cruel streak. He never reads a book except on the subject of horse-breeding. He and you would find nothing to talk about." Yet Eden had said, that very afternoon: "He'll persuade you to let Dayborn stay on. You'll see." She had returned: "No one can do that." And Eden had laughed: "Old Redhead has a way with him."

Well, she would be impervious to any ways of his. Her heartbeat quickened in anger when she thought of Dayborn. She went to the glass and examined her reflection, wondering whether the little curls she had made at her temples became her.

THE waning light cast a peculiar greenish shadow over her face. "Surely," she thought, "I am not that color!" She ran upstairs to see herself in the more kindly mirror in her bedroom. Yes, she was quite different in this. What fine eyes she had! The curls became her.

The photograph of her husband was watching, it seemed cynically, from the dressing-table. She saw the soft, drooping nose, the common mouth, the shrewd little eyes. She suddenly felt that she could not endure it there. She took it to the wardrobe and laid it on the top shelf. She drew a deep breath, whether of relief or of apprehension, she hardly knew. Her emotions were so intensified these days that her nerves were suffering. "I was repressed too long," she thought; "I can't bear real living. I wish it had come to me earlier."

Renny had arrived without her knowing it. She heard his knock on the door, and looking out of the window, saw his horse tied to the iron ring in the worm-eaten post by the gate. A caller on horseback! How romantic—if one could associate romance with the man Eden had described! She wished their interview were on some pleasant subject. But no, let her take life as it came! It would be fun to tell Eden all about this meeting. . . . There was a louder knock.

She said aloud: "Impatient, aren't you? Well, it will do you good to wait." But she ran quickly down the stairs.

His face cleared when he saw her. He said: "I was afraid you had gone out."

"I suppose," she said, with faint sarcasm, "that you are accustomed to doors being thrown open to you at once; but you see, I don't keep a maid."

"Oh, no, I'm not," he answered apologetically. "It's only that I'm anxious to see you."

They went into the living-room.

She sat down facing him with an air of gravity. She was not going to make it easy for him. As though to aid her, Dayborn's voice came from the other side of the partition, singing, "Keep the Home Fires Burning," in a high tenor.

"They are rather close to you, aren't they?" Renny observed.

She shrugged. "Oh, I'm willing to put up with that sort of thing. It's his spying and his insolence that I can't bear."

"You do like Chris, though, don't you?"

She spoke almost violently: "Mr. Whiteoak, I have been kind to those peo-

ple. Ask them if I haven't. They can't deny it!"

"They don't deny it. It's your former kindness that makes this hard to understand."

"If you'd lived here all these months, you'd wonder how I'd put up with them for so long. They don't even pay their rent!" Instantly she wished she had not said that, and hastened to add: "Not that that has influenced me in my decision."

"But it's very important that rent should be paid," he objected. "I'm willing to advance Dayborn the necessary money to pay it. I think Dayborn is willing to promise to mind his own business."

"Then he's promising the impossible. He no more could mind his own business than I—" She hesitated for a comparison.

"Than you could be unreasonably cruel," he supplied for her.

"I'm not unreasonable!"

RENNY laughed. "Then you're not a woman!"

"Can you say that, with such a grandmother, aunt and sister as you have!"

"All three of them are unreasonable."

"I suppose you think *you* are reasonable."

"Perfectly." He gave the ingratiating smile so like his grandmother's.

She smiled too, then said: "Surely you don't ask me to keep a man in my house who spies on the comings and goings of my friends, and makes remarks from his doorstep. We might as well be living on barges. It's degrading."

"Dayborn was a year at the front, from 1914. He was gassed. It's probably affected his temper. He's not really a bad chap."

"I wish you could hear the things he says to Chris!"

"I do."

"When?"

"When we're schooling the horses. I gave him a punch one day."

"And yet you think he isn't a bad chap!"

"I'm just tolerant."

She looked at him in surprise.

"I had thought of you as the very reverse."

"Oh, I have a quick temper."

Her lips curved. Her eyes rested almost mischievously on his hair.

"Yes," he agreed, "they go together."

With a note of intimacy in her voice, she said: "I have never seen such dark eyes and lashes go with it before."

"I inherit those from my grandmother," he returned complacently.

She laughed outright, her eyes searching his face, wondering what there was in it that made his presence in the room dim the images of those who had preceded him. Ernest, Eden, Dayborn—they became suddenly shadowy.

A silence fell between them.

He sat so quietly, in his worn riding-clothes, his wiry alert frame so composed, that it seemed he could remain thus indefinitely. He was looking through the window at his horse, tethered by the gate. He was thinking about Eden. No, he would not bring Eden into the conversation. Let that come later!

She said: "I feel that I must tell you something about those people. I think that it's my duty."

His eyebrows shot up. "Yes?" He looked at her inquiringly.

SHE said, her voice deepening impressively:

"Those two are not brother and sister. They are *man and wife*."

"Oh, yes," he returned simply, "I've known it for some time."

"Known it!" She stared, transfixed.

"Yes."

"How did you find out?"

"As for that, how did you find out?"

"Dayborn gave it away by something he said to Chris. I couldn't help hearing."

"When you decided to make this house into two, why on earth didn't you do it properly? It must be like an eggshell." He rose and rapped the partition sharply with his knuckles.

Dayborn, in consternation, ceased his singing.

She gave a little laugh and said: "He's not usually so amenable."

"I think he will behave in future. I think Chris will see that he does. She has a lot of influence over him."

"Well, it's time she began to exert it." She had spoken tartly; now she added, in a somewhat consciously intimate tone:

"What do you think of their marriage?"

"I think she's too good for him; but what wife isn't!"

She gave her deep, musical laugh. "I wonder what sort of woman you will marry."

GIVE LUCY THE SLIP, TOM, AND COME WITH US!
PERSPIRING FROM THE HEAT AND PARTY EXCITEMENT...LUCY OFFENDED WITH
B.O. (BODY ODOR)
LATER
OH, SIS – I'VE NEVER BEEN SO HUMILIATED! I KNOW TOM IS GOING ON WITH THE GANG SOMEWHERE ELSE! THEY DIDN'T WANT ME
HONEY, I THINK I KNOW WHAT'S THE MATTER. IT'S BEEN SO HOT. NATURALLY, YOU PERSPIRE...THAT LEADS TO 'B.O.' WHY DON'T YOU USE MY LIFEBUOY?
YUM-MEE! THIS LIFEBUOY GIVES THE CREAMIEST LATHER! HAS SO MUCH PEP AND TINGLE, I FEEL ALL FRESH AND BRIGHT-EYED.
LIFEBUOY IN MY MORNING BATH REALLY KEEPS 'B.O.' AWAY
TOM, YOU'VE CHANGED. YOU'RE SO MUCH NICER
YOU'VE CHANGED, TOO, LUCY DEAR... HOW ABOUT THAT DANCE TOMORROW?
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Beware of "B.O.'s" Double Danger in Summer!

Hot-weather perspiration? Look out for "B.O."! Also nerves and feelings cause nervous perspiration, later "nervous B.O." Lifebuoy is the *only* popular soap especially made to get after "B.O." It has an exclusive *deodorizing* ingredient. Use Lifebuoy in your daily bath and drive "B.O." out of your life. Oceans of bracing, purifying lather have zip, tang. Leaves you refreshed, glowing. More people use Lifebuoy in their bath than any other soap. Try it today.

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Its crisp odor goes in a Jiffy
Its Protection lasts and lasts

KISSES by TATTOO

The Kind That Are Never Forgotten!

Men just can't behave when they get close to lips wearing the new TATTOO! It *does* things to them—with a shocking new odor—so delicious, so enticing, so intriguing and *compelling* that when you wear it you are in constant danger of being kissed. The new TATTOO, in nine thrilling shades—live, translucent, the startlingly beautiful colors of South Sea Island flowers. If you aren't afraid to take a dare, go to the nearest cosmetic counter—select the one shade that does the most for you, and be a siren—49¢ is now the price of the regular $1.00 size TATTOO—the lipstick you *know* will stay on!

ACTUAL SIZE

New de luxe TATTOO

GRATEFUL RELIEF from Asthma's painful paroxysms

We don't claim mysterious curative properties for Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR—but you will find its ingredients recognized as palliative agents by medical authorities. These ingredients are compounded with special equipment in our modern laboratories, to insure a pure, uniform, product. For welcome relief, insist on Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR at your drug store in powder, cigarette or pipe-mixture form. Or write today for a free sample to R. SCHIFFMANN CO., Los Angeles, Dept. D-24

ASTHMADOR

High School Course at Home — **Many Finish in 2 Years**

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Equivalent to resident school work—prepares for entrance to college. Standard H.S. texts supplied. Diploma awarded. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. *Single subjects if desired.* Free Bulletin on request. American School, Dept. HC51, Drexel at 58th, Chicago

MAKE MONEY SPARE TIME — **Sell Christmas Cards**

Amazing values! Just show these "50 for $1" Personal Christmas Cards and take plenty orders. Make good profit. Our $1 Box 21 Christmas Folders is also a money-maker for you. Many other $1 sellers. Get samples on approval. **50 FOR $1 WITH NAME ON**

WALTHAM ART PUBLISHERS
160 N. Washington St., Dept. 307, Boston, Mass.

Are You MOVING SOON?

● If you are, please tell us about it early, for delay in advising us may result in one or more issues being sent to your old address. Please be sure to give your old address as well as the new one. Write to

REDBOOK MAGAZINE
McCall Street Dayton, Ohio

"One with as nice a laugh as yours, I hope."

"Don't think you will influence me by flattery."

"I have never flattered any woman."

She leaned toward him. "You must have heard strange stories of me. I wish you would tell me just what you think of me."

"I'll tell you when you have told me whether or not you're going to let Chris and the kid stay on."

"You speak as though they are the only ones who matter."

"They are—to me. And to you too."

"Dayborn matters to me."

"I'll make him promise to behave himself."

"He can't."

"Give him a chance."

"It's no use asking me."

"Very well. I think you'll be sorry." He rose.

AT this moment she wanted above all things to impress him. Her craving for experience led her to reach out toward a man in whose presence she felt only unease and self-distrust. She felt that if she submitted to him, she would instantly pass out of his thoughts. Only by opposition or an attitude of wavering could she hope to hold his interest.

She clasped her hands together in her lap and raised her eyes appealingly to his. She said:

"I'll do this: I'll let them stay on for another fortnight. I'll try to endure him that long—perhaps longer. Will you come to see me in a fortnight? I'll tell you then if I can go on with it."

"Good!" He looked down at her almost tenderly. "That is kind of you! I'll go straight and tell them. Would you like an apology from Dayborn?"

"No. I don't want to speak to him."

"But you will speak to Chris?"

"Yes. Must you go?"

"Chris will be anxious to hear. I'll come again. Must I wait a fortnight?"

"Come whenever you will."

He took her hand. "Thanks." His eyes were searching as he looked into hers. He might have worn some such expression as he examined a new horse, wondering whether it would be a hard- or light-mouthed puller.

She followed him to the door. Night had descended on them. The dark form of the mare was barely visible. The air throbbed with the sounds of night. He put his leg over the low fence, and waving his hand, went to the neighboring door.

It was ajar. He tapped on it with his knuckles, then pushed it open and entered. Chris was alone in the living-room. She came toward him, her face small and pale in the lamplight.

"Where's Jim?" he asked.

"He's gone to post a letter. What did she say?"

"At first she wouldn't hear of your staying on. Later she agreed to another fortnight. If Jim behaves himself, everything will be all right."

"Is she angry at me?"

"Not specially. It's all Jim. I think you might write her a little note and thank her."

"Very well. But I hope we can find somewhere else to go. I hate this place now."

"I'll find somewhere else for you. Why are you so pale?"

She put her hands to her temples. "My head aches. I feel tired."

"No wonder your head aches." He turned off the light nearest them and took her in his arms. She stood close to him, trembling.

"Take a day off," he said. "Rest tomorrow."

"It's not rest I want—it's you! I love you so, Renny!"

He kissed her. His hands held her close. He said:

"I thought you'd be happier when I told you you might stay on. Poor darling!"

"What would you say if I were free?"

"I'd say, thank God!"

"Why?"

"What a question!"

"Do you think you'd want to marry me?"

"Yes. I'd love to marry you."

"I don't believe you."

"What have I done to deserve that?"

"You don't really need me. You don't need me as much as poor Jim does."

"Will you rest tomorrow?"

"No. I don't want to rest. I want to be with you. Do you remember that night by the lake?"

"Kit!"

She felt him tremble. He picked her up, then sat down with her in his arms. He buried his face against her breast.

"I wish you were unhappy too," she said. "It's horrible of me, but I want you to be unhappy, like me. Then I might feel more sure of your love."

He raised his dark eyes to hers. "If you want me to be unhappy—I will be."

"That's ridiculous."

"It isn't! I'm getting unhappier every moment. Feel me crying."

She felt his breast heave. "How dare you!" she exclaimed.

But when she took his face between her hands and looked into it, she saw that there were tears in his eyes. She stroked his hair, with a mothering gesture.

THE mare neighed. They heard Dayborn's steps on the path. Chris went toward the door to meet him. A malicious smile lighted his thin face when he saw Renny.

"Well," he asked, "what's that hag next door got to say?"

"Ssh!" exclaimed Renny and Chris simultaneously.

"I expect she has her ear against the partition."

"You don't deserve," said Renny, "to have anything done for you." He raised his voice and spoke very distinctly. "Mrs. Stroude has been very kind. She agrees to extend your time here to a fortnight. In return she expects you to attend to your own affairs and leave her to manage hers. I'm pretty sure that you can stay on indefinitely, if you behave yourself."

Dayborn, seeing what was expected of him, also raised his voice.

"I'm sure we're very grateful to the lady," he said in a nasal whine. "Being the undeserving poor, we lap up all favors and try to prove ourselves worthy of them."

"Like hell you do!" said Renny.

"But Jim," said Chris, "it is a good thing, isn't it, that we don't have to move out of here tomorrow?"

"I don't know what's good and what's bad," he returned. "I only know that life is sweet, but I damn' well want a drink."

He opened the door of the sideboard and took out a bottle of whisky. He set three glasses on the table. He filled them with whisky and water, then picked up his own. Raising it, he turned, so that he faced the partition.

"Here's to you, kind lady," he said, "and mud in your eye!"

The toast was drunk.

Yet a strain of conventionality in Renny made him resent the toast. He felt that Mrs. Stroude deserved some gratitude for what she had done, and he himself a little, as the bearer of good news. He remained for a time while they discussed the horses, and as a second glass was emptied, the possibility of Launceton's winning the Grand National.

They went to the door with him, and the stream of light from it fell on the satin smoothness of the waiting mare. Her large ears, which gave her head a look of intelligence, slanted expectantly toward Renny. She gave a loud whinny.

"Good night," said Dayborn. "It's nice to have visitors of our own for a change. One gets envious of seeing the other people have all the visitors. One wonders what one has done—"

Chris took him by the arm and dragged him back into the hall. Across his shoulder she threw a kiss to Renny.

He mounted the mare, which cantered eagerly toward her stable, oblivious to the beauty of the night.

Sturdy, strong-willed and somehow lovable folk, these Whiteoaks of Jalna! Yet a certain flair for folly warns us of trouble coming. (The next installment, of course, will appear in our forthcoming September issue.)

THE TOUCH OF A STRANGER

(Continued from page 23)

He stood there by the black marble mantel, leaning on his stick, tall and as immaculately groomed as always. He held his neat gray hat in his neatly gloved hand. His dark, piercing little eyes stared unblinkingly at Gertrude; and on his thin lips, between the long, deeply grooved cheeks, was what for lack of a more appropriate name was called a smile.

"I hear you gave a dinner-party last night," Raymond said quietly, still holding the smile.

Gertrude felt that strange, sickening excitement in the stomach. It was part annoyance, part love, and part actual terror.

"Oh, only a small group. Just John Arching and—"

"Exactly. Just John Arching." Raymond's tone grew a little more poisonous.

"You didn't let me finish," said Gertrude. "And Phil and Alice Doames."

"Naturally. For the looks of things."

"Oh, Raymond—"

"Why wasn't I asked instead of John Arching?" purred Raymond. "After all, I *am* your husband. It *is* my home."

Gertrude tried to hold her hands still. "You've been staying at the club for four days. I didn't suppose you'd want to be at my little party."

"You mean you didn't want me. Don't try to twist the truth, darling. You do it so badly."

Gertrude pressed her teeth into her lower lip. Feeling her legs tremble, she sat down suddenly on one of the little satin chairs. She felt she could not go through a scene now.

Raymond had started to whistle that Chopin Ballade softly, between his teeth. It was an insidious hissing sound. It was the sound that Gertrude hated most of anything. She knew it meant that Raymond was seeing red, that in that strange, irrational mind of his, he was consumed with unreasoning jealousy.

He still stared at her, as she sat with bowed head.

"What is John Arching to you?" he said suddenly.

"Oh, Raymond, don't go on like this! You know John and I are just old friends."

"Too old friends, I guess."

"Please, Raymond—"

Raymond stepped a bit closer to her.

"You've been seen with some man all over town."

BEGINNER EARNS $1,819

"Today I received a check for $165 for a story. Another I sold for $34. Not bad for a beginner, is it? The other day I counted up just how much I have won on advertisement contests. It amounted to $1,620.00."—Mrs. L. L. Gray, 579 E. McHarg Avenue, Stamford, Texas.

How do you know you can't write?

HAVE you ever tried? Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?

Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come sometime when you will awaken all of a sudden to the discovery, "I *am* a writer"?

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably *never will write*. Lawyers must be law clerks. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our times, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism—continuous writing—the training that has produced so many successful authors.

Learn to write by writing

NEWSPAPER Institute training is based on the New York Copy Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is *individually* corrected and constructively criticized. Thoroughly experienced, practical, active newspaper men are responsible for this instruction. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy someone else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style—undergoing an experience that has a thrill to it and which at the same time develops in you the power to make your feelings articulate.

Many people who *should* be writing become awestruck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and therefore give little thought to the $25, $50 and $100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, fads, travels, sports, recipes, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

A chance to test yourself

We have prepared a unique *Writing Aptitude Test* which tells whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing—acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy taking this test. It's free. Just mail the coupon today and see what our editors say. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York.

Free **Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Ave., New York**

Send me, without cost or obligation, your *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information about writing for profit, as promised in Redbook, August.

Mr. }
Mrs. } .....
Miss }

Address.....

(All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you.) 11M360

Perspiration Odor?
NIP IT WITH
ZiP
Cream Deodorant

A PHYSICIAN'S FORMULA

STOPS PERSPIRATION—and banishes odors for one to three days.

SIMPLE TO USE—just smooth a finger-tip of cream under your arms, and *ZIP!*—you're free from all danger of offending others.

HARMLESS TO CLOTHING—a snow-white cream. Use freely. Non-irritating. Delightfully refreshing.

ATTRACTIVE JAR—an exquisitely lovely, wide-mouthed urn-shaped container that you'll be proud to have on your dressing table.

MY GUARANTEE—your money refunded if not satisfied that ZiP is the best Cream Deodorant you can buy and the *most* for your money.

Large jar 19¢ — Extra large jar 33¢
At All Good Stores

Madame Berthé
SPECIALIST
608 FIFTH AVE. (49th ST.) NEW YORK

Home-Study
Business Training

Your opportunity will never be bigger than your preparation. Prepare now and reap the rewards of early success. **Free 64-Page Books Tell How.** Write NOW for book you want, or mail coupon with your name, present position and address in margin **today.**

☐ Higher Accountancy
☐ Mod. Salesmanship
☐ Traffic Management
☐ Law: Degree of LL. B.
☐ Commercial Law
☐ Industrial Mgm't
☐ Business Mgm't
☐ Business Corres.
☐ Expert Bookkeeping
☐ C. P. A. Coaching
☐ Effective Speaking
☐ Stenotypy

LaSalle Extension University
Dept. 866-R A CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTION Chicago

Are You MOVING SOON?

● If you are, please tell us about it early, for delay in advising us may result in one or more issues being sent to your old address. In order to avoid loss of copies, advise us as soon as you know what your new address will be and we will make every effort to provide uninterrupted service. Please be sure to give your old address as well as the new one. Write to

REDBOOK MAGAZINE
McCall Street Dayton, Ohio

Gertrude stood up abruptly. "That's a lie!"

"People have seen you."

"Who said that? I know who. Somebody that hates me. You know it's a lie. Raymond, you know it!"

Raymond said nothing.

Gertrude choked a little. "You're killing everything with this insane jealousy."

"Then if it wasn't John Arching you've been seen with, who was it?"

"No one, I tell you, no one!"

Raymond's glance was softening a little. To a stranger, it would not be noticeable; but to Gertrude there were on his face the faint signs of unwilling appeasement. She pressed her advantage. She went close to him and put her arms around him. She kissed him. She could feel him relaxing. And then he was kissing her with that desperate sudden passion he often showed.

Gertrude laid her head on his shoulder. "Oh, Raymond, please don't act this way any more. I love you. Come home tonight, will you?"

Raymond lifted her head. He gave her cheek three mock little slaps.

"Since you have finally condescended to ask me," he said, "I will oblige."

He kissed her again.

Maybe things were going to be all right now, thought Gertrude. Maybe—

The bell on the street door sounded.

"A customer," whispered Gertrude, hurriedly straightening her hair.

BUT it was not a customer—it was a policeman. He came into the room.

"I'd like to see Gertrude Shackfrith," he said.

"I am Gertrude Shackfrith."

The officer tried to speak gently: "There was a man found in the park this morning. He'd shot himself. We don't know his name. But in his pocket was a paper asking that you be notified. He's at Bellevue now. Would you please go and identify him?"

Gertrude's face looked worried and surprised.

"Why, yes. What does he look like?"

"Medium complexion. Five foot nine. About thirty."

"Who could it be?" She looked at Raymond, who was looking strangely at her.

"I wouldn't know," he said quietly.

"I'll go at once," said Gertrude.

"I'll go with you," said Raymond, the sly smile appearing on his lips.

Gertrude felt herself trembling unreasonably.

At the hospital, Raymond insisted upon going to the man's bedside with her. He stood silently watching her as she stared with pity and emotion at the white, unknown face. His small dark eyes seemed smaller as he carefully noted Gertrude's every expression, searching for the deception he expected to find there, yet dreading to see it.

"Why, I don't know this man," said Gertrude. "I've never seen him before."

"Are you sure?" said Raymond softly.

His tone made her throat contract. She could feel her heart pound faster and faster. She felt she was being trapped. There was something crazy about all this. Tears of fear and nervousness dimmed her eyes.

"Of course, I'm sure. He's a perfect stranger."

Raymond stared at her across the bed. "You're crying," he said. And though he said it almost in a whisper, he made it seem like a final bit of damning evidence.

In the taxi, going back to the shop, Gertrude stayed huddled in one corner, as far away from Raymond as possible. Raymond sat stiff and dignified, staring out the window. Between his teeth he was whistling the Chopin Ballade.

Gertrude couldn't speak. She felt whatever she said would be the wrong thing. If she said, "What a funny thing to have happen. Why did that man have my name?" it would sound false.

At last she could keep still no longer. "I don't know that man!" she repeated. Her words were choked and stumbling. She wanted to sound natural, but she couldn't. "I never saw him before! I never saw him before in my life!"

Raymond leaned forward calmly and closed the glass panel behind the driver.

"You don't expect me to believe that, do you?" he said.

"It's true! Before God, it's true!"

"Then why are you crying?"

"I'm upset—naturally. My nerves are all shot, anyway."

He didn't speak again till they were in the shop. Then he turned on her with that deadly restrained fury, against which Gertrude was always helpless.

"Now who was that man?" he demanded.

Gertrude was crying with anger and desperation. "I don't know. I tell you I never saw him before!"

"You're lying. And you must think I'm a fool, if you think I'd believe you."

"It's the gospel truth!"

"Then why did he want you notified?"

"I don't *know!*"

"Why did he have this address instead of the house?"

"Oh, Ray—please!"

"Because he wanted *you* to know, but not me!" He took Gertrude tightly by the arms.

"Ray, you're crazy! I tell you—"

"Don't lie any more. You're lying now, and you've been lying for years, haven't you? And I've been the easy mark, haven't I? You've been pulling the wool over my eyes. But this time you couldn't quite do it! Not this time!"

The bell on the front door tinkled as he went out.

Gertrude went into the back room and sank at her desk. She knew it was the end. And she should be glad. She should be glad to be free of his insane suspicions, his tyranny, his torturing inquisitions. She should be looking forward to a life of sanity and freedom. But she wasn't. She was crying, crying her heavy heart out.

AT a theater on Forty-fifth Street, Lewis Wattison, the author, and Jeff Purdy, the director, gloomily watched Nelson Amesferry rehearse the final scene of a new play. It was a mechanically perfect characterization, but there was no inspiration behind it. And how could you give an actor that?

"Curtain," called the stage manager at the end of the scene.

"We'll break for ten minutes," said Purdy wearily.

The actors left the stage. All except Nelson Amesferry, a handsome, blond-haired young man, a little too slick, a little too immaculate, who stood under the glaring work-light, waiting to see if Purdy

wanted to speak to him. But Purdy ignored him; in the darkened auditorium he moved over and flopped in a seat beside Wattison.

Amesferry frowned for a moment, then wandered off the stage and out of sight.

Wattison was annoyed. "Well, are you going to do anything about Amesferry? Or are you going to let him ruin the show?"

"*Why* does he let it down so?" puzzled Purdy. "Why is it so flat?"

"I've told you all along he's wrong for the part. What has he done? A few charming comedy parts, in which the critics praised the pants off him and gave him a swelled head. But that doesn't make him right for a serious part like this, and a lead, at that. What does he know about playing a bum? What does he know about starving to death? I tell you he's not got it in him!"

Sitting unnoticed at the back of one of the boxes, Betsy Canby was near enough to hear what was said. She shouldn't have been out in the auditorium. The cast was supposed to stay on the stage, especially such unimportant members of the cast as herself, who had eight speeches in the next-to-the-last scene. She was a small, serious girl with a rather wild mop of hair, and a tremendous love of the theater.

Her heart was thumping with horror at what she had just heard. Nelson Amesferry was her hero.

Now to hear that the author and director wanted to get rid of him, was a terrific jolt. And yet almost at once she had to admit that they were right. As day after day she had watched Amesferry rehearse that truly beautiful part of *Fred Sykes,* the downtrodden young American, she had known that something was wrong. He was missing the rich overtones of the part, the bigger meaning.

Nelson came on the stage and down to the footlights.

"Jeff," he said, "there's an officer out here. He's just located me. Wants me to go to Bellevue to identify someone. I can't imagine who it could be. It's a nuisance, but I think I ought to go as soon as possible."

Purdy looked at his watch. "All right," he said, "we'll break for lunch. Complete run-through this afternoon."

When Amesferry had left, Purdy turned to Wattison. "Look," he said, "let's see what he does this afternoon at the run-through. If he's just as bad, we'll let him go in the morning. It'll probably mean postponing the opening."

Betsy felt she had to do something. She had to help Nelson somehow. She couldn't let him lose this part.

She decided to make a bold move. She dashed out to the stage door. Amesferry was just going out.

"Mr. Amesferry," said Betsy breathlessly, "may I go with you?"

He frowned. "Why, I'm just going to Bellevue to—"

"I know. But I *must* go with you."

He looked a little annoyed. "Very well," he said.

AT Bellevue, Amesferry was taken to see the unidentified man. Betsy tagged along. Amesferry looked with a frown at the unfamiliar face.

"He's a stranger to me," he said.

"He had your name and address," argued a police officer.

"I'm an actor," said Amesferry with dignity. "And actors are public figures. You say this man was pretty much down-and-out. Perhaps he was going to beg money from me."

"I'd like to show you his clothes," the police officer said. "You might recognize them."

Betsy stared at the worn, sagging trousers with a tear in the side; at the cheap belt; at the once brightly gay coat, now buttonless and stained with rain and grime; at the cracked and broken shoes. They were terribly moving, those pathetic garments of a forgotten man. Here was material for Amesferry to use. Here was the reality he must grasp, a pity in which he could find inspiration. It was a god-send!

"Mr. Amesferry," she whispered as they walked down the hospital corridor, "you know who that man is, don't you?"

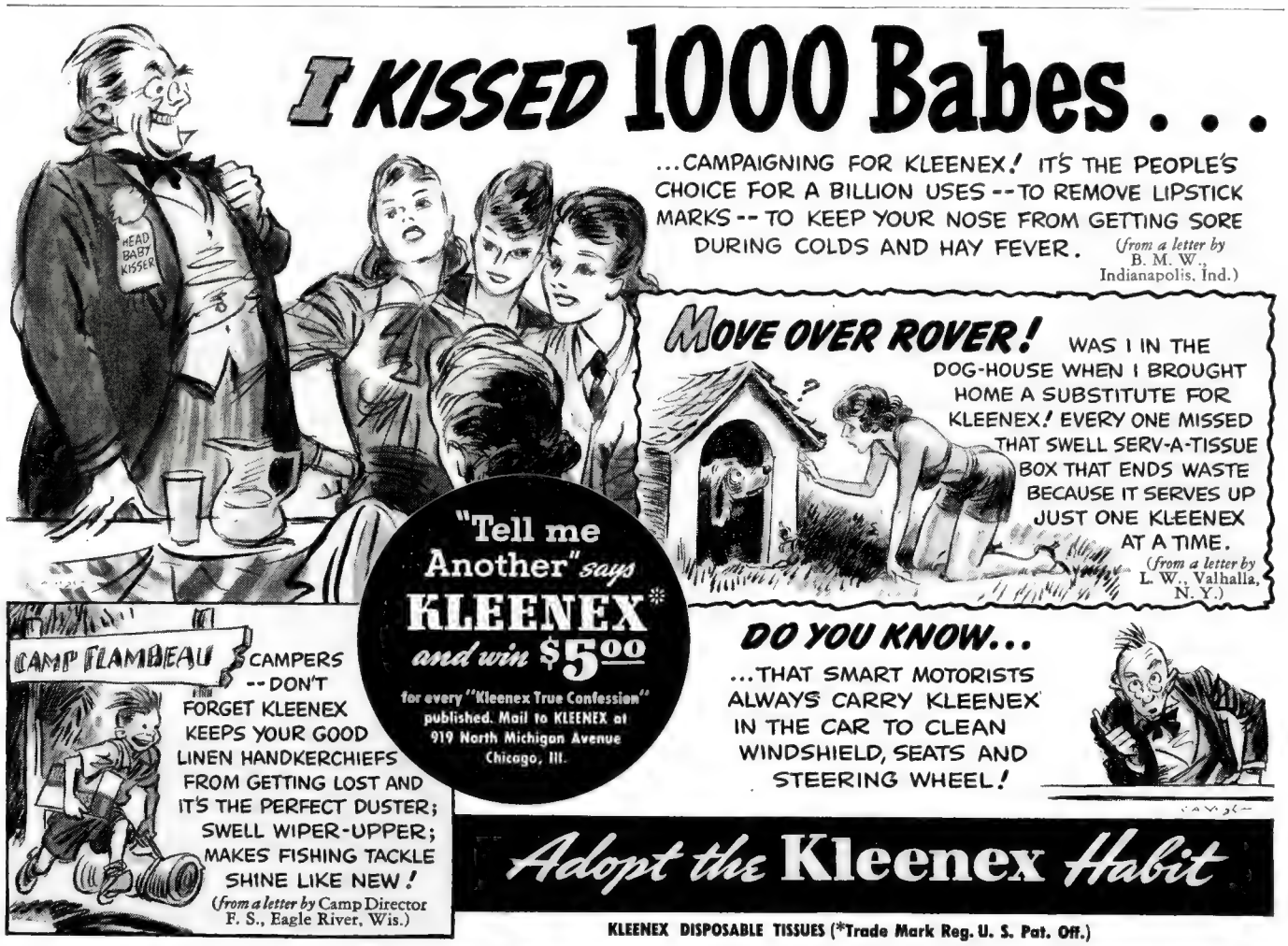
"Who?"

"He's *Fred Sykes.* He's the character you're playing."

Amesferry smiled. To him, it was just an amusing idea. It must be more than that. Betsy must make him see that here was the material he needed. She must!

As the taxi taking them back to the theater started off, she began the biggest piece of acting of her career.

"Mr. Amesferry," she said, "listen: can't you see what that poor little guy went through? Think how terrible it would be to be young and yet have no place in the world, not to be able to eat,


I KISSED 1000 Babes . . .
...CAMPAIGNING FOR KLEENEX! IT'S THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE FOR A BILLION USES -- TO REMOVE LIPSTICK MARKS -- TO KEEP YOUR NOSE FROM GETTING SORE DURING COLDS AND HAY FEVER.
(from a letter by B. M. W., Indianapolis, Ind.)
HEAD BABY KISSER
MOVE OVER ROVER!
WAS I IN THE DOG-HOUSE WHEN I BROUGHT HOME A SUBSTITUTE FOR KLEENEX! EVERY ONE MISSED THAT SWELL SERV-A-TISSUE BOX THAT ENDS WASTE BECAUSE IT SERVES UP JUST ONE KLEENEX AT A TIME.
(from a letter by L. W., Valhalla, N. Y.)
"Tell me Another" says KLEENEX* and win $5.00
for every "Kleenex True Confession" published. Mail to KLEENEX at 919 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Ill.
CAMP FLAMBEAU
CAMPERS -- DON'T FORGET KLEENEX KEEPS YOUR GOOD LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS FROM GETTING LOST AND IT'S THE PERFECT DUSTER; SWELL WIPER-UPPER; MAKES FISHING TACKLE SHINE LIKE NEW!
(from a letter by Camp Director F. S., Eagle River, Wis.)
DO YOU KNOW...
...THAT SMART MOTORISTS ALWAYS CARRY KLEENEX IN THE CAR TO CLEAN WINDSHIELD, SEATS AND STEERING WHEEL!
Adopt the Kleenex Habit
KLEENEX DISPOSABLE TISSUES (*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Two days' pay-stolen by "REGULAR" PAIN!

WHY WOMEN WHO MUST STAY UP AND ACTIVE THROUGH TRYING DAYS RELY ON MIDOL

Today, millions of women use Midol to make their "dreaded days" more comfortable—to keep active in those times when Nature used to cry "rest."

Don't hesitate to try it. Midol is a new formula developed for its special purpose, to ease the functional pain of menstruation. It contains no opiates. One comforting ingredient is prescribed frequently by many doctors. Another ingredient—*exclusively in Midol*—aids greatly in reducing spasmodic pain peculiar to the menstrual process.

Unless you have some organic disorder requiring medical or surgical treatment, Midol should give you relief. If it doesn't, consult your doctor. Get Midol at your druggist's. Five tablets—more than enough for a convincing trial—only 20¢; 12 tablets in a trim aluminum case, 40¢.

MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

TO LIGHTEN YOUR SKIN

AND FOR **Freckles** USE

OVER **30 MILLION JARS SOLD** **50¢**

ROLLS DEVELOPED 25c Coin. Two 5x7 Double Weight

Professional Enlargements, 8 Gloss Prints.
CLUB PHOTO SERVICE, Dept. 23, LaCrosse, Wis.

Sell PERSONAL INITIAL Christmas Cards 21 FOR $1

EARN MONEY SPARE TIME

Take orders for *newest craze* in Christmas Cards. 21 beautiful Folders, with sender's PERSONAL INITIAL in Metallic Gold and Silver Seals. Many other assortments, 50c up. Make up to 100% profit. Extra Bonus. Also fast-selling name-imprinted Christmas Cards. 50 for $1. Write for Samples on approval.

CHRISTMAS CARDS WITH NAME 50 FOR $1

ARTISTIC CARD CO., 411 Way, Elmira, New York

Notice to Subscribers Regarding

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

If you are moving soon, please tell us about it early, for delay in advising us may result in one or more issues being sent to your old address. In order to avoid loss of copies, advise us as soon as you know what your new address will be and we will make every effort to provide uninterrupted service. Please be sure to give your old address as well as the new one. Write to

REDBOOK MAGAZINE
McCall Street Dayton, Ohio

to live at all. To have no hope left, no certainty of anything but death. And even death wasn't certain for that poor devil! Oh, can't you feel what it would be like?" Betsy shook his arm. "He had a sensitive face. He'd known better days. Somehow he lost all the things in life we try to hang on to, the love, the ambitions, the little everyday securities that mean so much to us. Oh, Mr. Amesferry, don't you feel how pitiful and tragic it is?"

"Why are you carrying on so?" Amesferry asked, looking at her tense little face.

Betsy looked at him sadly. She hadn't reached him really. She and the poor unknown man hadn't touched his heart.

"Because I want you to feel what this man went through," she said. "To *know* it, to suffer it."

Amesferry looked at her coldly.

"Then you'll understand and be able to play *Fred Sykes.* You'll be able to fill the part with strength and real desolation. You'll be able to play it as it should be played."

There! She'd said it. There was no retreating now.

He was furious. "Listen, Miss Know-it-all, I know what I'm doing. I haven't asked for your opinion, have I?"

"I'll tell you how I know you're playing badly. I heard Wattison and Purdy talking about it this noon. They're ready to release you!"

"Release me! Don't be silly. They couldn't do that. Who else could they get?"

"They're going to see how it goes this afternoon. But they don't expect any improvement in you."

"What do they want?"

"They want guts, Mr. Amesferry. And that's what you're going to give them!"

"I'll quit. I'm not going to be fired by those Broadway morons!"

"Oh, Mr. Amesferry," pleaded Betsy, "where's your pride? Go in and show them what you can do!"

"I'll be damned if I will," said Amesferry. "And why don't you mind your own business?"

The taxi drove up to the theater. They got out. Amesferry walked swiftly up the alley and in the stage door. Betsy followed meekly behind him. He was going to stalk down into the auditorium and give his notice to Purdy. But when he got inside, the rehearsal had started. They were doing the first scene, in which he appeared only at the end. It was getting close to his entrance cue. He stood staring on stage for a moment, his jaws working together, his forehead wrinkled. Then he threw off his hat, and when his cue came, he strode out onto the stage and spoke his lines.

Betsy sat down breathlessly in a corner of the stage. "Oh, God, he's got to be good," she murmured, "he's got to be!"

THE first scene was over; the second scene started. Amesferry's voice had a new ringing quality. His whole characterization seemed richer. It seemed fired with truth and fury.

In the auditorium, Wattison and Purdy leaned together with excitement.

"Good Lord, what's happened to Amesferry?" hissed Wattison. "He's a different man. He's pretty good."

"Didn't I tell you he had it in him?" said Purdy. "Didn't I tell you?"

In her corner, Betsy gradually relaxed. Amesferry was putting it over. But not, she realized sadly, because of any deeper understanding, any more intelligent acting. He was doing a good job simply because he was furious. She knew now that he was not a great actor. He'd never be more than a self-centered, rather shallow man. If they had not gone together to see that dying boy, Amesferry might still be her hero. But he was no hero to her now.

WHEN the police officer rang the bell, Louise Philbinne was sitting in the living-room, pretending to read. Martha and Dot, the girls with whom she shared the apartment, were busy getting themselves into a state of glory for their dinner dates. Louise could hear them as they milled in and out of the bedroom and kitchen, pressing clothes and washing their hair and doing their nails. Every Saturday evening, Martha and Dot had dates.

Louise did not have dates on Saturday. Men just didn't pay her much attention. Yet there was no reason why they shouldn't. She might not be considered beautiful, but she had a nice warm quality to her pleasantly rounded face. She had wide, large gray eyes, and her light hair waved softly back to a knot at the nape of her neck. Perhaps there was something a little old-fashioned about her.

Sitting there in the big chintz-covered chair, she stared blankly at her book. She tried not to think about Dot and Martha going out. She tried to think about other things. Her work at Mayson's, for instance.

She went to the door when the bell rang.

"Louise Philbinne?"

"Yes."

"Will you please go to Bellevue Hospital right away, miss? There's a man there who tried to commit suicide. He asked that you be notified."

"Oh, gosh! Who—who is it?" Louise looked incredulously at the policeman.

"We haven't been able to identify him yet, miss."

"Well—yes. I'll go right away."

The officer left. Louise went into the bedroom. Dot and Martha had heard the conversation, and were pop-eyed with excitement.

"Lou," gasped Dot, waving a hairbrush, "how terrible! Who could it be?"

"I—I can't imagine, honestly," said Louise faintly.

"But Lou," said Martha, "you must have *some* idea who it is!"

Louise was putting on her hat and coat. As she looked at Dot and Martha, she realized with a flash of inspiration that this was her big opportunity. If she handled this situation right, she could suddenly make herself into an interesting person. No longer would the girls look upon her with pity because she was a wallflower.

A wild idea raced through her mind. She went to the dressing-table and powdered her nose. She hardly dared look at herself, though, as she began her big fib.

"I only hope it's not Walter," she said quietly, with just a tinge of sadness in her voice.

"Who's Walter?" asked Martha and Dot, practically in unison.

Louise hesitated for just a moment and managed a very realistic look of embarrassment. "I never told you about Walter," she said. "I—I just couldn't."

Dot and Martha were breathless.

"Oh, I've known," said Louise quickly; "I know you've wondered why I don't pay more attention to men. But it was Walter that did it. It was all so tragic, the whole affair."

"Was it?" said Dot encouragingly.

"I thought for a while it would ruin my life. But now—well, now, Walter means nothing to me." Louise shrugged a shoulder in what she believed to be a blasé manner.

"But if he's tried to kill himself—"

"Oh, if this *is* Walter, I'll feel terribly, terribly sorry, of course. But it won't surprise me. He threatened to kill himself when I broke with him."

Louise caught a glimpse of the girls' awe-struck faces in the mirror, and she decided that this was just enough. She raised her head bravely, as if to say "What's past is past," and left the apartment. The girls, she knew, were decidedly impressed. . . .

At the hospital she was serious and worried. She had to wait a few minutes before she could see the wounded man; and she sat in a small waiting-room which boasted one hopeless fern. There was a red-haired young man sitting on the sofa reading a magazine. At first they didn't speak. Louise looked at the fern, and the young man looked at his magazine.

Finally the red-haired man put down his magazine with a little more noise than was absolutely necessary. "Pardon me," he said, leaning toward Louise and twirling his hat, "but I heard you ask if the patient had been identified yet."

"Yes?" said Louise shyly.

"Are you here to see the man who shot himself?"

"Yes. He apparently wanted me notified. I'm awfully nervous about it, because I can't think who it could be."

"That's funny," said the young man, frowning. "I'm in the same boat. They notified me, and I can't think who it could be, either."

"It's weird," said Louise.

A nurse appeared in the doorway. "Will you come with me now, please, Mr. Keldon?"

Louise looked after him. She liked the way he walked, firmly, the way she thought a man should walk. She must certainly think of something interesting to say, in case he came back.

In a few minutes the nurse returned. "Will you come in now, Miss Philbinne?"

Louise went down the hall. The red-haired young man was standing there by the door toward which the nurse led her.

"I didn't know him," he said to Louise.

LOUISE, when she came out, felt rather shaken. The red-haired man was still there.

"I waited for you," he said.

"I never saw him before," said Louise.

"If that isn't crazy! Why do you suppose he had our names?" The red-haired man took her arm. "You look a little shot," he said sympathetically. "How about a cup of coffee or a drink?"

"I'd love a cup of coffee."

"My name's Earl Keldon," said her new escort, steering her down the corridor. "Aged twenty-five. Lawyer. Single."

"I'm Louise Philbinne."

"Miss or Mrs.?"

"Miss."

"Good. Any more information to give out?"

Louise tried to be dignified. "No," she said.

As they sipped coffee at a lunch-counter, Earl kept telling Louise all sorts of amusing things to cheer her up. And after a while she felt Earl was an old friend. Sometimes she had heard Dot or Martha come home and tell about some new man they had met and say: "Really, I felt as if I'd known him all my life!" Louise didn't think she could ever feel that way about anyone; but now she was feeling just that way about Earl. And she was already wishing that they were going to be together longer, that in a few minutes she wouldn't have to leave him and go home. And even more, she was wishing that she could see him again some time. But she was afraid she never would.

And then in desperation she began talking, and she told Earl some of the funny things that happened at Mayson's fountain-pen counter. And Earl seemed to think they were just as funny as she did. He laughed with her. And he watched her face, and looked directly into her eyes.

They sat there for over an hour. But finally Louise knew she'd have to end it.

"I must go," she said.

"Will you let me phone you sometime?"

"Of course. I'm in the book." She tried to sound casual, with her heart racing like a speedboat.

"We could have dinner together or something."

"I'd love to."

MEN ALWAYS LOOK TWICE
AT A LOVELY "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"!
HOW PALMOLIVE, MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, HELPS KEEP SKIN SMOOTH, ALLURING!
I ALWAYS GET JEALOUS WHEN I'M OUT WITH YOU! YOU KNOW SO MANY NICE MEN! I WISH I COULD TRADE MY DRY, LIFELESS SKIN FOR YOUR LOVELY "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"! THEN MAYBE ALL THE MEN WOULD WANT TO MEET ME, TOO!
YOU KNOW, MARY, I'VE BEEN MEANING TO ASK YOU WHY YOU DON'T TRY PALMOLIVE SOAP! IT'S SUCH A HELP IN GUARDING AGAINST DRY SKIN!
YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY ITS LATHER IS SO DIFFERENT, SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN! PALMOLIVE CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY THAT IT LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH... COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!
DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT SUCH A SIMPLE THING AS PALMOLIVE SOAP IS RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"? WELL, I'M GOING TO START USING IT THIS VERY DAY!
PALMOLIVE
MADE WITH Olive Oil TO KEEP SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH!

Give fleas an inch and they'll take a mile. I had 'em too long, but the Mistress wouldn't listen. Then they got 'round to her — and did I get action! Out went my pillow and into the tub went yours truly — with Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Soap. The slaughter was terrific — how it kills fleas!

Now the Mistress and I talk the same language — and there's a can of SKIP-FLEA Powder in her desk drawer. If you want to *kill* fleas (and who doesn't?), ask for both SKIP-FLEA Soap and Powder at a drug or pet store . . . and a *free* Sergeant's DOG BOOK too. (Or mail this coupon.)

Sergeant's

DOG MEDICINES

FREE

Polk Miller Products Corp.
Dept. 9-H, Richmond, Va.
Please send a free Sergeant's DOG BOOK to:

Name_____

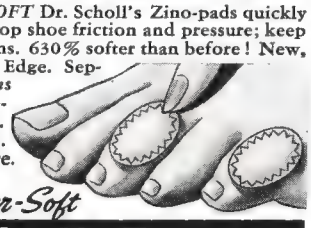
Address_____

City_____ State_____

CORNS SORE TOES

Try This NEW Amazingly Quick Relief!

New *SUPER-SOFT* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly relieve pain; stop shoe friction and pressure; keep you free of corns. 630% softer than before! New, thin Scalloped Edge. Separate *Medications* included for removing corns. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere.



NEW *Super-Soft*

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Easily Earn EXTRA MONEY

Sell Christmas Cards 50 FOR $1 WITH NAME

Show amazing Personal Christmas Cards. Smart, new designs. Low prices. Also "Beauty Queen" exquisite 21-folder Assortment. New, novel. Fastest $1 seller. Make 50c. Extra bonus. 11 popular assortments. Make big earnings. Experience not needed. Samples on approval.
CHILTON GREETINGS, 147 Essex St., Dept. T-25, Boston, Mass.

Cut Me Out and mail me with your name and address to Dept. 8R, Redbook Magazine, Dayton, Ohio. I will tell you how to get an extra $5.00 or $10.00 easily.

MAIL ME TODAY!

She went home in a daze of happiness. She hardly thought of the poor man in the hospital, except to offer up a little prayer of gratitude to him, for bringing Earl and herself together.

WHEN Earl Keldon arrived at the house on East Sixty-first Street where he lived with his parents, he found Vera Maslane, his fiancée, having a cocktail with his mother. He went into the lamplit library and joined them.

"Darling, we're exhausted," said Vera, giving him a peck of a kiss on the nose. "We've been looking at apartments all day long."

"Oh," said Earl, "isn't it a bit soon?"

"Don't be silly. It'll take ages to find one that's what we want. I saw one that's a possibility. It's farther uptown than I'd like, and the rooms are a bit small. But I want you to look at it."

"The sooner you two can find an apartment, the better," said Mrs. Keldon. "After all, you do want to have it ready to go into when you come back from your honeymoon."

"That's right," said Earl rather flatly.

His mother eyed him carefully. "You seem rather unenthusiastic," she said. "Had a hard day?"

"Not particularly." Earl decided to say nothing about his trip to Bellevue.

Vera looked at the clock. "I've got to run. You're coming over tonight, aren't you, darling?"

"Right," said Earl.

He helped her into her furs and going to the door with her, hailed a taxi. He kissed her dutifully and watched her drive off. And for the first time he knew definitely that he didn't love her. In spite of her slim, beautiful figure and her exquisite, coldly masklike face, he didn't love her.

He returned to the library and said he guessed he'd dress for dinner. Then he went upstairs to his own room. He closed the door, and lighting a cigarette, paced nervously up and down.

How did these things happen? How was it possible for life to close in on you? He knew why he was engaged to Vera. Because his parents and Vera's parents had maneuvered it, from the time Earl and Vera were in their 'teens.

He stopped to crush out his cigarette. This afternoon something had happened to him. Quite by accident he had met a girl whom he liked. He liked her very much. Perhaps he could love her. Was there such a thing as love at first sight? He doubted it.

He stared down into Sixty-first Street. He would tell Vera tonight. They couldn't go ahead and ruin their lives. . . .

Vera's parents were out, and she was alone in their apartment when Earl arrived. She was curled up in one corner of the big yellow sofa.

"I'm *so* tired," she said, looking up at Earl with her placid, expressionless face.

"So am I, rather," said Earl.

"Good. Then let's not go out tonight. Let's just sit and talk."

Earl nodded.

Vera was looking into the fire and smiling secretly. She felt extremely satisfied, so sure of everything. Sure of life, sure of herself, sure of Earl. Every little thing Earl did seemed part of her plan. Even the way he came into the room and complemented her particular mood. She had known he would. She rejoiced at the neat shape her life was taking. She would be Mrs. Earl Keldon, wife of the promising young lawyer. She would have plenty of money and a secure position in the world; security was important to her.

Earl didn't know all this, of course. She let Earl think she was doing him a tremendous favor by marrying him. After all, she was considered a beauty; and she had once been named among the best-dressed women of the city.

And if she was cold as a fish, if there was no heart where the heart should be? Well, that was nobody's business but her own.

She turned her dark head to look invitingly at Earl. She held out her arms and leaned back in the sofa-corner. Earl shook his head without smiling and sat on the fire-stool opposite her.

Vera felt a warning inside. That little stand-offish move of Earl's was not in her scheme of things. The look she gave him was feline and calculating.

"Vera," he said, frowning down at his cigarette, "I've got something to say to you. And it's hard as the devil to say."

Vera looked at him without moving. "What is it, darling?" she asked in a soft voice.

"It's this," he said: "I don't think we should marry. We don't love each other." He saw her start. Perhaps he had been brutal to put it that way. "You don't love me; you know you don't."

Challenged with the bald statement like that, Vera had no ready reply.

"Earl, *darling!*" she said, rising and starting toward him.

"No," said Earl, "stay where you are. Let's talk sensibly."

Held off from using the weapons she knew best, Vera felt herself growing coldly angry. "But this is ridiculous!"

"It's not half so ridiculous as what we've been pretending for years."

"I've been pretending nothing."

"Vera, you have. Be honest. You've been pretending to love me, just as I've been pretending to love you, because it was the easiest thing. And because we had no real love to show us how wrong we were."

Vera stared at him with her steely eyes. (Don't show emotion! Control! Never give way!) "You're tired of me. And you want to put the responsibility on my shoulders."

"I'm just not in love with you. I've suddenly realized it would be fantastic for us to marry. That isn't what we want from each other."

The faintest smile appeared on Vera's lips, a sarcastic smile. "What made you realize that so 'suddenly'?" she asked.

EARL considered the best answer to this. He decided to make it as final as possible. "I fell in love," he said.

"With whom?" asked Vera impulsively. And then she could have bitten her tongue out.

"No one you know," said Earl.

Vera felt all her plans, her secure little schemes, falling around her. But pride—

"That's fine," she forced herself to say. "I've wanted to break our engagement for months. But I wanted to be fair to you."

After that, it was difficult for them to say any more. The conversation became

awkward. Vera insisted upon giving Earl's ring back to him. Then Earl left.

Vera stood in the middle of the room in a daze. She didn't dare think. She pressed her crimson nails into her palms and set her face. She must begin at once to act the part of a woman who has deliberately broken her engagement.

She picked up the evening paper. (Whom could Earl be in love with? How could some strange person completely disrupt her life this way?) She thumbed automatically through the paper, trying to concentrate, trying to squash down the churning thoughts. She read several items without really comprehending them. And among them was this:

> An unidentified man, about 30 years of age, dressed in a worn brown suit and blue shirt, was found in Central Park early this morning with a bullet-wound in his head. He had tried to commit suicide. At Bellevue Hospital, the doctors say he has a chance of recovering.

Vera threw the paper down. She walked around the room, trying to calm herself. She stopped in front of a mirror and studied her image carefully. Looking at her immaculate face, one would never know anything had happened. She found some comfort in that. . . .

The next morning Earl, feeling fresh and happy, phoned Louise Philbinne. He hoped she'd be in and that she'd remember him, and that she wouldn't be dated up for the whole week.

She was in, and she did remember him, and she wasn't dated up for the whole week.

"How about dinner and some dancing tomorrow night?" asked Earl, amused at himself for sounding breathless and nervous.

"I'd love it," said Louise.

GOING down to Bellevue on the subway, Mrs. Ella Donavan dared to hope a little. She knew she really shouldn't; but she had never been able to give up all hope of Jamie's returning to her. "An unknown man of about thirty," the officer had said. Jamie would be thirty-one now. That made it seem more of a possibility that this might be Jamie! The hope surged in her breast like a sharp ecstatic pain.

She was a neat, tired little woman with white hair and a gentle, saddened face. Her blue eyes were bright; and now, full of hope, they glowed like the eyes of youth. The sorrow of her life had been her son Jamie. He was her youngest; and at fourteen he had run away from home. He had never been found; they had never heard of him again. It had been his father's fault. Father had been too harsh with Jamie. The boy may have been mischievous,—not bad; Mrs. Donavan would never let Jamie be called bad,—but perhaps too full of mischief.

No one could know how Mrs. Donavan had grieved. To lose a child by death; that was one thing. But to lose him into the unknown, not to know whether he was sick or hurt or even alive, that was almost unbearable torture. Yet through all these long years Mrs. Donavan had nourished that unquenchable hope that some day Jamie would come back to her. Especially after his father died. She had thought: "He will hear of Father's death, and he will come back now to see me." But he hadn't.

Now another thought came into her mind. Suppose this was Jamie, and he should die! "In a critical condition," the officer had said. Oh, he mustn't die, he mustn't! God keep him and make him live. Suppose she got there too late. To find Jamie, only to lose him! She closed her eyes against the terror of this thought.

AT the hospital she found that she was trembling with both eagerness and dread.

A nurse took her thin little arm and led her kindly into the room. There were screens around part of the bed, on one side of which stood a police officer. The air seemed thick with the heavy, sweetish smell of disinfectants. Mrs. Donavan looked at the bed and at the unconscious man lying there. Staring at that careworn face with understanding eyes, she moved slowly to the side of the bed.

Was it Jamie? How could she tell? God in heaven, how could she be sure? The features might be Jamie's, or they might not be. There was too great a difference between a boy of fourteen and a man of thirty-one. The skin of that face, now so white and sickened, might once have had Jamie's coloring. The mouth seemed broader than Jamie's. But it would be, after seventeen years. The chin? Oh, how could she tell? *How* could she know whether or not this was her boy? She laid a shaking hand on the man's arm.

"Well," said the officer, "do you know him?"

What should she say? What was the answer?

The man on the bed stirred a little. He opened his eyes slowly and looked hazily up into the face of Mrs. Donavan. The excitement in the little old woman's heart was almost too much to bear. She leaned closer over the bed and looked into the man's eyes. They were dark—dark and almost frightening in their despair. They were darker than Jamie's had been. Much darker. And could Jamie's eyes ever hold the discouragement and bitterness and hate that she was seeing now? What had life done to this boy? What was the reason for that look of terror in his hurt eyes? Was he begging for life, or death? Or perhaps he was begging for help, for friendliness, for another chance. Mrs. Donavan realized she was crying. She smiled gently to offset her tears. And then she knew she wouldn't let the pleading in the boy's eyes go unanswered.

She took the limp, rough hand firmly in her own. She looked tenderly down at the eyes which were closed once more.

"It's my son Jamie," she said.

It was a forgivable lie. It was for Jamie's sake.

They asked her more questions, and she answered. But her thoughts were elsewhere. She felt a fine, peaceful happiness, such as she hadn't known in years. It would be like having a child again. She would take care of him in her snug little apartment. And with her comfortable income she could give him a fresh start, a new life. And she would be happy doing it. So very happy! In time, perhaps, she could make him happy too.

And then there was always a chance, just a chance, that this really *was* Jamie.

THE same powdered chemical compound that kept toilets glistening and sanitary 28 years ago is used by countless women today. Sani-Flush is still the easiest and best known way to keep toilet bowls spotless. You don't have to scrub and scour. You don't even touch it with your hands.

Just sprinkle a little Sani-Flush in the bowl twice a week. It even cleans the hidden trap. Cannot injure plumbing connections. (Also effective for cleaning out automobile radiators.) *See directions on can.* Sold by grocery, drug, hardware and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

I'M TELLING YOU

KURB TABLETS provide women with real help on difficult days. A KOTEX Product — KURBS merit your confidence. At drug and department stores. Say KURBS!

Make EXTRA SPENDING MONEY

Show big value Box 21-Assorted Christmas Cards to friends. Sells for $1. You make 50c. Everybody buys gladly. Many other easy-to-sell Christmas Assortments. Personal Christmas Cards at 50 for $1, also big DeLuxe Personal line. Start earning at once. Write now.

PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS with Name 50 FOR $1

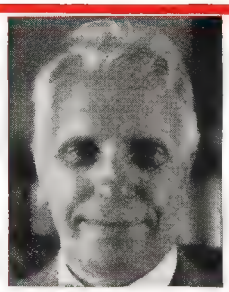
FREE Samples

Sell NEWEST CHRISTMAS CARDS $1.00 assortments

WETMORE & SUGDEN, Inc., Dept. 144
749 Monroe Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

Sell 50 Personal CHRISTMAS CARDS $1.00

Easy Way to Earn Extra Money!
Fast, easy seller. 50 beautiful Christmas folders *with customer's name inscribed.* Big value to sell for $1. Many other attractive Christmas Card bargains. Write for FREE Sample Outfit.
General Card Co., 400 S. Peoria St., Dept. X-108, Chicago, Ill.



The Waterfinder

by **ANGELO PATRI**

STEVE is the Waterfinder. Our valley is the place where the Berkshires decided to go to pieces long ago, and leave a legacy of rocks and little rounded hills for city people to work and wonder at. Water is scarce, and wells are priceless. They have to be dug deep to last through the droughts; and where to go among the stones is the question. Steve knows. How he knows, what magic there is in his forked hazel twig, we cannot imagine. But there he is; and where his stick points, there the water is.

He looks like any other good farmer. Spare and straight, his eyes are keen; and when he smiles, there is the same light in them as dances on rippling water in the sunshine. His hair is that shade of gray which grass takes on in autumn's golden light. He is as silent as his own fields.

He marched over a neighbor's land holding his hazel stick, and by and by said: "Dig here." Skeptically the engineer went to work, and joyfully he discovered the water. When the delighted owner offered to pay Steve, he said: "No, no. I love to do it. I feel I have helped to give you good water. That's enough for me."

That feeling of usefulness, of being needed, is what makes the difference between hateful labor and delightful work. When a man has a chance to work at something into which he can throw his whole heart, he is most content, most himself. Effort does not count; obstacles are nothing; fatigue goes unnoticed. The spirit rides free, in peace.

And the feeling of being necessary to the job is tonic to the soul. The worker who feels unnecessary,—"This job could go on if I never touched it again. What I do does not matter!"—is miscast and miserable.

When a certain large dam was nearing completion, some photographs had to be taken for the records. The head engineer and his assistants were posed before the camera when the rodman looked up. In two strides he was in place, close behind the shoulder of the head engineer, his rod held majestically, his whole bearing one of pride and satisfaction.

Later one of the other men said: "But Mike, you shouldn't have done that. Those were the engineers, you know."

"What? And what would they have done without me? Didn't I show them every mark they put in the book? Me, with the rod in my hand?"

That is the spirit that makes work adventure, not bondage.

Young people can be helped to find their work so that like Steve they have something to give, and like Mike, they are necessary to the others concerned in the job. Guidance teachers, parents, employers, have the opportunity to help young people place themselves so their work becomes a pleasure, and they become positive forces for good in their communities.

NEW ENGLAND CAMP—GIRLS'

WYNONA Lake Morey Fairlee, Vermont.
Screened cabins, excellent food, modern equipment. Well balanced program, all sports, exceptional music, Schulenberg Riding school. Expert staff. All-inclusive camp fee. Catalog: Ruth R. Kelley Martin, Director.

MEADOWBROOK RANCH
For Girls 7 to 17. Meredith, New Hampshire. Western life in a New England setting. Daily riding. Pack Trips—Horse Show—Unusual Musical Advantages—Instrumental and Voice. All Sports—Inclusive Fee. Catalog
MRS. ELBRIDGE R. PALMER

NEW ENGLAND CAMP—GIRLS' & BOYS'

CHAPPA CHALLA
Duxbury, Mass. A salt water camp of 3 separate units. For girls. For younger boys. Day camp for boys & girls. Riding, sailing and water sports emphasized. 40 miles from Boston. Booklet. Elizabeth Carleton, 118 Bradshaw St., Medford, Mass. *Few vacancies available for the month of August.*

MIDDLE ATLANTIC CAMP—BOYS'

LEN-A-PE
CHRISTIAN BOYS, 5-16
Natural Lake in Poconos, 110 mi. to N.Y.C.; 125 to Phila. Riding, sailing, tennis, radio broadcasting, aquaplaning, etc. Physician, nurse, cowboy, 2 Indians, ventriloquist, magician. Booklet. D. R. Keiser, Hawley, Pa.

FAR WESTERN CAMP—BOYS'

Camp Eldorado For Boys from 6-15
The vacation term of the PALO ALTO MILITARY ACADEMY. At Lake Alpine, in the high Sierras. Favorably known to Pacific Coast parents for more than 20 years.
Col. Richard P. Kelly, Dir. Box R, Palo Alto, California

NEW ENGLAND STATES—GIRLS' SCHOOLS

HOWARD SEMINARY
FOR GIRLS
65th Year. A school of New England traditions. Accredited college preparation, and general courses. Home economics, secretarial, music, art, dramatics. All sports. Small group classes. Catalogue on request.
Mary A. Bradford
Box R, West Bridgewater Massachusetts

Erskine for High School Graduates
LIBERAL ARTS • FINE ARTS • BUSINESS
Two years advanced study. Drama, Art, Music, Secretarial, Social Service depts. Riding, Tennis, Fencing, Golf. Catalog.
Edith R. Richardson, Dir., 111 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

REDBOOK'S CAMP AND SCHOOL DIRECTORY

NEW ENGLAND STATES—GIRLS' SCHOOLS

Lasell JUNIOR COLLEGE
Ten miles from Boston's cultural advantages. Two-year courses for high school graduates. Academic, Home Ec., Secretarial, Merchandising, Pre-nursing, Art, Music, Expression. College Preparatory. Winter sports, golf, riding. Gym, swimming pool. 30-acre campus. Delightful home life. *Catalog.*
GUY M. WINSLOW, Ph.D., President
149 Woodland Road Auburndale, Mass.

ROGERS HALL
New England traditions. Near Boston. Offers girls college preparatory and general courses. Secretarial training, home economics, and liberal arts. Music, art, and dramatics. All sports with riding. Swimming pool.
Mrs. Katharine Whitten McGay. Box R, Lowell, Mass.

STONELEIGH First Junior College to offer 5-week job-experience applying skills and knowledge gained in vocational and liberal arts courses. *See catalog for details.* 12 major courses include: Art, Costume Design, Merchandising, Secretarial, Photography, Home Ec., Drama, Beach sports, cycling, golf, riding. Richard D. Currier, Pres., Box 12, Rye (Rye Beach P. O.), N. H.

Larson JUNIOR COLLEGE
ACCREDITED. Liberal Arts. Exceptional Secretarial courses. Med. Secretaryship. Homemaking, Design, Advertising, Library Sci. Social Service. Music. Art. Degrees. Campus, sports. Ruth R. Grew, New Haven, Conn.

THE MARY A. BURNHAM SCHOOL
Facing Smith College campus, Northampton, Mass.
For 60 years this school with a distinguished record has successfully prepared girls for college. Four-year and one-year intensive review courses. Accredited. Also advanced courses. Music, art, secretarial. All sports. For illustrated catalogue write The Principal.
Mrs. George W. Emerson, 41 Elm Street, Northampton, Mass.

Endicott Higher Education for Women. 2 Yr. Courses. Liberal Arts, Sec'l Sc., Photography, Foods, Merchandising, Tea Room Mgt., Clothing, Art, Drama, Int. Decor., Med. Sec'l, Journalism, Internship plan. Placement Bur., All Sports. 75 acres, Private Beach, Near Boston.
Eleanor R. Tupper, Ph.D., Dean, Pride's Crossing, Mass.

CANADIAN SCHOOL—GIRLS'

Sainte Geneviève
Montreal, P.Q. Exclusive French School; comprehensive cultural course for girls, ages 14-20. Small enrolment permits individual programs. Music, Art, Dramatics, Riding. Week-end cottage in Laurentian Mts. for winter sports.
Mrs. S. T. Ritchie (née Boucher), 1675 Lincoln Avenue.

NEW ENGLAND STATES—GIRLS' SCHOOLS

OAK GROVE
A FRIENDS SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Emphasizes Preparation for College and Gracious Living. Music, Art, Expression. Upper and Lower Schools. Graduate Course Secretarial Science. Joyous outdoor recreation. Riding included. New fireproof Buildings.
Mr. & Mrs. Robert Owen, Box 125, Vassalboro, Me.

NASSON COLLEGE
Prepares girls for hospital dietitian work and home management; trains secretaries and teachers of commercial subjects, home economics. Degree courses. Also 2-yr. diploma courses. All sports, riding. $600 rate. 3 hrs. from Boston. Catalog.
Dawn Nelson Wallace, Dean, Box R, Springvale, Maine.

NEW YORK CITY & VICINITY—GIRLS' SCHOOLS

Edgewood Park
Recognized by leading colleges and universities. College preparatory, advanced courses in Liberal and Fine Arts, Secretarial Science, Real Estate, Medical Assistant, Home Economics, Social Service, Dramatics, Journalism, Costume Design, Interior Decorating, Merchandising, Kindergarten. Lake, pools. All sports—riding, golf, tennis.
Box R Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

DREW SEMINARY
FOR GIRLS. Accredited college preparatory, general courses. Music, art, secretarial, dramatics. On beautiful Lake Gleneida. Student government. All sports—riding. Gymnasium. 54 acres. Separate Junior School. 74th year. *Catalog.* Dr. H. E. Wright, Pres., Box R, Carmel, N. Y.

GRAY COURT ON THE SOUND
A College Preparatory School especially preparing for the College Board Examinations for the leading colleges. One year Advanced Intensive Secretarial Course for High School Graduates. Music, Art, Dramatics, Riding and other Sports. Upper and Lower Schools for Girls. Shore-front location, suburban to New York. Southfield Point, Stamford, Conn.

GARDNER SCHOOL
Accredited resident and day school for girls. Intensive college preparatory, elementary, secretarial and junior collegiate courses. Music, art, dramatics, athletics. 83rd year.
Elizabeth R. Masland, Principal
154 East 70th Street New York

CATHEDRAL SCHOOL OF ST. MARY Episcopal school in the country 23 miles from New York. General and college preparatory courses. Graduates in all leading colleges. Separate Junior group for girls 10-14. Art, music. All sports; riding, swimming, hockey. Est. 1883.
Marion R. Reid, Principal, Garden City, L. I., N. Y.

These schools and camps invite requests for catalogues and information. In writing for catalogues, please mention REDBOOK Magazine.

REDBOOK'S EDUCATIONAL DIRECTORY

MIDDLE ATLANTIC COLLEGES FOR WOMEN

Maryland College FOR Women

Where North and South meet. A.B., B.S. degrees. Certificates also awarded. Liberal Arts, Home Ec., Music, Kindergarten training, Speech, Secretarial. Fine Arts. Tree-shaded Campus, suburban to Baltimore. Pleasant social life. All sports. Riding. *Catalog.*

MARYLAND COLLEGE
Box R Lutherville, Md.

BEAVER COLLEGE

Standard 4-year College. Liberal arts, science, music, art, commerce, home economics, health education, preparation for teachers. Near Philadelphia. Gymnasiums, pool. 86th year. Moderate rates. Ask for catalog.
Raymon M. Kistler, D.D., Pres., Box R, Jenkintown, Pa.

ANNAPOLIS COLLEGE FOR GIRLS

Near Washington and Baltimore in beautiful, historic Annapolis, Md. Educationally superior. Socially Selective. **W. Vernon Lytle, Ph.D., Pres.**
New York City Office, Suite 523, 522 Fifth Ave.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—GIRLS' SCHOOLS

Marjorie Webster

Wide variety of career courses attracts girls from 41 states and abroad. Junior College, Secretarial, Physical Ed., Dramatics, Art. Attractive residences on 10-acre campus. Swimming pool, gym, riding, all sports. Placement service.
Catalog. Rock Creek Park Estates, Box R, Washington, D.C.

Chevy Chase

Accredited Junior College and Senior High School. Art, Interior Decoration, Music, Secretarial, Journalism, Home Economics, Dramatics. Washington advantages. Individual development. Outdoor life and sports. *Write for Catalogue.*
Mrs. F. E. Farrington, Regent; Philip Milo Bail, Ph.D., Pres. Chevy Chase School, Box R, Washington, D. C.

FAIRMONT JUNIOR COLLEGE

ADVANTAGES of the Capital. Liberal Arts, Secretarial, Home Eco. Music, Art. Costume design. Broadcasting Merchandising. Journalism. Credits transferable. Sports. Riding. Trips. Attractive social life. *Catalog:* 1701 Massachusetts Ave., **Washington, D. C.**

MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES—GIRLS' SCHOOLS

PENN HALL

• JUNIOR COLLEGE & PREPARATORY SCHOOL •

South in the Cumberland Valley, a little north of Dixie

For Young Women. Two year College and four year High School—both accredited. Transfers to universities and four year colleges. "College Boards" held at school. Intensive Review. Conservatory of Music, Dramatics, Art, Interior Dec., Pre-Journalism, Costume Design, Home Ec., Pre-Librarian, Secretarial. Fireproof buildings; connecting baths. Riding, swimming pool, canoeing, tennis, golf, fencing, dancing. Happy social life. Trips to Washington, D. C., mountains, battlefields, nearby. **Part of May at Ocean City.** Attendance from 27 states.
• **Catalog—Address: F. S. Magill, LL.D., Box R, CHAMBERSBURG, PA.** •

MORAVIAN SEMINARY COLLEGE

Traditions of scholarship and character development for two centuries. SEMINARY: grades 1-12, college prep and general courses. COLLEGE: degree courses. Music, art, secretarial, drama, technician. **Specify catalog desired.** Edwin J. Heath, D.D., Box R, Bethlehem, Pa.

Roberts-Beach School

College preparatory school for girls. Near Baltimore and Washington. High scholastic standing, thorough curriculum, exceptional faculty. Small classes. Graduates in all leading colleges. Music and Art. Variety of sports including riding.
Sarah M. Beach, Ph.D., Box R, Catonsville, Maryland

WILLIAMSPORT DICKINSON

Accredited two-year Junior College and four year Preparatory School. Co-educational. Liberal Arts, Music, Art, Business, Secretarial, Dramatics. Outstanding faculty. Sports for all. Substantial endowment, low rates. 92nd year.
John W. Long, D.D., Pres., Box R, Williamsport, Pa.

ST. CHRISTINA GIRLS 7-18

Cooperstown, N. Y. Episcopal Church school. Cultural-Vocational. Gracious living while learning. Regents. Limited number young boys. Catalog.
Louisa Haven Lawton, M.A., Director.

ST. FAITH'S SCHOOL

Saratoga Springs—Health Centre of America.
Episcopal School for 60 girls ages 8-18. Tuition moderate. Regents examinations for college entrance. Business, Art, Music, French, Winter Sports. **The Rev. F. Allen Sisco, Ph.D., Rector. Protection, Care, Health, Education**

The KNOX School

College preparatory and accredited post graduate courses. Medical secretarial, merchandising. Art, Music and Drama. Picturesque country location on Otsego Lake. Year round sports program. Ice carnival, horse shows. Catalog.
Mrs. E. Russell Houghton, Box R, Cooperstown, N. Y.

• *SAINT AGNES* •

An Episcopal boarding school, emphasizing thorough college preparation. General course, with electives in Music and Art. Dramatics, dancing and other extra-curricular activities. Delightful country location. Outdoor sports, riding. Catalog.
Miss Blanche Pittman, Principal, Box R, Albany, New York.

ST. MARY'S HALL

On the Delaware
Box R, Burlington, N. J.

Founded 1837. Accredited college preparation, general and secretarial courses. Music, art. Separate Lower School. Riding, swimming, golf, tennis. 13-acre campus. New York & Philadelphia advantages. Episcopal. Catalog. Florence Newbold, Principal.

SOUTHERN STATES—GIRLS' SCHOOLS

BRENAU ACADEMY FOR GIRLS

Fully accredited High Schooland College Preparatory. Music and dramatic art. Foothills Blue Ridge mountains. Riding, canoeing, hockey, golf, tennis etc. Trips to Great Smoky Mts., National Park etc. Catalog:
Brenau Academy, Box F, Gainesville, Ga.

BLACKSTONE COLLEGE

Two yrs. College, 4 yrs. H. S. Diplomas in Liberal Arts, Music, Art, Dramatics, Secretarial, Merchandising, Home Ec., Physical Ed. Near Richmond. Modern, fireproof buildings. Swimming pool, golf, other sports. Total cost $515. Catalogue. **J. PAUL GLICK, Pres., Box R-8, Blackstone, Va.**

STRATFORD

In healthful Piedmont. Accredited Junior College and High School. Develops personalities and aptitudes. Fine Arts, Secretarial, Kindergarten, etc. For "Intimate Glimpses" and Catalog, address:
John C. Simpson, Pres., Box R, Danville, Va.

MARION COLLEGE

Accredited Junior College and High School in famous "blue grass" region. Liberal Arts, Pre-library, Pre-journalism, Pre-social work, education, business administration, home economics, music, speech, dramatics. 67th year. $425 to $485. Catalogue. **Hugh J. Rhyne, Pres., Box 900, Marion, Va.**

GREENBRIER COLLEGE

Junior College and Preparatory. Founded 1812. Art, Music, Dramatic Art, Secretarial. Attractive social and recreational advantages. Address French W. Thompson, Pres., Dept. R, Lewisburg, W. Va.

WARD-BELMONT

Accredited Junior College and Preparatory School. Conservatory of Music, Art, Creative Writing, Home Econ., Speech, Secretarial, Dancing. Gymnasium, pool, all sports including riding. For Catalog, View Book, "Club Village" address:
Alma Paine, Registrar, Box 802, Nashville, Tenn.

Fairfax Hall

STANDARD JUNIOR COLLEGE FOR GIRLS
In the famous Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. Near Skyline Drive. Two years of college. Four years preparatory. Also Fine Arts and Secretarial Science. Delightful Southern home atmosphere. Attractive buildings on large campus. Fine gymnasium. Indoor and outdoor swimming pools. Riding and all sports. *Catalog sent on request.*
W. B. Gates, A. M., President
Box R-8, Park Station, Waynesboro, Va.

Saint Mary's School and Junior College

EPISCOPAL. In Pine Belt. Healthful climate. 3 years high school, 2 years standard college. Accredited by Southern Association. Special courses. All sports. Mrs. Ernest Cruikshank, Prin. *Catalog.* **A. W. Tucker, Bus. Mgr., Dept. R, Raleigh, N. C.**

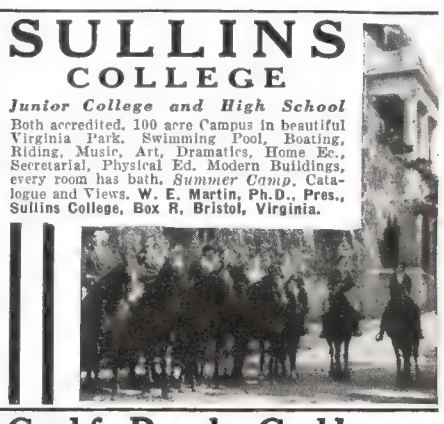
◆ FASSIFERN ◆

School for girls—college preparatory and grades. Stimulating climate—2250 ft. elevation. Courses in Music, Art, Dramatics, Secretarial, also "Personality & Charm." Riding. Camp Greystone nearby for sports. For illustrated catalog, address:
Jos. R. Sevier, D.D., Pres., Box C, Hendersonville, N. C.

SULLINS COLLEGE

Junior College and High School

Both accredited. 100 acre Campus in beautiful Virginia Park. Swimming Pool, Boating, Riding, Music, Art, Dramatics, Home Ec., Secretarial, Physical Ed. Modern Buildings, every room has bath. *Summer Camp.* Catalogue and Views. **W. E. Martin, Ph.D., Pres., Sullins College, Box R, Bristol, Virginia.**



Gulf Park College

By-the-Sea. Fully accredited Junior College. Also 3-year college preparatory. Music, Art, Speech Arts, Home Economics, Secretaryship. Outdoor sports all year. Riding, dancing, flying, salt water sports; also fresh water pool. **Richard U. Cox, Pres., Box W, Gulfport, Miss.**

ASHLEY HALL

ACCREDITED college prepartory and general courses in atmosphere of historic Southern culture. Music, home economics, art. Sports, riding, pool. Lower school. Catalog.
Mary Vardrine McBee, L.H.D., Prin., Box R, Charleston, S.C.

SOUTHERN SEMINARY and JUNIOR COLLEGE

A SCHOOL OF CHARACTER For Girls. **Accredited** Junior College and Preparatory School in the **Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia** in the midst of almost Alpine Scenery. Home life that of fine old Southern family. Music, Art, Kind. Tr., Dramatic Art, Home Economics, Merchandising, Physical Ed. Library Science, Journalism and Secretarial Courses. Social Training. All Sports. Own stable of fine Horses. Indoor sunlighted swimming pool. 320 ft. veranda. Mountain water. 73rd year. Every room filled each year. Apply now. Catalog. Address **Robert Lee Durham, Pres., Box 974, Buena Vista, Virginia.**

These schools invite requests for catalogues and information. In writing for catalogues, please mention REDBOOK Magazine.

SOUTHERN STATES—GIRLS' SCHOOLS

VIRGINIA INTERMONT

ENDOWED Junior College and 4-year high school. Accredited. 2 years of standard college work. General, vocational courses in Music, Art, Speech, Dramatics, Home Economics, Physical Ed., Secretarial, Library Science. Beautiful location. Sports, riding, swimming. Founded 1884. Moderate rates. Summer Camp: V. I. Ranch. *Catalog.*
H. G. Noffsinger, Box 145, Bristol, Va.

SOUTHERN COLLEGE

Junior College and High School. 79th Year. Near Richmond. Eight special Diploma Courses. Girls taught How To Study. Modern Study-Play Plan. Social Seminar, Dances, Dates. All sports—Riding, Golf, Swimming, Country Club Membership. For catalog and view book, address: **Arthur Kyle Davis, A.M., Litt.D., Pres., Box R, College Place, Petersburg, Va.**

BETHEL Woman's College

Fully accredited Junior College and Conservatory of Music. Home economics, business, teacher training courses. Art, dramatics. Gym. Moderate rate includes riding. Catalog.
J. W. GAINES, Pres., Box R, Hopkinsville, Ky.

SAYRE

In the famous Blue Grass country. Since 1854 has trained girls to be cultured, poised, intelligent citizens. Accredited college preparation; general elective course; 1st to 8th grades. Art, music, expression. Character development emphasized. Sports. Catalog.
Rev. J. C. Hanley, D. D., Pres., Box 380, Lexington, Ky.

CO-EDUCATIONAL SCHOOLS

Children Do Better in the SUNSHINE SCHOOLS

This year let your children enjoy the advantages of St. Petersburg's splendid Sunshine Schools and its health-building climate. Abundant sunshine. Unusual freedom from epidemics. Public schools from kindergarten through 3-year junior college. Excellent private schools and Florida Military Academy. For school booklet write
P. W. NEAL, Sec'y, Chamber of Commerce—
ST. PETERSBURG - FLORIDA
The Sunshine City

BRYANT COLLEGE

Attractive campus life (9 beautiful bldgs. in residential district, gym, dorms.) draws young men and women from all parts of country. 2-yr. degree courses in Bus. Adm., C.P.A., Accounting, Secretarial, 4-yr. Comm'l Teacher Training (A.B. in Ed.). Also 1-yr. Secretarial. Placement. 78th yr. begins Sept. 9. **Director, Providence, R. I.**

DEAN ACADEMY

75th year. Accredited college prep. Diploma courses for H.S. grads: Intensive review, Business, Secretarial, Music, Art. Also Mechanical Drawing, Drama. Small classes, understanding teachers, campus life. Personality development. All sports, pool, golf, riding, skiing. Endowed. $700. **E. F. Wallace, Franklin, Mass.**

EASTBOURNE

Barnstable, Mass.

offers your child a Grade A Public School education, combined with advantages of refined family life with small group of children. Resident nurse. Special care for delicate children. Camp in summer. Fee $35.00 per month. References. Apply
CONSTANCE P. LOVELL **Barnstable, Mass.**

SOUTHERN COLLEGE—CO-EDUCATIONAL

BLUE RIDGE COLLEGE

Coeducational. Est. 1839. A.B., B.S. degrees. Also special two-year terminal courses, Business, Journalism, Art, Music; Merchandising. Washington and Baltimore advantages. Moderate tuition rate. Riding, golf, tennis, etc. Enrollment selected. For catalog and entrance requirements, address *Secretary,*
Blue Ridge College **New Windsor, Maryland**

SANBORN FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Effectively prepares for leading colleges and business schools. Accredited. Small classes. Located in southern New Hampshire village, rich in tradition; 45 miles from Boston. Sports for all. $500 covers all expenses. Catalog.
Raymond A. Hoyt, Headmaster, Box R, Kingston, N. H.

SCRANTON-KEYSTONE Junior College

Liberal arts, business and pre-professional courses transferable to universities. Officially accred. Medical secretarial and engineering programs. Balanced activity program. Co-ed. All sports. Wooded campus. Moderate rates. Catalog.
Byron S. Hollinshead, Pres., Box RB, La Plume, Penna.

SOUTHERN WOMEN'S COLLEGES

BRENAU
COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

Standard Degrees of A.B., B.M. and B.S., and Junior College diploma. Endowed. Music, Art, Speech, Dramatics, Physical Ed., Home Economics, Secretarial. Foothills Blue Ridge Mts. Altitude 1250 Ft. 350-acre campus, private lake. Riding, canoeing, all sports. Attendance 35 states. National Sororities. Social life. Trips to Great Smoky Mts. National Park, etc. **Catalog on request:—**
BRENAU, BOX F-8 **GAINESVILLE, GA.**

LIMESTONE

ACCREDITED A.B. college. Music, art, speech, commercial, teacher training, physical ed., home ec. Distinguished faculty. Year-round outdoor sports. Blue Ridge Mts. 10 hrs. from Washington. Endowed: $458. **Box R, Gaffney, S. C.**

COKER

Confers A.B. degree. Accredited 4-yr. standard college. Liberal arts, sciences, applied and public school music. Library sc., physical ed., art. Teachers' certificates. All sports. Gym, pool. $450. *Catalog.* **C. Sylvester Green, Pres., Box R, Hartsville, S. C.**
"A College of Distinction"

OAKWOOD Co-educational Friends School

Accredited college preparatory and general courses. Country location, 70 miles from N.Y.C. Supervised recreation and sports. 142nd year. Moderate rates, no extras. **Catalog.**
Wm. R. Reagan, A.M., Prin., Box 18, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

FORNACHON HALL RIDGEWOOD NEW JERSEY

Homelike care for boys and girls pre-kindergarten through grades. Thorough education, individual training. Best of food. In beautiful suburb, 1 hr. from N. Y. 25th year. Christian. *Catalog.* **Louise R. Carr, Pd.B., B.S., Prin.**

MIDWESTERN STATES—GIRLS' SCHOOLS

Lindenwood

Confers A.B., B. S., B.M. Degrees

Accredited. Also 2-year Junior College. Modernized curriculum prepares for civic and social leadership. Secretarial. Special work in Music, Art, Sports. Near St. Louis. Catalog.
J. L. Roemer, D.D., Box 1040, St. Charles, Mo.

FERRY HALL

High School and Junior College. Fully accredited for college preparation and college transfer. Secretarial studies. Home Economics. Music, art, dramatics. Swimming, tennis, riding. Beautiful campus on Lake Michigan. 28 mi. from Chicago. 71st yr. Catalog. **Eloise R. Tremain, Box 2, Lake Forest, Ill.**

MONTICELLO

Select Limited Enrollment
Founded in 1835

Distinguished, accredited junior college and 2 year preparatory. Special courses. Cultural training amid true American traditions. Excellent faculty. 300 acres for sports. Riding. Swimming. Beautiful buildings. Near St. Louis and Chicago. Catalog.
George I. Rohrbough, Pres., Box R., Alton, Illinois

KEMPER HALL

Episcopal School preparing for all colleges. Accredited. Beautiful lake shore campus. Unusual opportunities in Art and Music. Complete sports program. Also Junior School. 1½ hours from Chicago. Address: **Registrar, Box R, Kenosha, Wisconsin.**

SAINT MARY'S, NOTRE DAME

Academy for Girls

Accredited college preparation. Music, Fine Arts, Home Economics, Commercial. Also, 1st to 8th grades. Sports—riding. Spacious campus. Catalog. BOX J., SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY, NOTRE DAME, HOLY CROSS, IND.

FAR WESTERN SCHOOLS—GIRLS'

SAN LUIS RANCH SCHOOL

Accredited college preparatory school. Broad program, music, art, dramatics, dancing. Dry, sunny climate. Unexcelled health conditions. Outdoor sports all winter: tennis, riding, (saddle horse for each girl), week end pack trips, skiing, skating. Inclusive fee. Catalogue.
Mrs. Robert S. Potter, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

IVINSON HALL *for Girls*

Accredited College Preparatory and General Courses. Character training in a cultural and delightful home-like atmosphere. University town. Dramatics. Recreational dancing. Healthful climate. Low total costs. Address, **THE PRINCIPAL, 603 Ivinson Ave., Laramie, Wyoming.**

MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES—BOYS' SCHOOLS

LA SALLE MILITARY ACADEMY

Beautifully located on the wooded shore of Great South Bay, Long Island, this outstanding Catholic school prepares for leading colleges in atmosphere of culture and refinement. Complete educational facilities for well-rounded development. Accredited instruction in small groups under Brothers of the Christian Schools. Inspiring military training. Athletics for all—26-acre playing field, new gymnasium, pool and ocean swimming, 9-hole golf course, crew, hockey, and tennis. Junior Department. 57th year. Moderate rates. Visitors always welcome. 50 miles from New York City. Write for catalog.
REV. BROTHER AMBROSE, F.S.C., Box R, Oakdale, Long Island, N. Y.

IRVING

Exceptionally high type faculty prepares boys for all colleges. Regents accredited. Certificate privileges. Essentially a home school—classes small enough to meet individual needs. Lower school. All sports. Gym, golf. Suburban to New York. Limited enrolment. *Catalog.* **C. Walter Olson, Box 932, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.**

PEEKSKILL MILITARY ACADEMY

Peekskill boys succeed in college and in their chosen careers because their highest achievements are assured by Peekskill methods, companionships and an inspirational faculty. 108th Yr. Modern bldgs. Separate Jr. Sch. All sports. Ages 7-18. 1 hr. from N.Y. Catalog R-8. Write to Dr. C. A. Robinson, Prin.
PEEKSKILL MILITARY ACADEMY
Peekskill-on-Hudson, N.Y.

MANLIUS

71 years successful preparation for college and life. Individual help. Military life develops leadership. All sports. Famous for skiing. Fine health record. Catalog.
Col. Guido F. Verbeck, Box 580, Manlius, N.Y.

ST. PETER'S SCHOOL

An Episcopal School for Boys 12 to 18

Large estate in the mountain country near Peekskill, 40 miles from N.Y.C. Sixth grade thru High School. Small classes. High academic standing. All sports. Self-help plan. Send for booklet. **Rev. Frank R. Leeming, Hdmstr., Peekskill, N.Y.**

KOHUT SCHOOL

Harrison, New York

A boy's boarding school with a progressive program of scholarship, character building and physical development. 33 years in operation—45 minutes from New York City. Write for Booklet D to H. J. Kugel, Principal.

Riverdale Country School

The preparatory school offering **multiple** advantages to your boy. Scholastic success, outstanding sports record, practical and cultural hobbies, both city and country opportunities. Beautiful campus. Write for booklet giving details. 34th year.
Box 9, Riverdale-on-Hudson, New York

ST. JOHN'S Ossining, New York

College preparatory. Separate Junior School. Modified Military. Limited enrolment. Supervised study. 30 miles from New York City. Gym, pool, all sports, riding. Moderate rate. 98th year. Non-sectarian. Write for catalog.
WILLIAM A. RANNEY, Ossining-on-Hudson, N. Y.

TOME

Fully accredited college preparation; flexible business and general courses. Personal attention. Separate Junior School, grades 5 through 8. All sports, workshops, 200 acre campus. Summer tutoring session. Catalog. **Box R, Port Deposit, Md.**

PREPARING FOR **WEST POINT**
STANTON PREPARATORY ACADEMY
CORNWALL, N. Y.
5 miles from West Point—New fireproof Dormitory
H. C. STANTON, Lt. Colonel O. R. C.
Graduate, West Point, 1911; Instructor Dept. of Math., West Point, 1914-17; Asst. Prof., West Point, 1921-25.

The Pennington School

Prepares select boys effectively for college. Character development a fundamental aim. Modern equipment. Small classes. Crafts shop. All sports. Separate lower school. Healthful historic location, near Princeton. 102nd yr. Catalog.
Francis Harvey Green, Litt. D., Box 20, Pennington, N. J.

These schools invite requests for catalogues and information. In writing for catalogues, please mention REDBOOK Magazine.

NEW ENGLAND STATES—BOYS' SCHOOLS

CHESHIRE ACADEMY

Traditional success in teaching boys how to study. Small classes, individual attention, personal interest assure thorough college preparation. Separate Junior School. Special Summer Session. Catalog. A. R. Sheriff, Headmaster, Cheshire, Connecticut.

FORMERLY ROXBURY SCHOOL

Tilton

JUNIOR COLLEGE AND PREPARATORY SCHOOL

Ideally situated in the foot-hills of the White Mountains. Only Liberal Arts Junior College exclusively for men in New England. Business Administration courses. High academic standards. A small school with emphasis on the individual—10 students to a professor. 8 hours from N. Y. C.; 2½ hours from Boston. Grand country for skiing and winter sports. 9 tennis courts, large playing fields. Not for profit—$850 rate. 95th year. Write for catalogs.

Dr. James R. Coons, President, Tilton, N. H.

ADMIRAL BILLARD ★★ ACADEMY

New London, Conn. *Only Naval preparatory school in New England.* Graduates enter college, Coast Guard Academy, Annapolis, Merchant Marine. Fully accredited. Strong faculty; high standards. Naval drills, uniforms, customs, routine. Cadets from 15 states. 90 ft. auxiliary schooner. Private sea beach. For catalog write **Commandant.**

CRANWELL

Jesuit school for boys, in the heart of the Berkshires. Develops the entire boy, physically, mentally, and morally. Four-year college preparatory courses. Supervised study. Complete, modern equipment. Beautiful 400-acre campus. Center for winter sports, skiing, etc. 18-hole golf course, tennis. Reasonable rates. Write for catalog.

Rev. John F. Cox, S.J., Headmaster
Box 984, Lenox, Mass.

BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Junior College for Men

EXECUTIVE courses in Business Administration. Only college of its kind exclusively for men. Students from 17 states. Modern dormitories. All sports. Unexcelled location. Restricted enrolment. *Address* **James L. Conrad, President, Box R, Dudley, Mass.**

NICHOLS JUNIOR COLLEGE

CURTIS

Prepares boys, 8 to 14, for the best preparatory schools of the country. Thorough, personalized instruction in cultured New England environment. Small classes. Curtis plan develops responsibility, initiative. Homelike touches—separate room for each boy. Excellent health record. Handicrafts. 66th year. Catalog.

Gerald B. Curtis, Box R, Brookfield Center, Conn.

GULL HILL

Unusual language study in this Cape Cod school with European contacts. College preparatory and upper elementary work under large able faculty. Program fitted to each boy. Ample equipment. Sailing principal sport, golf, riding, dramatics, shop work, photography. Catalog. L. B. Henson, B. S., Headmaster, Orleans, Mass.

EMERSON SCHOOL FOR BOYS

— 8 to 16 years —

Prepares for first or second year of leading secondary schools. Close comradeship of Masters with Boys. Healthful Outdoor Sports all the year round.

Edward E. Emerson, A.B., Headmaster, Box 911, Exeter, N.H.

WASSOOKEAG SCHOOL

Accredited preparatory school employing tutorial method. One teacher for every three boys. Flexible program adjusted to the interests and aims of the individual facilitates distinctive college preparation.

Lloyd Harvey Hatch, Headmaster — Dexter, Maine

MILFORD

Preparation for leading colleges. Individual and small group instruction. Studies and extra-curriculum fitted to the needs of each student, permitting boys to enter at any time. Lower school for boys 12 to 15. Summer session. Catalogue.

William D. Pearson, Headmaster, Milford, Conn.

SCHOOL CRUISE—FOR BOYS

WEST INDIES STUDY CRUISE

Preparation for college while cruising West Indies. Separate instruction of each student. Supervised study. Student crew. Unique extra-curricular advantages for physical growth, mental broadening, character building.

Pond School Cruise, Inc., W. McD. Pond, Master, Schooner Yacht "Morning Star," Md. Yacht Club, Baltimore, Md.

Madison Military Academy

College and service school preparatory, business and general courses. 7th grade thru High School. Modified military program. Small classes. Leadership developed. 2½ hours from New York. Moderate rate. All sports. Photography, model building. **A. S. Moulds, Registrar, Old Lyme, Conn.**

Planning to Enter COLLEGE?

Write for The Clark Plan, "It's Different." Classes average five, enrollment eighty, thirteen instructors. All sports. Also Business Administration Course.

FRANK R. MORGAN, HANOVER, N. H. — CLARK SCHOOL

NEW YORK CITY AND VICINITY —BOYS' SCHOOL

WILLISTON

Unusual educational opportunities at modest cost. Endowment over half a million. Over 200 graduates in 40 colleges. New recreation center, gymnasium, swimming pool. Experienced, understanding masters. Separate Junior School. Address **Archibald V. Galbraith, Headmaster, Box 25, Easthampton, Mass.**

WORCESTER ACADEMY

A Nationally-Known, Accredited Preparatory School for Boys. One hundred and six years in the service of youth. Fall term opens September 17. *Address* **THE HEADMASTER** for a catalogue

83 Providence Street, Worcester, Mass.

ST. PAUL'S

Thorough preparation for College. Separate Junior Dept. 4th Grade up. Sports, Gym, Pool. Small classes. Open to visitors 9 to 4 daily. Catalogue. **St. Paul's, Box R, Garden City, Long Island, N. Y.**

MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES—BOYS' SCHOOLS

VALLEY FORGE MILITARY ACADEMY

AT THE NATION'S SHRINE

COLLEGE preparatory for young gentlemen 12 to 20. Also fully accredited Junior College. Enrollment limited to 400. Highest scholastic standards, special supervision for individual student. Recitation classes limited to twelve. 384 graduates now enrolled in college, West Point, Annapolis. New fire-proof dormitories, academic buildings, library, large recreation building and gym. Modern swimming pool, stables with 60 horses. Motorized Field Artillery Battery. All sports, golf, polo. Cavalry, Infantry, Senior R.O.T.C. Band. Highest Government rating.

For catalog address Box G, Wayne, Pa.

TOME JUNIOR COLLEGE —Co-Operative—

High School Graduates! Earn while you learn. Interlock theory with practice by spending alternating periods in college and at work. Let experience determine your vocation. Choice of four 3 year collegiate-grade Administration Courses: Business, Industrial, Governmental or General. Expert college staff, complete facilities. Catalog. President, Box RC, Port Deposit, Md.

NEW YORK MILITARY ACADEMY

CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK

The School of Distinction

Only 50 miles from New York is one of America's truly progressive institutions of learning . . . high scholastic standing is attested by graduate representation in all leading colleges. Reserve Officers' Training Corps stresses gentlemanliness, neatness and orderliness.

Three types of courses: accredited college preparation, general education and pre-business; and choice of infantry, cavalry and artillery training. All activities guided by a carefully selected faculty schooled in bringing out the finest in each individual boy. Junior School for boys up to 11.

The best school equipment; scientifically balanced food . . . food that meets the needs of active, growing young men; unsurpassed athletic facilities including complete gym and swimming pool, golf, riding, varsity and intramural sports. A school that builds the basic attributes of leadership. Convince yourself. Visit New York Military Academy any day, any hour.

Write the Adjutant for catalog.

PERKIOMEN Boys Really Learn How to Study

Thorough, stimulating, individualized teaching. Classes average 8. Accredited. Expert vocational counsel. 96% of last year's graduates in 31 colleges. All sports gym Junior school. Moderate rate; no extra fees. 58th year Catalog.

C. E. Tobias, M.A., Headmaster, Box 880, Pennsburg, Pa.

PEDDIE

Specializes in preparing boys for college. 354 graduates in last five years have entered such colleges as Yale, Princeton, Dartmouth, Harvard. 150 acres. 16 modern buildings. Junior school. All sports for all. School golf course. Summer session. 76th year. Write for catalog.

Wilbour E. Saunders, Headmaster, Box 8-F, Hightstown, N.J.

DEVITTE MILITARY ACADEMY

$45. monthly, uniform included. A big school for little boys 6-14. (Summer Camp.) Est. 22 years. 35 miles out. Catalog **Box 67, Morganville, N.J.**

FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL ACADEMY

A widely recognized, moderately priced preparatory school

Entered 64 boys in 22 colleges last year. Personal attention to each boy's needs. Varied athletic program. Modern equipment. Junior department.

E. M. Hartman, Pd. D., Box 20, Lancaster, Pa.

Rutgers Preparatory School

175th year. Accredited 4-year High School course. Boys 13-20. Graduates in 40 colleges. Close, personal supervision. Homelike cottage-type dorms.—10 boys and 2 masters in each. All sports. Moderate rates. 32 miles from N. Y. C. Catalog

Stanley Shepard, Jr., Headmaster, Box 880, New Brunswick, N.J.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—BOYS' SCHOOLS

Harrisburg ACADEMY AND JUNIOR COLLEGE

Ideal campus bordering Susquehanna near Blue Ridge Mts. Pupils all ages. Graduates in sixty colleges. Provides two year Junior College in Business. Modern plant. Playing fields. New gym and pool. Write for Catalogues.

FRANK C. BALDWIN, Box 117, Harrisburg, Pa.

BORDENTOWN MILITARY INSTITUTE

College Preparatory. Accredited. Business and General courses. Able teachers. **Boys taught how to study.** Near Trenton. All sports. Junior school. 55th yr. Summer Sessions. Catalog. **Registrar, Box 288, Bordentown, N. J.**

RANDLES FOR U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY EXCLUSIVELY

Randles student stood *No. 1* in nation-wide competition for Naval Reserve appointments to Annapolis. For 4th consecutive year students have won 32% or more of *all* basic Naval Reserve appointments. Any physically qualified boy may compete for them. Students won 40 Naval Reserve appointments in 1940. *Summer course begins Aug. 1.*

RANDLES SCHOOL 1921-23 N St., N. W. Washington, D. C.

★ Carson Long Institute ★

Boys' Military School. Educates the whole boy—physically, mentally, morally. How to learn, how to labor, how to live. Prepares for college or business. Character building supreme. Rates $550.00. Catalog.

Box 18. New Bloomfield, Pa.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT ACADEMY

Graduates in 60 colleges. Fully accredited. Special classes preparing for U.S. Government Academies and Merchant Marine. All sports. Band. Moderate rate. *No extras.* **Separate Junior School. Rear Admiral S. S. Robison, U.S.N. (Ret.), Supt.,** *Catalog.* **Box K, Toms River, N. J.**

SULLIVAN SCHOOL

Annapolis • West Point

Prepares for entrance to both Academies. High record of success. Small classes. Personal attention. Faculty of Academy graduates. Lt. G. J. Sullivan, U.S.A.-Ret., Box B, 2128 Wyo. Ave., Washington, D.C.

These schools invite requests for catalogues and information. In writing for catalogues, please mention REDBOOK Magazine.

SOUTHERN STATES—BOYS' SCHOOLS

RIVERSIDE

OUTSTANDING MILITARY AND NAVAL TRAINING

A distinguished school, featuring the added interest and improved health of two complete school plants with modern facilities for every school purpose. Fall and Spring in the invigorating Blue Ridge Mountains, Winter at Hollywood-by-the-Sea, Florida. $1044 covers every necessary expense.

Choice of War Department supervised military training or Naval Unit with boats furnished by U. S. Navy Department. Aviation.

All sports. Individual attention of outstanding faculty who live in same buildings and eat at same tables with cadets. All preparatory and post graduate courses, with separate Junior School. The economy, record of achievement, and guarantee of progress appeal to parents and boys.

For catalogue, address:

GENERAL SANDY BEAVER, *President*, Box R-8, Gainesville, Georgia

6 MONTHS IN BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS — 3 WINTER MONTHS IN FLORIDA

● An exceptional *non-military* school—newly established in healthful S. W. Virginia to offer the best possible college preparation to boys. Completely modern facilities—extensive grounds, large, attractive buildings. High academic standards. Experienced, personable instructors teach boys how to study, how to think, and express themselves clearly. Study supervised, classes small. Home atmosphere of comfort and refinement. Well-rounded athletic program. Golf, gym, swimming pool. Reasonable rate. *Catalog.* B. S. Alleman, A. M., *Headmaster*, Box 1200, Abingdon, Va.

ABINGDON ACADEMY

GEORGIA Military Academy

BUILDING AMERICANISM

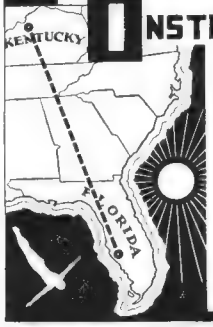
Under same Management 40 years. Near Atlanta—Metropolis of the South. Highest academic and military ratings, championship teams. "Individual house plan," cadets living with teachers under tutorial system—insuring accurate scholarship, sound character, healthy bodies. Classical, Engineering, Commercial, West Point—Annapolis Courses, certificating graduates to Colleges. R.O.T.C. Junior school, boys 8 to 13. Tested dairy herd. Moderate rate.

For illustrated literature address

Major W. B. Brewster, President, College Park, Ga.

KENTUCKY MILITARY INSTITUTE

A School with a Winter Home in Florida



Oldest private military school in America. Fully accredited. Prepares for college or business. Fall and spring sessions on beautiful estate near Louisville. Winter session in fine, modern buildings at Venice, Florida, where the sunshine possesses greatest quantity of actinic, health-giving rays. Boys enjoy healthful land and water sports all year with no interruption to studies.

For catalogs, address

Col. Chas. B. Richmond, Pres.
Box R Lyndon, Ky.

HARGRAVE MILITARY ACADEMY

Preparation for Christian leadership in the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge Mts. Excellent educational facilities at reasonable $590 rate. Accredited. Competent instructors. Personal attention. Business courses. All sports. Gym, pool, golf course. Junior School. *Catalog.*
Col. A. H. Camden, Pres., Box R, Chatham, Virginia

FLORIDA NAVAL ★ ACADEMY

On Halifax River

"The Only Naval School in the South"

New buildings on 50 acre campus for 125 boys. Prepares boys for all universities and engineering schools. Small classes. Naval and aviation training. Retired Admiral, Superintendent. All sports, boats, sailing, ocean bathing. For Catalog, address: Paul R. Brubeck, Daytona Beach, Fla., or Suite 531 Graybar Bldg., New York.

GORDON MILITARY COLLEGE

ACCREDITED Preparatory School and Junior College with traditions and standards that have made for a century of accomplishment. An honor military school. Outstanding equipment, beautiful buildings on 350 acres. Homelike atmosphere. Golf course, 2 sport fields, 2 drill grounds. Rate includes board, tuition, books, laundry, uniform, all fees. Early application advised. Capacity enrollment. Write for *Catalog.* $495

Col. J. E. Guillebeau, Box R, Barnesville, Ga.

AUGUSTA MILITARY ACADEMY

Fort Defiance, Virginia

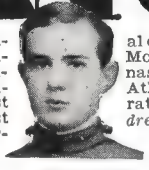
Military life develops strong moral character. Prepares for the best colleges. Personal supervision. Good health record. All sports; swimming pool; magnificent gym. Stable of 36 horses. Country location in Shenandoah Valley, 700 acres. Aviation under C.A.A. 75th yr. Reasonable rate. Write for catalog.

COL. T. J. ROLLER *or* MAJ. C. S. ROLLER, JR.

FORK UNION MILITARY ACADEMY

Fully accredited. Prepares for college or business. Able faculty. Small classes. Supervised study. Lower School for small boys in new separate building. Housemother. R. O. T. C. Fireproof buildings. Inside swimming pool. All athletics. Best health record. Students from 27 states and other countries. Catalog 43rd year. Dr. J. J. Wicker, Pres., Box R, Fork Union, Virginia.

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY



One of America's most distinguished military schools, located in historic Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. High elevation, excellent health record. For 80 years graduates have made excellent records at best colleges, universities, Annapolis and West Point. R.O.T.C. unit. 40-piece band. Liberal course for cadets not entering college. Modern, fire-proof buildings, two gymnasiums, and modern swimming pool. Athletic program for all boys. Separate Junior School. *For catalogue, address* Col. Emory J. Middour, Supt., Box R-8, Staunton, Virginia.

Fishburne MILITARY SCHOOL

Visit Fishburne in historic Virginia at southern gateway of scenic Skyline Drive. Fishburne prepares boys for the leading colleges, West Point, Annapolis and business. Accredited. Developing minds and character for 61 years. R.O.T.C. Complete athletic program. New gym. Catalogue. Col. M. H. Hudgins, Box K-4, Waynesboro, Virginia.

Blue Ridge School For Boys

A select, fully accredited, non-military school for boys, 9 years and upward, giving thorough preparation for leading universities. High academic and moral standards. Unexcelled health record. 6 months in picturesque Western North Carolina, 3 winter months at Welaka-on-St. Johns, Florida, near Palatka with its renowned Ravine Gardens and Crescent City with its lakes and citrus groves.
J. R. Sandifer, Box R. Hendersonville, North Carolina

CARLISLE SCHOOL

Boys' Military Preparatory. Small classes. Individual instruction. Homelike atmosphere. Wise guidance for character building. Rate $495 includes uniform. For catalog address:
Colonel James R. Risher, Bamberg, S. C.

THE BOLLES SCHOOL

On St. Johns River

Accredited—prepares for college or Gov't. Academies. 5th to 12th grades. Splendidly equipped fireproof dormitory. New gym. Military and Naval training. For catalog address
Col. Roger R. Painter, Pres. Jacksonville, Fla.

MILLERSBURG MILITARY INSTITUTE

In the heart of the Blue Grass. Fully Accredited. 48th Yr. College Preparatory and Separate Junior School. Rates very moderate. For catalog address
Col. W. R. Nelson, Supt., Box 440, Millersburg, Ky.

MASSANUTTEN ACADEMY

College preparatory. Accredited. Average class 12. Jr. R.O.T.C. Modern equipment—gymnasium—swimming pool—athletics—300 acre camp—summer and week-end. Shenandoah Valley near Washington. Catalogue. Box 50, Woodstock, Va., Dr. Howard J. Benchoff, Head Master.

Send Your Son to— FLORIDA MILITARY ACADEMY

Give your son the benefit of training in one of the finest military academies in the South, plus ideal health and climatic advantages. Individual development the keynote of our training. Accredited to all colleges North and South. R. O. T. C. Designated as Honor Military School by the U. S. War Dept. Separate Junior Department grades 1 to 8. Beach and other sports. All-inclusive rate of $975 covers every expense. Illustrated catalog. Address Director, Box 3, St. Petersburg, Florida.

Military training today is a wise precaution.

Gulf Coast Military Academy

Right on the Mississippi Gulf Coast. Genial sunshine, salt breezes. Healthful and invigorating climate. Up-to-date equipment, high-class faculty of college graduates. Graduates accredited Eastern Colleges. Athletics, water sports, outdoor activities every day. Military discipline. Junior Unit R.O.T.C. Non-Sectarian. Two departments—Junior, 5 to 14; Senior, 14 years and over. Open year 'round. Member Association Military Colleges and Schools of U. S. Write for catalog.

Gulf Coast Military Academy
Route 6 Gulfport, Miss.

Send Us The Boy And We Will Return You The MAN.

GREENBRIER

MILITARY SCHOOL. 129th Year. Accredited Lower School, High School. 1st Year College. Fireproof buildings. All sports. Summer Camp. For Catalog, and "Evidence" (Success Record), address:
Major D. T. Moore, Registrar, Box R, Lewisburg, W. Va.

COLUMBIA Military Academy

11 buildings, 9 built by U. S. Government. Fully accredited. Special Department preparing for Gov't Academies. R.O.T.C. Post-Graduate and Junior Schools. Athletics, including gym, swimming, golf, horsemanship. 50 piece band. For catalog, address: Dept. R, Columbia, Tenn.

Junior Military Academy

Bloomington Springs, Tenn. Boys 5-14 only

Unique modified military school. Kindergarten through 8th grade. Sports, ponies. Housemothers, homelike atmosphere. Limited enrolment. Enter any time, 12 months' care. Camp Whooppee. Moderate rates. Catalog. Maj. Roy DeBerry, Box R.

These schools invite requests for catalogues and information. In writing for catalogues, please mention REDBOOK Magazine.

SOUTHERN STATES—BOYS' SCHOOLS

TENNESSEE MILITARY INSTITUTE

Thorough preparation for better colleges. Develops sound study habits, good character. Mature faculty. Personal attention. All sports. Healthful location in highlands. 67th year. Limited enrolment. Moderate rate. *Catalog.*

Col. C. R. Endsley, Supt.
Box 182, Sweetwater, Tenn.

BATTLE GROUND ACADEMY

Non-military

Excellent educational system for complete development of a boy's scholarship, personality and character. Fully accredited. Small classes. All sports. Golf, tennis, swimming pool. Gym. In bluegrass section, 18 miles from Nashville. Moderate rate. Founded 1889. Catalog. **George I. Briggs, Box 801, Franklin, Tenn.**

CASTLE HEIGHTS

(Gen. Robt. Lee Bullard, Ret. U.S.A., Chairman of Board)

MILITARY **Accredited**

Preparation for College and Government Academies. Junior School in separate plant. Boys taught to *study* and inspired to success. R.O.T.C. Honor School. 16 modern buildings. Every boy in athletics every day. Outdoor sports year 'round. Riding. Endowed Senior School $690. Junior School $590. New $50,000 gym. Capacity enrollment last year. Apply early for fall term. For catalog, address:

Col. H. R. Armstrong, Pres.
Lebanon, Tenn. (Near Nashville)

THE MORGAN SCHOOL

NON-MILITARY

• Accredited college preparation. Small classes, individual instruction. Healthful climate, 1½ hours south of Nashville. Outdoor activity year 'round. All sports. Junior school, grades 6-8. Post graduate work. Summer term. Founded 1885. Rate $500. Catalog.

R. Kenneth Morgan, Jr., Headmaster
Box R Petersburg, Tenn.

MIDWESTERN STATES—BOYS' SCHOOLS

ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY

St. John's makes a real man out of a boy. The corps of mature, experienced teachers know the intelligent approach to every problem of boy training—inspire boys to eager, efficient effort. They emphasize character and personality development. Discuss your educational problem with one of our "boy specialists." *Catalog.*

180 De Koven Hall, Delafield, Wis.

MISSOURI MILITARY ACADEMY and JUNIOR SCHOOL

For boys from 8 years to college: 52nd year. Fully accredited. R.O.T.C. Individualized instruction in small classes inspires boy to best efforts by teaching How to STUDY. Balanced Scholastic, Athletic, Military Program. Provides all-around preparation for business or college. Excellent faculty and equipment. Large campus, gym, all sports, riding, aviation ground school and actual flying course available, dramatics, swimming. Summer School. Write for descriptive view books and Catalog to

Col. C. R. Stribling
380 Main St., Mexico, Missouri

HOWE SCHOOL

★ *A Clean Mind* *In a Sound Body* ★

Episcopal. 56th year. Character building emphasized. Graduates enrolled in the best colleges. Individual guidance, military training (R.O.T.C.), sports for all. Prepares for college or business. Junior school with separate faculty. Summer Camp. Moderate cost. Catalog. Burrett B. Bouton, 580 Academy Place, Howe, Indiana.

Western Military Academy

Ages 11 to 19. Fully accredited. Develops individual initiative, self-reliance, acceptance of responsibility. Personalized instruction. Cadet Club. Modern fire-proof barracks, each housing small group and faculty family. All sports, including golf, swimming. Riding championship in St. Louis horse shows. Tuition $900. For catalog, address:

Col. R. L. Jackson, President, R-8
ALTON, ILL. (Near St. Louis)

ULVER MILITARY ACADEMY

EDUCATES THE WHOLE BOY

Studies and guides him understandingly. Discovers interests and aptitudes. Develops initiative, poise and enthusiasm for purposeful living. College preparatory, Post-Graduate work, 8th grade. 1000-acre campus. All sports. Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery. Moderate cost. *Catalog.*

88 *Pershing Terrace* *Culver, Indiana*

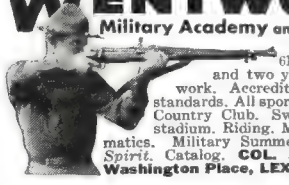
KEMPER MILITARY SCHOOL

Junior College and High School

Oldest boys' school in the West (97th year). Fully accredited Superior scholastic, military, athletic instruction. Progressive courses. Modern buildings $200 000 gym. Indoor swimming pool, rifle range. Golf course. Five athletic fields, 96 acres. Reasonable rate. Catalog.

Col. A. M. HITCH, Superintendent
630 THIRD ST. BOONVILLE, MISSOURI

WENTWORTH Military Academy and Junior College



NEAR KANSAS CITY
61st year. High school and two years regular college work. Accredited — high scholastic standards. All sports; beautiful campus. Country Club. Swimming pool, gym, stadium. Riding. Music, debating, dramatics. Military Summer School. *Friendly Spirit.* Catalog. **COL. S. SELLERS, 184 Washington Place, LEXINGTON, MO.**

NARGA MILITARY SCHOOL

Teaches How To Study. Accredited College preparatory. Business. Modified Military for Character. 5 modern buildings. New Gym and pool. Ages 10 to 20. 85 miles south of Chicago. Visit. Catalog:—Box R, Onarga, Illinois

TODD SCHOOL AGES 6 TO 20

92nd Year. Accredited. Vitalized individual College Preparation; study help. Progressive. 200 acres. Shop. Radio-Dramatics. Swimming. Riding. Trip to N. Y. World's Fair in our "Land Yacht." Hour from Chicago. *Catalogue:—Mention interests.*
Roger Hill, Prin., Box D1, Woodstock, Ill.

ROOSEVELT MILITARY ACADEMY

"Builders of Men." High scholastic standards. Accredited. All sports. Riding at no extra cost. Moderate rate. Jr. school. *Catalog.* **Col. Karl J. Stouffer, Supt., Box R, Aledo, Illinois.**

MORGAN PARK MILITARY ACADEMY

Program for personal development of every boy. Prepares for better colleges. Teaches boys how to study, develops leadership. Near Chicago's cultural advantages. All sports, including riding. 67th year. Lower and Junior schools. Catalog
Col. H. D. Abells, Box 880, Morgan Park, Ill.

NORTHWESTERN MILITARY AND NAVAL ACADEMY

Col. R. P. Davidson, Superintendent
Lake Geneva Wisconsin

OHIO MILITARY INSTITUTE

108th year. Certificates admit to College. Lower School for younger boys. High, beautiful location. For catalog address:
Col. A. M. Henshaw, Box R, College Hill, Cincinnati, O.

SOUTHWESTERN AND FAR WESTERN STATES—BOYS' SCHOOLS

New Mexico Military Institute

In the Sunshine State

A school of distinction offering exceptional High School and Junior College work under the most favorable conditions. Balanced program of academic, military and physical training. All sports, including polo and swimming. R.O.T.C. Altitude 3700 feet. Outdoor life the year round. Bracing air, dry climate. A cavalry school. Every boy rides. Moderate rates.

COLONEL D. C. PEARSON, *Supt.*, Box S, Roswell, New Mexico

Sherwood Hall

5TH GRADE THRU HIGH SCHOOL

A semi-military, superior school emphasizing individual progress in academic work, recreational activities and personal habits. Accredited. Invigorating climate . . Riding . . Winter sports. Modern. Limited enrolment . . moderate tuition . . endowed. Catalog.

The REV. C. L. STREET, Ph.D., HEADMASTER
BOX 856-R LARAMIE, WYOMING

TEXAS MILITARY COLLEGE

Accredited College Preparatory and Junior College in mild, invigorating climate. Strong faculty; high scholastic standards; small classes. Home group system—a friendly, home-like influence. All sports. Junior school. Moderate rate. Catalog. COL. C. WILLIAMSON, Box 180, Terrell, Texas.

TO PARENTS:—

Do you know private schools as we do? Have you spent time and thought on the proper school for the young members of your family? In these pages we present for your attention fine schools of varying types. We *have* visited them —we know they merit your confidence. However, if you wish the assistance of those familiar through personal investigation with schools everywhere, use the attached coupon or write to us about your requirements. We conduct this service for Redbook readers—or any parent who wishes the sincere advice of those who really know schools. Address: The Director, Department of Education, Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Ave., New York City.

Menlo School and Junior College

Two Schools—Same Campus
In California—Near Stanford University
Menlo Boys Achieve
High School Grades 9-12, Junior College Grades 13-14
Lowry S. Howard, President, Box R, Menlo Park, California

JUDSON SCHOOL PHOENIX ARIZONA

A ranch school for boys 8 to 18 in dry, invigorating Arizona climate. Balanced program of studies and recreation with high scholastic standards. Riding (a horse for each boy), polo, tennis, golf, swimming. Catalog.
GEO. R. JUDSON, Hotel Biltmore, New York City

THE TAMALPAIS SCHOOL

Prepares boys—from 5th grade on—for Eastern and Western universities, in a non-military and non-sectarian school, with year-round outdoor sports, at beautiful San Rafael, 12 mi. from San Francisco. Address: Headmaster, The Tamalpais School, Box 30-R, San Rafael, California.

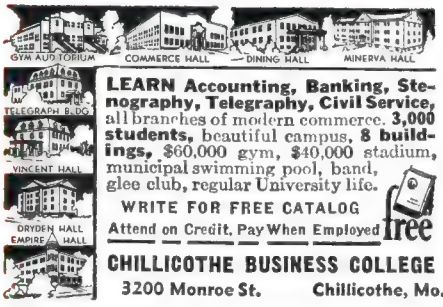
COEDUCATIONAL

CO-EDUCATIONAL SAN MARCOS ACADEMY

First Grade thru High School (accredited) . . Boys and Girls (separate dormitories) . . progressive development program . . friendly supervision . . 57 acres . . spacious buildings ideal climate . . $550 tuition . . catalog

R. M. CAVNESS, PRES., BOX R, SAN MARCOS, TEXAS

COMMERCE AND BUSINESS



LEARN Accounting, Banking, Stenography, Telegraphy, Civil Service, all branches of modern commerce. **3,000 students,** beautiful campus, **8 buildings,** $60,000 gym, $40,000 stadium, municipal swimming pool, band, glee club, regular University life.

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

Attend on Credit, Pay When Employed

Free

CHILLICOTHE BUSINESS COLLEGE
3200 Monroe St. Chillicothe, Mo.

TRI-STATE COLLEGE
Degree in 2 Years

B.S. Degree in Business Administration and Accounting in 2 years. For those who aspire to executive positions. Men and women. Low tuition, low living costs. Also 2 year Engineering courses. **57th year.** Students from all over the world. Enter Sept., Jan., March, June. ***Write for catalog.*** **380 Park Ave., Angola, Ind.**

HILL'S BUSINESS UNIVERSITY
Professional Training
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

ACCOUNTING and C.P.A. COACHING
BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION and FINANCE
EXECUTIVE SECRETARIAL—STENOTYPY

Rated one of America's leading schools. Enroll any time. FREE Placement service. Superior employment opportunities in prosperous oil belt. Send for Hill's Success Book FREE.
HILL'S BUSINESS UNIVERSITY, Dept. B, Oklahoma City

PACE COURSE IN ACCOUNTANCY
SELECTED RESIDENT SCHOOLS

Only one school in a geographical center is authorized to teach the Pace course in accountancy and business administration—comprehensive work in accounting, law, applied economics, organization and finance. If interested in advancement through study in these important subjects, write us for information regarding the school nearest you offering the Pace Course.

BUSINESS TEXT-BOOK PUBLISHERS, INC.
225 Broadway New York, N. Y.

DETROIT BUSINESS UNIVERSITY

Study business in this automotive center Business Adm. Accounting. Exec. Secretarial B. C. S. and B. Acc degrees. Day and evening Individualized instruction plan Intensive, practical diploma courses. Placement. Co-ed. Founded 1850. Catalog
Address Principal, United Artists Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Miami-Jacobs College

80th year. Accounting and Secretarial. Co-ed. Bachelor degree. Varied industries offer unusual opportunity for study and employment. For catalog, address:
Miami-Jacobs, 40 N. Ludlow St., Dayton, O.

BEAUTY CULTURE

SUCCESS in BEAUTY CULTURE

FREE Nationwide Employment Bureau

BANFORD ACADEMY

BANFORD-*Grand Prize Winning System*—has trained thousands of best paid Operators and Shoppe-Owners. Learn-by-doing! Supervision nationally famous hairdressers. Easy Terms. Visit, or request 44-page booklet It, "*My Own Beauty Shoppe*" *free*.
N. Y. C.—755 7th Ave., (Cor. 50th St.)
Newark, N. J.—780 Broad St. (Market)
Boston, Mass.—297 Boylston Street
Phila., Pa.—1423 Chestnut St., Nr. Broad
Bklyn.—427 Flatbush Ave. Extension

WILFRED BEAUTY EXPERTS ARE IN GREAT DEMAND!

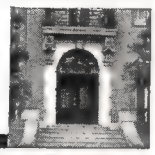
Prepare now for good-paying positions in **BEAUTY CULTURE,** America's fastest growing industry. A fine future awaits Wilfred graduates. Complete and thorough training! **FREE** Nationwide Placement Bureau. Booklet **8**

WILFRED ACADEMY
NEW YORK, N. Y.....1657 Broadway.
BROOKLYN, N. Y., 385 Flatbush Ave. Ext.
NEWARK, N. J.....758 Market Street.
BOSTON, MASS....490-492 Boylston St.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.....1612 Market St.
PITTSBURGH, PA.....610 Smithfield St.
CHICAGO, ILL.....9 W. Washington St.

COME TO DETROIT FOR BEAUTY CULTURE AT DEL-MAR
"Michigan's Finest". Enjoy Great Lakes vacation land while attending Del-Mar 5 days per week. Endorsed by hairdressers. Low tuition. Easy terms. All equipment and materials furnished. Young refined people, from all parts of America, are now attending Del-Mar. Write for free catalog to **DEL-MAR Beauty School, 7300 Woodward, Detroit, Mich. Ina Del Marvin, Director.**

BRYANT COLLEGE

Attractive campus life (9 beautiful bldgs. in residential district, gym, dorms.) draws young men and women from all parts of country. 2-yr. degree courses in Bus. Adm., C.P.A., Accounting, Secretarial. 1-yr. Comm'l Teacher Training (A.B. in Ed.). Also 1-yr. Secretarial. Placement. 78th yr. begins Sept. 9. **Director, Providence, R. I.**



BURDETT COLLEGE

Specialized business preparation for responsible positions. One and two-year courses of college grade. Business Administration-Accounting, Secretarial, Executive's Assistant, Individual progress. Successful placement service. Ideal living conditions. Coed. Founded 1879. Catalog.
Registrar, 160 Stuart St., Boston, Mass.

BECKER COLLEGE 53rd Year

Two-year college-grade courses; secretarial, accounting, business management, commercial journalism, medical secretarial. Special courses for college graduates. Co-ed. Dormitories, fraternities, sororities, athletics. Placement. Catalog. **Dean, Worcester, Mass.**

RIDER COLLEGE OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Trains business executives, expert accountants, outstanding secretaries, efficient commercial teachers. Bachelor degrees. Journalism. Coeducational. Athletics. Dormitories, fraternities, sororities. Placement. 76th year. For Catalog, address Director, TRENTON, N. J.

PACKARD SCHOOL

83d Year. Co-ed for high school graduates and college students. One-year Accountancy for Business and One-year Complete Secretarial approved by the New York State Education Dept. Placement service. For catalog write
Principal, 253 Lexington Ave. at 35th St., New York City

SCHOOLS FOR EXCEPTIONAL CHILDREN

THE BANCROFT SCHOOL

Training and care for the child needing special adjustment. Educational program with medical supervision. Year-round school and home, with summer camp in Maine. Fully accredited, established 1883. Send for catalogue giving details.
Jenzia C. Cooley, Box 395, Haddonfield, New Jersey

STEWART HOME SCHOOL
For Retarded Children. 47th year.

Private home and school on beautiful 500 acre estate in Blue Grass section. Cottage plan. Individual mental and manual training. For illustrated catalog address
Dr. John P. Stewart, Director, Box P, Frankfort, Ky.

TROWBRIDGE • Est. 1917 •

For unusual children • The best in the West

Experienced teachers. Resident physician. Individual training. Beautiful buildings. Spacious grounds. Indorsed by physicians and educators. Enrolment limited.
E. H. Trowbridge, M. D., 1830 Bryant Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Devereux

Tutoring and vocational schools for boys and girls who present educational or emotional difficulties. Students grouped in separate schools according to sex, age, and ability. Address **Helena T. Devereux, Director, or John M. Barclay, Registrar, Box 10, Berwyn, Pa.**

WILSON SCHOOLS

Year round school for exceptional children. Individual instruction. Only college trained teachers. Medical supervision. Beautiful buildings and grounds. Corrections of speech disorders. An ethical school. Recently added, WILSON SCHOOLS PERMANENT HOME, INC. Reasonable rates. Catalogue. **3 Arnold Place, Dayton, Ohio.**

SPEECH CORRECTION

Regain Perfect Speech, if you
STAMMER

Every stammerer should have the new 287 page book "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction." Sent free to stammerers. It describes the Bogue Unit Method for the scientific correction of stammering and stuttering. Method successfully used at Bogue Institute for 39 years—since 1901. Endorsed by physicians. Write for full information. No obligation. **Benjamin N. Bogue, Dept. 1417, Circle Tower, Indianapolis, Ind.**

Success? or Failure?

There is tragedy as well as joy in June on the campus of every college and university in this country for there are always a few Seniors who have failed to quite meet the requirements for Graduation. Often the reason for this last minute failure after three and a half successfully completed years of college work goes far back. Perhaps this student entered college too young in years or experience to take on the heavy load of responsibility and competition with older students. Perhaps lack of training in actually learning how to study and "carry through" is behind this sad climax to 4 years of college work. This too youthful or immature student should have attended a preparatory school for three or four years or at least 1 year of intensive preparation for college—or should have entered a junior college for 1 or 2 years to bridge the gap between home and college. Plan now for that boy or girl who is in the beginning years of high school that College Graduation may be assured.

The announcements of many of the leading preparatory schools and junior colleges appear in these pages. We commend them to you for we have spent many years in investigating schools and know that they offer an unusual opportunity to the boys and girls who are fortunate enough to attend them. If you wish our assistance use the attached coupon or write fully about your special problem. We are always glad to be of assistance to our readers and friends.

(Please check and fill out.)
I am interested in receiving information and catalogues about boarding schools.

Boy, aged.....years. Girl, aged.....years.

Name .....

Grade in School.....

Now attending.....
(GIVE NAME OF SCHOOL)

Health.....

Your religious affiliations.....

Location desired (name states).....

.....

Fee (approximate fee for board and tuition for school year) $.....
(School fees range from $500 to $2,000 per year according to location and advantages.)

Remarks (Type of school desired and special features)

.....

.....

Please send catalogues and information to:

Name.....
(PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

Address.....

Address: The Director, Department of Education
Redbook Magazine
230 Park Avenue New York

SECRETARIAL SCHOOLS

Katharine Gibbs
SECRETARIAL

TWO YEAR Course—College and Cultural subjects, with thorough secretarial training.
ONE YEAR Course—Intensive secretarial training.
Also Special Course for COLLEGE WOMEN.
Delightful residences in Boston and in New York.
For catalog address: President's Secretary
NEW YORK 230 Park Ave. BOSTON 90 Marlborough St. PROVIDENCE 155 Angell St.

WEBBER COLLEGE
BUSINESS TRAINING FOR WOMEN

A sound practical training which qualifies young women to undertake responsible business positions, or to manage their own or inherited property. Exceptional staff, student group and results. One- and two-year courses. All sports. Placement Service. Catalogue.
Miriam R. Arrowsmith, A.B., A.M., Babson Park, Florida

STRAYER

B.C.S. and M.C.S. degrees qualify graduates for accounting positions and practice as C.P.A's. Stenographic and Secretarial diplomas. Placement service. 36th year. Write for Secretarial or Accounting Catalog.

COLLEGE OF ACCOUNTANCY – and – SECRETARIAL TRAINING
Strayer College 615-13th St. N.W. Wash., D. C.

WASHINGTON School for Secretaries

A SELECT SCHOOL with university atmosphere. Cultural, social advantages of Washington or N. Y. C. Graduates may become paid employes of school for 20 weeks, or until permanently placed. *Catalog.*
247-R Park Ave., New York 237 Nat'l Press Bldg., Wash'n, D.C.

Scudder
Two-Year College Credit Course with cultural subjects. Speech, Finance and Investments. Spanish Shorthand, Psychology. One-Year Intensive Course of special interest to college women. Personalized instruction. Placement. Residence. Miss R. B. Scudder, 66 Fifth Ave., New York.

Kathleen DELL
One and two year Secretarial Courses. Medical Secretarial, Dietetics. Special course for college women. Also, elective courses in home economics, drama, radio, journalism, fashion. Successful placement service. *Catalog.*
Kathleen R. Dell, 1152 Beacon St., Brookline, Mass.

MINNESOTA SCHOOL OF BUSINESS
Thorough, practical training for responsible positions in business. Executive secretarial, accounting, business administration. Individualized teaching. Excellent dorms. Coed. Placement. Est. 1877. Send for Bulletin R. 24 So. 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

AVIATION SCHOOLS

Learn AVIATION at LINCOLN

Exceptional employment opportunities now for Pilots, Mechanics, Aeronautical Engineers. Our Graduates in demand. Lincoln's GOVERNMENT APPROVED Advanced Flight and Mechanics Training prepares for responsible employment as Gov't. Rated Pilot or Mechanic. Two Year Career Training in Aeronautical Engineering prepares for position as Airline or Factory Engineer. We assist Graduates in locating positions. WRITE TODAY for complete information.
LINCOLN AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE, (INC.)
878 Aircraft Building, Lincoln, Nebraska

Your Place in Aviation... SPARTAN SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS

Come to SPARTAN for today's finest expert training for your choice of aviation careers—Flying, Engineering, Mechanics, Radio. Approved by U. S. Civil Aeronautics Authority. 15 modern airplanes, latest aircraft engines; completely equipped shops, laboratories—private practice fields; 17 modern buildings; club-like dormitories. $100,000 expansion program making SPARTAN even greater. *Semesters start July 8th and Sept. 30th. Write* for free catalog.
CAPTAIN MAXWELL W. BALFOUR, Director
Dept. RB80 Tulsa, Oklahoma

ROOSEVELT AVIATION SCHOOL
MINEOLA, L. I., NEW YORK

Start Right at Roosevelt
This institution of established leadership, located on famous Roosevelt Field—the world's largest civil airport—offers unequalled advantages in equipment and location for aviation training. Government approved for all classes of flying and mechanics licenses. Write for catalog. Address Dept. R. B.

LEARN AVIATION IN LOS ANGELES
Nation's Aviation Capital

California Flyers graduates obtaining immediate employment. Huge increases in Los Angeles aviation activity insuring splendid positions and rapid advancements. Career training course in Airline Piloting (2 year), Aeronautical Engineering (14 months), Master Mechanics (12 months), Production Mechanics (4 months), Aircraft Drafting (4 months), Instrument Mechanics (6 months). Flying optional with Engineering and Mechanics courses. Train at one of America's most modernly equipped and strategically located schools. Training fleet of 14 modern planes, Link Trainer and latest Instrument flying equipment. Government approved shops and laboratories. Located on the famous mile square Los Angeles Airport which is the CAA test field and plant and airline proving ground. Government approved for Flight and Ground and Master Mechanics courses. Low tuition and living costs. Dormitory accommodations. Write for new 64 page Catalog. State age.

CALIFORNIA FLYERS
SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS — Dept. RB-8
LOS ANGELES MUNICIPAL AIRPORT, INGLEWOOD, CALIF.

PARKS AIR COLLEGE
PARKS AIRPORT — EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.

Offers you college education majoring in AVIATION. Accredited by the Illinois Superintendent of Public Instruction, U.S. Approved as a Commercial Ground and Flying and Mechanics School. Accredited by and cooperating with the U.S. Army Air Corps. Open to high school graduates. Four courses lead to B. S. degrees in Professional Piloting, Aviation Operations, Maintenance Engineering, Aeronautical Engineering. 100 acre airport, 18 training planes, 18 buildings, faculty of 46 specialists, enrollment limited to 420. Dormitories and dining hall at college. Fall term September 30. Write for catalog. Registrar, Dept. RB-8.
14th Year PARKS AIR COLLEGE, EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.

AERONAUTICAL UNIVERSITY
ACCREDITED FB

AERONAUTICAL ENGINEERING (Founded by Curtiss-Wright)
2 year B. S. Degree. Certified Mechanics. Administrative Courses, Radio, etc. Accredited. Write for Free Illustrated Catalog.
Curtiss-Wright Bldg. 1342 S. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois.

MEDICAL SECRETARY

Be a MEDICAL SECRETARY
New, Uncrowded Profession

Complete 9 months' course combining Clinical Lab, Social Service, Business and other medical Office Subjects will qualify you for well paying position in office of physicians, hospitals, scientific firms, etc. Free Placement. Send for Bulletin RM. FRANKLIN SCHOOL OF SCIENCE & ARTS, 1906 SPRUCE ST., Phila, Pa.

PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS

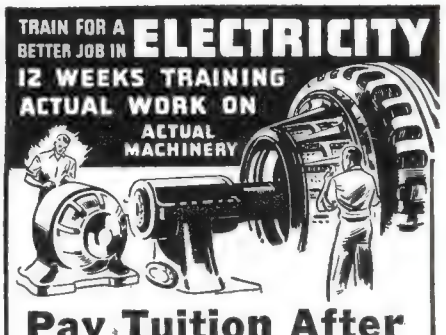
TRI-STATE COLLEGE
ENGINEERING DEGREE IN 2 YEARS

Courses in Civil, Electrical, Mechanical, Chemical, Aeronautical, Radio Engineering. The Mechanical course includes Diesel Engineering, Air Conditioning and Refrigeration. Essentials of engineering training included and non-essentials eliminated. Tri-State graduates in Radio Engineering can complete the Electrical course in 24 weeks. B. S. Degree granted upon completion of course. For ambitious, earnest students. Special Preparatory Department for those who lack required high school work. Graduates compete successfully with those of 4-year schools. Technical instruction at lowest cost and in least time consistent with thorough training. Courses also in Business Administration and Accounting. Also short diploma courses (36 weeks) in Surveying, Drafting. Students from all parts of the world. Tuition, living costs low. Enter September, January, March, June. *Write for catalog.*
380 College Ave., Angola, Ind.

TRAIN FOR HOTEL POSITIONS
Manager Chicago hotel accepting reliable men and women to train in splendid hotel for well paying positions leading to Hostess, Apt. Hotel Mgr., Housekeeper, Inspectress, Clerk, Asst. Mgr. No experience required. No extra charge for Placement.
Hotel Exten. Div., Desk A, 203 N. Wabash, Chicago

FREE CATALOG

TRAIN FOR A BETTER JOB IN ELECTRICITY
12 WEEKS TRAINING ON ACTUAL MACHINERY



Pay Tuition After Graduation!

EXTRA 4 WEEKS COURSE IN RADIO INCLUDED

Tired of low-pay jobs? Want to get into a job with a future? Send today for my **big free illustrated book.** Tells all about famous Coyne "Learn-By-Doing" training. We train you in **12 short weeks** on real electrical machinery. No previous experience or advanced education required. Pay for training after graduation. Many **"earn while learning"** in a part time job. EXTRA: **4-weeks Radio Course now included.** Free book gives all details. **Mail the coupon today.**

COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
500 S. Paulina St. Dept. CO-79, Chicago, Ill.

H. C. LEWIS, President
COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. CO-79, Chicago, Ill.
Send me your big free Book, **"Earn While Learning"** plan, your **"pay after graduation plan"** and details about extra 4 weeks Radio Course.
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE

X-RAY AND LABORATORY SCHOOLS

PHYSICIANS TEACH AND TRAIN YOU
X-RAY, PHYSICAL THERAPY, LAB. TECHN., med. SECRETARIAL. Hospital & Dr's. office exp'ce. *Dignified Placement.* Courses start October 2nd. Enroll now. Free Booklet. *Lic. St. of N.Y.*—660 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. *Tel. REgent 4-6488.*
EASTERN SCHOOL for PHYSICIANS' AIDES.

LABORATORY, X-RAY TECHNIC
Clinical Laboratory including Basal Metabolism 9 mos., X-Ray 3 mos. Electro cardiography additional. Unusually high placement. Catalog. Northwest Institute Medical Technology, Inc., 3410 E. Lake St., Minneapolis, Minn.

X-Ray Course in Technique
Sydenham Hospital

Three months' course. Co-ed. Classes start first of each month. Theoretical-Practical Instruction, including Hospital Experience. Certificate granted. Placement.
Apply to Dr. A.S. Unger, 565 Manhattan Ave., New York City

GRADWOHL « School of » Laboratory Technique
Men, women, 27th year. 10 months' course plus 4 to 6 months' internship. Microphotography, bacteriology, blood chemistry, X-Ray. New course in parasitology and tropical medicine. Free placement service, enter any month. Catalog. 3512 Lucas Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

FRANKLIN • School of • Medical Technology
A Dept. of Franklin School of Science and Arts

Offers an unusually strong, complete, and well balanced training course in Medical Laboratory Technology in 9 months: X-Ray Technology in 6 months. Franklin Technicians are in demand. Free placement. Coed. *Write for Catalog R.* 1906 SPRUCE ST., PHILA, PA.

GREEN VALLEY COLLEGE
(A College devoted entirely to X-Ray and laboratory technique)

A branch of Eastern Academy, opens in September an academic year in x-ray, basal metabolism, electrocardiography, and laboratory technique. Student dormitory maintained. Catalogue on request.
GREEN VALLEY COLLEGE Del Rio, Texas.

EASTERN ACADEMY OF LABORATORY TECHNIQUE
Combines in 10 mo. course laboratory and X-Ray Technique with physician aides training, preparing one for positions in hospitals, clinics and physicians' offices. Second for branch school. New classes Sept. 16, Nov. 4, Jan. 4. Student dormitory maintained—Catalogue on request.
1416 Genesee Street, Utica, N.Y.

NURSING SCHOOL

The Washington Boulevard Hospital
School of NURSING: Accredited, 3-yr. course, 8-hour duty. Pleasant living quarters. H.S. Graduates 85% average. Latin-Chemistry essential. Maintenance free. Write for bulletin of full particulars and requirements.
DIRECTOR SCHOOL OF NURSING
449 W. Washington Boulevard, Dept. RB, Chicago, Illinois

DENTAL NURSING

DENTAL ASSISTING

This vocation offers pleasant and interesting employment in an attractive field. Easy to learn. Short practical course. Free placement service. *For catalog "3", write* 11 W. 42nd St., N.Y. City *or* 121 N. Broad St., Phila., Pa.
DENTAL ASSISTANTS TRAINING INSTITUTE

Paine Hall MEDICAL ASSISTANT
A Lucrative Career

Assist doctors in office and laboratory. Course trains in Lab. Technique, X-Ray, Medical Secretarial, Office Practice. Graduates are in demand, free placement. Est. 1849. Latest equipment. Write Dept. RB, 101 W. 31st St., New York.

These schools invite requests for catalogues and information. In writing for catalogues, please mention REDBOOK Magazine.

PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS

DIESEL TRAINING Learn fast-growing Trade, including Auto Mechanics & Machine Shop Practice. Unnecessary to give up present job. Flexible plan to meet your needs. Send for free literature. Est. 1905.
NATIONAL SCHOOLS Dept. RBA-8, 4000 S. Figueroa Los Angeles, Calif.

AERO DRAFTING
All other Branches of Drafting. 6 to 12 months. Day or Eve. Practical Training. Successful Graduates. Catalogue. COLUMBIA "TECH"—30th year. Also Engineering and Comm. Art. 344—1319 F St., N.W., Washington, D. C.

YOU, TOO, Can Win a Well-Paid HOTEL JOB!

Without Previous Experience—
As These Successful Hotel Executives Did!
Find Out How—FREE

Bernardine Bishop, former Music Teacher, writes: "Now Hostess of this beautiful hotel. Lewis training did it all!"

Hugh C. Brown: "A salesman, without previous experience before taking the Lewis Course, I am now Manager of this hotel."

Alta Davies: "Without experience, became Assistant Manager of Apartment Hotel, shortly after completing Lewis Course."

Frank Rowley, former Mechanic: "Hardly completed course when I secured position in a big New York hotel. Now Assistant Manager."

Bradley Hall, former Conductor: "Increased salary 50% within a year. Later became Manager of an Iowa hotel."

Myrtle Slaughter, former Housewife: "My Lewis Diploma was an 'open sesame.' Now Manager of large Apartment Hotel."

All the men and women pictured above had to decide whether they would master fate—or fate would master them. Each one had some peculiar problem to solve—some reason which might have proved a barrier to success, if they had let caution get the better of ambition. But they didn't! All of them were determined to get ahead—to qualify themselves for positions that would mean good pay, fascinating work, stability and lifelong security. Today they hold well-paid positions in leading hotels, clubs, apartment hotels and restaurants. Their success is assured—their future limited only by their own ambition. YOU have the same opportunity!

FREE Book Tells How To Qualify For Good Jobs—Good Pay!

The hotel and institutional field offers you many advantages—fine living, luxurious surroundings, quick advancement, salaries up to $1,500 to $5,000 a year, living often included. Previous experience proved unnecessary. A good grade school education plus Lewis Training is all you need. Free Book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY," tells about the opportunities in this fascinating profession; explains how to secure a well-paid position in this business where you are not dropped because you are 40; shows how you are registered FREE of extra cost in Lewis National Placement Service. Mail the coupon TODAY.

Lewis Hotel Training Schools
Hall WM-116 Washington, D. C.
Clifford Lewis, President
The First and Only School of Its Kind
(Now in Its 24th Year)

YOUR OPPORTUNITY COUPON

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Hall WM-116, Washington, D. C.

Please send me FREE of charge and without obligation details as to how to qualify for the hotel, club, restaurant and institutional field.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

ENGINEERING DEGREE IN TWO YEARS

B.S. Degree courses in Engineering: Electrical, Civil, Chemical, Mechanical, Radio and Television, or Aeronautical. Also 1 yr. Mech. Drafting—Special Radio. Approved by Civil Aeronautics Authority for participation in Civilian Pilot Training Program. Intense, practical, thorough program. Preparatory courses without extra charge. Earn board. Low tuition. Enter September 3, Dec., March, June. Catalog. 880 E. Washington Blvd., Fort Wayne, Ind.
INDIANA TECHNICAL COLLEGE

AERONAUTICAL OR DIESEL
YMCA 10 or 20 months courses. Meets employers needs. Successful employment service. Dormitory. Gym and Pool. Full shop equipment. Other Tech courses. 32nd year. Write for Booklet in your field. **Dept. C.,**
TECHNICAL INSTITUTE
1123 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, New York City.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING IN ONE YEAR
Prepare for increasing opportunities in the electrical field. Learn fundamentals of theory and practice. Modern shops and laboratories. Competent faculty gives personal supervision. Highly successful placement; graduates in demand. Comfortable living quarters; spacious campus. 48th year. Reasonable rate. **Catalog. 208 Takoma Ave., Washington, D. C.**
BLISS ELECTRICAL SCHOOL

High School Graduates!
New Radio Developments Mean Jobs for Trained Men
RADIO and TELEVISION
ONE-YEAR residence course in Practical Radio and Television Engineering equivalent to final 2 years of college engineering. Modern radio and television equipment; outstanding faculty. Dormitories. Over 95% of our graduates in past 5 years stepped into technical jobs. Write for details in new catalog. Class begins Sept. 23.—Preparatory study given now.

CAPITOL RADIO ENGINEERING INSTITUTE—Dept. R-8
3224-16th St. N.W., Wash., D.C.

REAL JOBS OPEN!—Equip yourself by learning Auto, Diesel, Aviation Mechanics, Welding, Body and Fender, quickly! Real Opportunity for Real Job. Write nearest school for low tuition rates. Information Free. Dept. M-25, McSWEENEY, Kansas City, Missouri, or Detroit, Michigan.

TOOL & DIE MACHINIST TRADE
Screw Machine Course
Learn these trades on actual work at ALLIED SHOPS. Fully equipped. State approved. Low fee. Day or Evening Training. Free Employment Service. Write Today for FREE 36-Page Illustrated Book.
ALLIED SCREW MACHINE CO. INC.
(School Div.) Dept. RB-8, 609-13 W. Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

MECHANICAL DENTISTRY PAYS WELL
Learn now how to increase your earnings. Be a well paid Dental Technician in uncrowded field. Few months' training in day or night school teaches you. Individual instruction and practical training. Big returns. Catalog upon request.
McCARRIE SCHOOL OF MECHANICAL DENTISTRY OF PHILA. 207 N. Broad St., Dept. R-180, Philadelphia, Pa.

COLLEGE OF CHIROPODY

ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF CHIROPODY AND FOOT SURGERY
Now in its twenty-sixth year, offers thorough professional course leading to degree of Doctor of Surgical Chiropody. High School Education required for entrance. National recognition, eminent faculty of chiropodists, physicians, surgeons and orthopedists. Excellent clinical facilities. For bulletin write the Registrar, Dept. 2335.
1327 North Clark Street Chicago, Illinois

The Schools announced in these pages represent a variety of academic, special and vocational schools in all parts of the country. Each Institution publishes catalogs and other literature which are gladly sent to inquirers upon request. The announcements will repay careful study. Send today for the catalogs of those which offer the type of education and advantages you wish.

SCHOOLS OF MUSIC, ART, EXPRESSION, DRAMATIC ART, FASHION ILLUSTRATION, TEACHERS' TRAINING, DIETETICS, PHYSICAL EDUCATION, DOMESTIC SCIENCE, PHOTOGRAPHY

N. Y. SCHOOL of FINE & APPLIED ART
William M. Odom, Pres. (Parsons)
AUTUMN SESSION BEGINS SEPTEMBER 9
Plan now for specialized training in Advertising Design; Interior Architecture and Decoration; Costume Design and Illustration; Teacher Training. General Catalog on request.
BOX R 136 EAST 57 STREET NEW YORK

FASHION ACADEMY

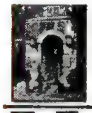
COSTUME DESIGN • STYLING • FASHIONS FOR SCREEN & STAGE Direction EMIL ALVIN HARTMAN
America's Foremost Fashion Design-Instructor
30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, Request Book 1

TRAPHAGEN 1680 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY

COSTUME DESIGN & ILLUSTRATION, also sketching, styling, draping, fashion journalism, interior decoration, textile & stage design, window display. Day & Eve. Send for Cir. 15. Phone Co. 5-2077.
INTERNATIONALLY CELEBRATED GRADUATES

GRAND CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ART
Drawing, Painting, Sculpture, Illustration, Animal and Human Anatomy, Cartooning, Advertising, Design, Fashion Arts, Interior Decoration. Individual Instruction. Day and evening. *Catalog.* Inquire for summer classes now.
7012 Grand Central Terminal, N.Y.C. Elevators nr. Track 23.

TEACHERS' TRAINING


Complete education for teaching elementary grades, kindergarten and nursery school. Special summer classes. Beautiful resident hall. Located Chicago's lovely North Shore near lake. Cultural education plus vocational training. Write for list of successful alumnae.
54th year
National College of Education
Edna Dean Baker, Pres. Box 05-K, Evanston, Ill.

LESLEY TEACHER TRAINING
Two, three and four year normal courses in Nursery School, Kindergarten and Elementary grades. Dormitories. Write.
Secretary, 61 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass.

ANN RENO INSTITUTE • NURSERY SCHOOL KINDERGARTEN PRIMARY
New cooperative plan for Teacher Education leading to a Degree awarded by Columbia University through Teachers College. Course prepares for public and private school teaching. Accredited. New student residence. Children's Demonstration School. 32 W. 86th St., N.Y. Tel. SUs. 7-2244.

KINDERGARTEN TRAINING

Perry Kindergarten Normal School
Three-year course preparing high school graduates for nursery school, kindergarten, primary, and playground teaching. Special one-year course for training children in the home. Limited enrollment. University credits. Founded 1898. Booklet.
Secretary, 12 Huntington Ave., Room 318, Boston, Mass.

SCHOOL OF DIETETICS

N.Y. INSTITUTE of DIETETICS
In One Year qualify as Dietitian in hotels, restaurants, schools, hospitals, etc. Day or Eve. Co-ed. Age no obstacle. Placement service. Licensed by N.Y. State. *Write for Catalog 2.*
660 Madison Ave., N. Y. City, Tel. REgent 4-2207

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

AMERICAN COLLEGE OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION
Accredited. Coeducational. 32nd year. 1 yr. Recreation Course. 2 yr. Diploma and 3 yr. B. P. E. Degree. 1 yr. Physiotherapy. Dept. of Athletic Coaching. Placement Bureau. New Term Sept. 23. Free Catalog. VIEWS.
Dept. R. B., 1019 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

SARGENT College of PHYSICAL EDUCATION of Boston University
4-yr. degree course in physical and health education and recreation. Physiotherapy major. Modern dormitories. 5 months camp at Peterborough, N.H., included. 60th yr. Catalog.
Ernst Hermann, Dean, 38 Everett St., Cambridge, Mass.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

LESLEY DOMESTIC SCIENCE
Two-year professional course prepares for dietetic positions in hospitals, institutions, tearooms. One-year practical Home Making course. Practice house. Dormitories. Social activities. For catalogue address
The Secretary, 45 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass.

SCHOOLS OF PHOTOGRAPHY

PHOTOGRAPHY
Practical day and evening courses for amateurs and professionals. Fall session starts in October. Limited enrollment. Individual guidance by artist-teachers. Est. 1910. Catalogue. 32 West 74th Street, New York, N. Y.

CLARENCE H. WHITE School of Photography

Learn PHOTOGRAPHY FROM EXPERTS
Modern, practical training. For pleasure or career. Black & White, Color, or Motion Picture photography. *Free Booklet.*
NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
10 West 33 St. (Dept. 32) New York City

"... an intimate personal school with a distinctly different method of instruction .... well known for the high quality of students it turns out, many of them becoming famous professionals and amateurs." 20th year. Day-evening. Now enrolling Sept. class. Ten only. Write for catalog RB.

Rabinovitch 40 W. 56th St. New York

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS
FOUNDED IN 1884 BY FRANKLIN H. SARGENT
THE foremost institution for Dramatic and Expressional Training in America. The courses of the Academy furnish the essential preparation for Teaching and Directing as well as for Acting.
FALL TERM BEGINS OCTOBER 26th
FOR CATALOG ADDRESS SECRETARY, ROOM 177, CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK

Alviene SCHOOL & STOCK Theatre 46TH YEAR
3 Schools DRAMA-SPEECH, DANCE, VOCAL For Acting, Teaching, Directing Faculty 36. STAGE, SCREEN, & RADIO appearances while learning. Graduates: Una Merkel, Fred Astaire, Lee Tracy, Laurette Taylor, Peggy Shannon. Catalog, Apply Sec'y IRVING 66 W. 85 St., N. Y.

FEAGIN SCHOOL DRAMATIC ART
Summer Sessions in New York July 1—Aug. 10; Aug. 12-31
Stage—Screen—Radio—
Speech. Public Performances
ROCKEFELLER CENTER, 630 5th Ave., New York, N.Y.

The RAY SCHOOLS·CHICAGO
Famous Career School of the Central West
STUDENTS PREPARED FOR PROFESSIONAL CONTACTS
Courses in Photography, Advertising Copy, Layout, Commercial Art and Illustration, Lettering and Design, Industrial Design, Window Display. VOGUE SCHOOL division offers courses in Dress Design, Line, Color and Fabric Analysis, Merchandising, Styling, Buying, Modeling, Style Reporting, Millinery, Fashion Illustration, Interior Decoration
FALL ENTRANCE DATES—SEPTEMBER 3, 4, 9, 16, 23, 30, OCTOBER 7, 14
PERSONAL TRAINING • INDIVIDUAL ADVANCEMENT • EXCEPTIONAL ENVIRONMENT
WILLIAM F. RAY, Pres., RUTH WADE RAY, Assoc., 116 S. Michigan Blvd., Dept. R8.

GOODMAN MEMORIAL THEATRE SCHOOL OF DRAMA
THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO
Acting, Production, Design. Accr.: Certificate, B. F. A., M. F. A. Degrees. Student Repertory Company. Address Dept. J.
Goodman Memorial Theatre, Chicago.

SCHUSTER-MARTIN SCHOOL OF THE DRAMA
40th Year. Professional training for stage, drama and dance; radio and teaching. Full and partial courses begin Sept. 18. Our own theater and student residence. For Catalog, address,
Director, Little Playhouse, Kemper Lane, Cincinnati, O.

CLEVELAND SCHOOL OF ART
All branches of Fine and Applied Art, including Teacher Training and Advertising Art. Summer School and Evening Classes, with College Credit. School noted for its sound training of students. Fifty-eighth year—1940. Catalog R.
CLEVELAND SCHOOL OF ART, CLEVELAND, OHIO

CENTRAL ACADEMY OF Commercial ART
Highly specialized individual training in all branches of Commercial Art and Fashion. Limited classes. Write for illus. literature.
JACKSON GREY STOREY, DIRECTOR, 1649 Clayton Street, Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Frederic Mizen Academy of Art
For students with a purpose. Individual tutoring under professional artists in Advertising, Fashion, and Story Illustration, Layout, Dress Design, Lettering. Studios overlooking lake and city. Fall term begins September 3. Catalog. Write
Dept. 44, 75 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.

VESPER GEORGE SCHOOL OF ART
All branches fine and applied art: advertising, costume design, fashion illustration, painting, modeling, interior decoration, theatrecraft, industrial design, illustration, etc. Teacher training. Est. 1924. *Catalog.* Dorothy R. George,
44 St. Botolph St., Boston, Mass.

MODERN SCHOOL of APPLIED ART
Train for a CAREER in Costume Designing, Decorating, Buying, Styling, Fashion or Advertising Illustrating, Copywriting. One to three-year courses. Unusual placement opportunities. Catalog R. Directors: Carolyn L. Dewing-Donald S. Feeley, 687 Boylston St., Boston, Massachusetts

MOORE INSTITUTE
School of Design for Women
Design, illustration, interior decoration, advertising, painting, crafts, puppetry. Fashion arts course. Teacher training—B.F.A. degree. Distinguished faculty. Residence houses. 96th yr. Catalog. 1348 N. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.

18-month courses in Commercial Art and Illustration, Fashion Drawing, Dress Design and Millinery. Interior Decoration, Industrial Design. Students from 23 states. Low-Payment Plan. Individual Instruction. Free Placement Service. 20th year starts Sept 9. Catalog
Art Institute of Pittsburgh
134 Stanwix St., Pittsburgh, Pa., Willis Shook, Dir.

FASHION ART
ADVERTISING ART
ILLUSTRATION
DRAWING & PAINTING

Individual Instruction by successful artists
Studio Atop Flatiron Bldg., 175 Fifth Ave., (23rd St.) New York. Catalog R. Alg. 4-2446
COMMERCIAL ILLUSTRATION SCHOOL

Cavanagh ART FOR ADVERTISING
Individual instruction under practical advertising artists. Illustration, Lettering, Pencil Rendering, Design, Layout, Commercial Art. Day and evening. Catalog R.
J. Albert Cavanagh, 19 W. 44th St., N.Y.C. MU 2-0246.

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF INTERIOR DECORATION
Four Months' Practical Training Course. Also Vocational, Design and College Courses. Faculty of leading N.Y. decorators. Day & Eve. Classes. Fall Term commences October 2nd. *Send for Catalog 9 R.* 515 Madison Avenue, New York City.

AMERICAN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC—CHICAGO
Courses in Piano, Vocal, Violin, Organ and all other branches of music (accredited) leading to degrees Bachelor and Master of Music under authority of State of Illinois. 135 artist instructors. Lectures. Recitals. Students' orchestra. Tuition moderate. Dormitory accommodations. 56th season. Send for free catalog. Address:
John R. Hattstaedt, Manager, 554 Kimball Hall, Chicago

LELAND POWERS
School of the Theatre
Complete dramatic training under faculty of professionals. Also intensive one-year course in radio. Fully equipped little theatre and radio studio. Catalog.
Mrs. Leland Powers, Principal, 9 Evans Way, Boston, Mass.

Chicago Academy of Fine Arts
Start your career in this famous school. Faculty of 33 professionals. Direct-Project Teaching. Commercial Arts. Dress Design. Fashions. Cartooning. Interior Decorating. Industrial Design. Drawing. Painting. Fall term Sept. 3. 18 S. Michigan Ave., Suite R-8, Chicago.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ART
Practical courses in Commercial and Fine Art, Dress Design, Fashion Illustration. Faculty of international reputation. Individual instruction. Fall term begins September 3rd.
FRANK H. YOUNG, Dept. 280, 25 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

FOUNDED 1879
Professional Schools of Fine and Industrial Art. Degrees and diplomas. Fully accredited. Catalog, Address Dept. RA
The Art Institute OF CHICAGO
MICHIGAN AT ADAMS STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

The ST. LOUIS SCHOOL of FINE ARTS
WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY ST. LOUIS, MO.
Drawing, Painting, Modeling, Costume Design, Advertising Design, Interior Decoration, all Crafts. Students may live on University Campus. For catalog, address:
Kenneth R. Hudson, Director, Room 70.

LAYTON SCHOOL OF ART
Painting, Illustration, Sculpture; Advertising, Industrial, Interior and Costume Design; Teacher Training. Frequent exhibitions. 21st year. Non-profit. Moderate tuition. Fall Term Begins September 16th. Catalog. Charlotte R. Partridge, Director, 449 Layton Art Gallery, Milwaukee, Wis.

Minneapolis School of Art
Commercial Art • Photography • Costume Design
Interior Decoration • Painting • Sculpture • 54th Year
Write for FREE BOOK "R" Minneapolis, Minn.

COMMERCIAL ART
Ten-month practical courses in all branches of Commercial Art. Low tuition and living costs. Write for booklet and "Success Bulletin." Address: Harold D. Prunty, Director,
INDIANAPOLIS ACADEMY OF COMMERCIAL ART
1441 N. Delaware St. Indianapolis, Indiana

RICHMOND SCHOOL OF ART
Affiliated William and Mary College. Fine art, Advertising art, costume design, teacher training, interior decoration, crafts. College activities; Women's dormitory, B. F. A. degree. Minimum charge, including board $575. Catalog.
Dr. H. H. Hibbs, Jr., Director, 905 W. Franklin St., Richmond, Va.

RINGLING School of Art
The school of the Ringling Museum. Faculty of outstanding artists teaching all phases of art including commercial art and costume design. Outdoor classes all winter. Animal study at Ringling Circus winter quarters. College academic subjects. Dormitories. Write for catalog. Address Director.
Sarasota, FLORIDA

These schools invite requests for catalogues and information. In writing for catalogues, please mention REDBOOK Magazine.

The Greatest Partnership in the World

THROUGHOUT THE MONTHS that precede a baby's birth, the mother's well-being is, in no small degree, dependent upon the *father*—upon his understanding and intelligent co-operation.

That's why fathers-and-mothers-to-be—at the first moment they believe a little one may be expected—should seek the doctor's guidance *together*, to learn how to share this great adventure *together*.

▶ The properly informed husband can help his wife to take the doctor's valuable advice. He can encourage her to follow the balanced diet, to get the rest, exercise, sunshine, fresh air, and recreation that she needs. In thus helping to make this period the happy and healthy one it can be, the husband plays a vital part of his own in the development of a sound, vigorous baby.

At the same time, the doctor is doing his part. Regular checkups on the expectant mother's blood pressure, weight, teeth, heart, and lungs . . . blood and urine tests . . . careful measurements . . . all contribute to safer and easier arrival of the baby, and a happy return to the normal appearance and active life of the mother.

▶ It is not uncommon today for many doctors to set a flat fee for maternity cases. In such instances, this means that it costs no more for prospective parents to enjoy the benefits of going to the doctor early and as frequently as necessary. And in most sizeable communities there are maternity clinics offering their services to those unable to pay.

A wealth of helpful information about the mother and baby is included in Metropolitan's free booklet, "Information for Expectant Mothers." Write today to Dept. 840-R.

COPYRIGHT 1940—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln,
PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Plan to visit the Metropolitan's exhibits at the ***New York World's Fair*** *and at the* ***Golden Gate International Exposition in San Francisco.***

REDBOOK'S NOVEL OF THE MONTH
COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

A LONELY, LOVELY LADY

By RUFUS KING

A Lonely, Lovely Lady

by RUFUS KING

SHE held the letter in her hands for a long time, thinking, while her dark eyes stared from under fine lashes through a window that was sullen beneath murky overtones of a threatening storm. She felt wretchedly chilled and nervous, in a way that she hadn't known for years. It was of small moment in itself, the letter; but it served to bring her problems to a sharp focus and to set a period to any further procrastination.

Extra-sensory phenomena had never been considered by her in one way or another, for plainer terms such as moods, hunches, were more to her liking. She was experiencing one then: a sense of disaster (she went further in a rush of self-honesty and labeled it danger); and she was too clever a woman to dismiss the feeling without making an effort to trace it to its source. There was, that she could discover, absolutely none.

Her name was Lily Elsert. . . .

That was it: it was sixteen years ago when she had felt like this, during the first few weeks when she had come to Ohio and settled down in Laurel Falls with her daughter Nan, who had then been a child of three. Lily herself was at the time only twenty-two, but a certain maturity of manner had made her seem older. It had stamped her with a quality of agelessness which had never changed, and without detracting in any fashion from the warm charm of her character and pleasant looks.

As there had not been the least reason for anyone to be curious about them, her antecedents prior to Laurel Falls had been initially obscure. It was generally understood that they involved several cities which were as far-flung as Seattle and New Orleans, with brief sojourns at St. Paul and Pittsburgh in between. Lily had been accepted without the slightest curiosity as a delightful young widow whose name, then, had been Mrs. Robert Wardley.

There had been enough money for Lily to engage an agreeable suite in the Mansion House, and she had ascribed her decision to remain there simply to the natural beauties of Laurel Falls, which lay in the ruggedly hilly southeastern portion of Ohio, on the banks of the Onega River. Unobtrusively and always with a correct sense of reticence, she had found her way into the social life of the community. Her regular Sunday attendance with Nan at the Episcopal church in Laurel Falls had with time brought her many agreeable contacts, which later developed into sincere friendships.

It was predestined, of course, that she would marry again. Completely apart from any mental or physical qualities, Lily belonged to that fairly rare stamp of women who are, inescapably, wives. Without in the least being helpless, she did suggest an impression of being so. There was nothing conscious or deliberate about this on her part: it just was there as a fact, and every man felt it, and instantly started figuring out ways for helping and protecting her.

Lily had come, with the years, to know that look. To recognize it the instant it sparked in a man's eyes and then spread out into a warm, protective glow. Faintly she resented it, for she knew herself to be sane, sound and capable, with strength that could cope, and had coped, efficiently with varied emergencies. But she could not, in the kindness of her heart, ever bring herself to the point of quenching it. Never, certainly, before the glow was fixed, and then it was always too late.

Milton Elsert had had it seven years ago, and so Lily had married him, and had moved with Nan from the Mansion House and into Elsert's spacious home on Onega Drive. It was a small estate, really, for the property extended in the rear to the bank of the river, and was masked from the main highway in front by broad landscaped lawns dotted with metal fauna elegancies of the day. The buildings, which included stables and a gate lodge, were in the handsomest tradition of Stanford White, and the three of them lived there in an even state of unexciting contentment, with Elsert daily protecting and cosseting Lily, and she letting herself be protected and cosseted, and with Nan getting finished at the Misses Tunkets' in Maryland.

There was this to be said for the firmness with which Lily's roots had struck into the town's society: Nobody for a minute considered that she might have married Milton Elsert for his money, and this in spite of the fact that Elsert was a good twenty years her senior. There had seemed a rightness about the match: a satisfactory exchange of security for Lily and Nan, and of an agreeable companionship and shepherding rights for Elsert.

Then Elsert had died.

This was several months ago, after a full year's distressing illness which had terminated in a stroke, leaving Elsert helplessly bedridden until his death. So there was Lily a widow again, alone with Nan, and the sole mistress of an estate which the town felt certain must be very large.

It wasn't.

Elsert's malady had been seated in the brain, and long before his stroke his judgment had begun to falter, a condition that was aggravated by a dread on his part that he would die and Lily would be left unsheltered, a tragic, tender sheep alone among the financial wolves and morasses of the world's unsettled state. He had viewed the collapse of great houses, of guaranteed mortgage bonds (and similar once-invincible solaces for widows and orphans), and his tired, kindly head got completely muddled.

As a result, Elsert had converted a fortune in reasonably sound holdings into a myriad of desperate eggs for whose goodness and hatching he would develop some transiently intensive hope. He had specifically barred any sale of the estate during Lily's lifetime (always she must have shelter, a roof, and warmth and light, and things to eat), then had lumped the whole sorry mess into a trust, and had wished it on the First National Bank of Laurel Falls as both executors and trustees. For Lily.

LILY turned from the window with a feeling of dread at the immediate steps which she would have to set into motion. All her life she had disliked an air of tolerance; and Sheffield would, she knew, continue to be tolerant. Sheffield and Delilah both. They were part of the estate, having started in service with Elsert's parents, whom they had respectfully wept into their graves, and continued through Elsert, weeping him into his grave, and would

This novel, like all other novels printed in Redbook, is purely fiction and intended as such. It does not refer to real characters or to actual events. If the name of any living person is used, it is a coincidence.

undoubtedly (Lily felt) weep her into hers. They were, of course, the type of negroes who never, never die. Lily had found it difficult to be firm with them, and impossible to be hard; and now she might have to be both.

She left the living-room with its fine old things and went through a broad hallway to the quarters in the rear. Sheffield and Delilah both stood up with gracious politeness when she came into the roomy kitchen. A rabbit casserole was fragrant on the range, and the air was pungent with the tang of baking bread. Lily's nervousness increased, and her fingers were chilled. She thought for a wretched moment that they might begin to tremble, like impossibly flexible icicles in a wind. She came straight to the point.

"I'm considering taking in tourists, Sheffield. If the plan is agreeable to the trustees, I'll arrange with Bellamy's after lunch to place a signboard at the gates."

Sheffield was a very old man (Delilah was simply in her seventies), and there were some who believed that he had marked a century. It unnerved Lily badly to see sudden tears wet his eyes.

He said: "We was afraid."

"There's nothing else I can do."

"No'm, we was aware of that."

Probably, Lily thought, before she had been aware of it herself. Well, there *wasn't* anything else, either. But this immediate capitulation surprised her until she reflected that it was based on an acceptance of overnight tourists as the lesser evil of possible others.

THERE were the heirlooms of Sheraton, of Phyfe, some good glass, some silver. There were also the paintings: a fine Benjamin West, a Vanderlin, a Rembrandt Peale, some lesser fry, but all of a certain value to a collector of Americana. Yes, therein lay their greater evil: she might have sold something or persuaded the trustees, rather, to permit her to do so. Sold some of the heirlooms out of the family, which was dead, but which didn't matter because in the opinion of Sheffield and Delilah, the Elserts continued to own them in some supernal fashion, whereas Lily only lived among them on a slender tenure of (still supernal) sufferance.

Oddly she thought: "And they're quite right."

She said to Delilah: "Some of the bedrooms might be made ready. There isn't much traffic in winter, so I doubt whether we'll need more than a few."

Delilah's origin was Jamaica, and she had never lost the soft slurred flavor of her English. She said: "Is it satisfactory to madam to use the ones in the north wing?"

"Yes; those, please, Delilah."

"Will there be meals served too, madam?"

Lily had wondered about that. She thought not. The first step alone was difficult enough of itself. And still, it seemed stupid to hang suspended in the center of a plunge.

"Perhaps morning coffee and toast, Delilah, and fruit-juice, in their rooms."

"Yes, madam. That can be done. And the silver?"

"Silver?"

"Will you wish us to put it away?"

It came back to Lily swiftly and more strongly, that foreboding sense of danger; and this time she could label it quite simply: Taking strangers into the house.

"Thank you, Delilah, for thinking of it. It would be best."

She left the kitchen and got ready to drive down to the bank. The thought stayed with her while she did so, expanding across a canvas that grew ever more somber: the potential dangers of the step she was planning, which so many hard-pressed women had been compelled to take before her.

A tourist house was different from hotels. Hotels had staffs, house detectives, any number of protective measures both for sizing up their guests and for coping with any eventuality whatever. But with a private house which was suddenly thrown open to the public—

Lily cut the thought off sharply, settling a smart hat, arranging furs, thinking of her mirrored face and expensive turnout in the uncertain terms of a whited sepulcher, uncertain because she had never been sure as to what the phrase definitely meant.

She left the house by the rear and crossed a wide graveled square to the stables where her small coupé was garaged. The other cars were there too, the big landaulet (its severe beige interior as Milton had wanted it—as a perfect setting for Lily), the station-wagon, the foreign sports car—all on blocks, since the general staff had been dismissed, and only those permanent fixtures Sheffield and Delilah remained.

There was a feeling of snow in the air, and she speculated perversely on how quickly snow covered things, as it could cover the sign that might go up at the gates, masking its spurious welcome. Defeating, she subconsciously prayed in a moment of weak panic, its very purpose.

MR. LORRIMER MCKEITH was, for the president of a bank, a young man, scarcely five or six years older than Lily herself. But then, the First National of Laurel Falls was a family affair almost to the point of being entailed. Groton and Williams, also entailed, had done their customary job, and had sent McKeith back to Ohio a finished product of their personal tradition.

He cordially detested everything about banking, and would have given anything to have outfitted a caravan and toured the countryside presenting plays of an intimate, intensive nature, in an intimate and intensive way. A yearning, he knew, utterly vain, for his body belonged to Laurel Falls, no matter where his soul might long to flit, just as the bodies of his ancestors had belonged to Laurel Falls before him. And whatever might churn inside of it, his shell was a beautifully glazed example of courteous business acumen and sound Rotary Club restraint.

He had gone through one brief and disastrous marriage, a rebellious gambol in reality among his secret Elysian fields, with a girl from New York's Greenwich Village. And Genevieve had certainly brought Life to Laurel Falls. Then, after busting up two families and giving a local welterweight ideas (finer things in life—the brain—a touch of soul, of poetry above the belt), Genevieve had got a divorce and had returned, plus alimony, to Greenwich Village, leaving McKeith in a daze of unspeakable relief.

He caught Lily on her way to the paying teller, and led her across polished marble into his office. He had always liked Lily enormously, because he thought her decorative and knew her to be both intelligent and nice. Well, and comfortable too. How immeasurably so, he often thought, in comparison with his yardstick Genevieve. Recently, since he had found himself in the rôle of chief trustee to the Elsert Estate, he had worried about Lily terrifically, because he knew down to a penny the muddled financial abyss which Elsert had left her in. He seated her with a Clyde Fitch flourish, in an arm-chair, and offered her a cigarette.

"We see too little of you, Lily."

She smiled and said: "I've so little to come here for, Lorrimer."

"I know, and I've been wondering."

"What recipe I'll use for cooking the wolf?"

"Yes. The best thing to do. We've got to tide you over, Lily."

He stared at her earnestly, and Lily thought uncomfortably: "It's there. The look." She couldn't mistake it after so much experience through the years with its inevitable kindling, the glint which would so shortly spread into the warmly protective glow. Right now, she decided, was the instant to quench it (just as she had always decided), but she couldn't bring herself to do so, any more than she been able to in the past.

McKeith was saying: "I can't take the securities as collateral for a loan without having the bank examiners bring charges of lunacy and embezzlement. I don't think they're utterly worthless, but that's just my private opinion. I think the coal stocks especially will be all right after this strike nonsense is settled. We can't touch the house or grounds, of course, but that doesn't matter. I doubt whether you could even give the place away for taxes as things are now. . . . Lily,"—McKeith hesitated uncomfortably,—"you need cash. You need it for food and fuel. You need it to carry you until—well, the mines start paying again. I want you to let me take that stock over. Just a transfer sale, and later I'll sell them back to you."

She felt the sting of tears at the genuine warmth of his friendliness, at this interest in her concern.

"Thank you, Lorrimer; but I've thought of a way."

"What is it, Lily?"

"I came here really to see you about it. To find out whether legally I've the right to do it. I want to turn the place into a tourist house, if that's permissible under the trust."

He sensed a firmness in her, a firmness against his stock-transfer idea, or any other idea which would simply be a euphemism for a personal loan. He thought of how rigidly the old conventions still retained their bonds.

"Lily, I don't like it."

"I don't myself especially, but what is there else?"

"I don't know. It's the usual solution, heaven knows: either tourists or boarders. There, Lily, why not boarders? People you know. At least they're—well, safe."

"But I *would* know them, Lorrimer. That's just it."

She touched, against her own convictions, on mountains and molehills, her decided preference in opening the house to strangers rather than to the permanence of acquaintances, the worries and eventual irritations of having them rooted beneath the roof. She asked again her legal status on the subject.

"Why surely, Lily, that end of it's all right. You can do anything on earth with the place except mortgage it or sell it. . . . Lily—how are things right now? At this minute, I mean?"

"Nan wrote me this morning that she needs money. I'm drawing fifty and wiring it to her."

McKeith shoved a checkbook across the desk and handed her a pen. He knew her balance to be around ninety-two dollars. An idea occurred to him, and he felt immeasurably easier.

"Look here—I've got it! I'll fix up a chattel mortgage on some of the stuff. That's something we can do. Just a small one, Lily, for running-expenses right now."

There it was: the things. But it wasn't like selling them, and after some income started coming in, and after all there was no other instant solution to (she admitted it) almost instant starvation and penury.

"Just a very small one, Lorrimer!"

"Very small. What's Nan's address in Detroit? I'll take care of the wire for you."

"Thank you."

Lily gave him the address and wrote out the check.

McKeith said diffidently: "How's Nan doing, Lily?"

Her eyes were suddenly bleak.

"I don't know. I made her promise to write if she needed money. That's all I know, Lorrimer."

"You do love her an awful lot, don't you, Lily? I don't blame you. Nan's one of the nicest girls I know. I've wondered—"

He stopped abruptly, and Lily said: "You've wondered what, Lorrimer?"

"I'm sorry, because it's none of my business, except that I like Nan so much. I've wondered about Gene Forrest. Nobody could help seeing how far he was gone on Nan, and I rather thought she felt the same way about him."

Lily's expression changed subtly. McKeith thought of it like something warm and fluid which all of a sudden hardens. It made him think of a movie he had once been at, when the machine suddenly stopped turning and left him there, looking at a still.

"Gene is so young, Lorrimer," Lily said.

"He's twenty-four."

"That's young." She repeated the word with almost a stubborn fierceness. "Young."

"Well, I'm sorry if I brought it up. I'll get the papers ready. This is Friday. May I come up on Monday for you to sign them?"

"Of course, Lorrimer."

"In the evening?"

"Surely, if you wish."

THEY rose, and McKeith escorted her to the door of the bank. He stood watching her as she moved through the gloomy light and got into her car and drove away. He thought that that *was* why Lily had let Nan go to Detroit and become a stylist, or window-decorator, or whatever it was: to get her away from Gene Forrest. It didn't make sense.

Gene was all right. He was fine. His family was all right, and he had cut out all his youthful capers, and was doing a good job in Hendrickson's law-office, and would some day be making real money. That was a funny crack about Gene being too young. Lily had meant it, too. Now if Gene had been a lot older, that would have made her attitude more reasonable.

McKeith fleetingly hoped Lily wasn't going Russian in any morbidly inverted sense, the sort that was so impregnated in those Russian plays. There was steel in her, laced through her lovely helpless softnesses. He'd rarely felt anything so inflexible as her attitude about Nan and Gene, and it was also there in her determination to go in for that hazardous bedding-down of strangers. Well (he turned and presented his President Face to the bank), you certainly never could tell about women. Take Genevieve: Oh, Lord, no (Groton and Williams both shuddered), not that woman! Not in the same breath, not in the same world even as Lily. A hearth and blazing logs, and pattering little feet—smart little dinners, pleasant evenings at bridge. What on *earth* had he wanted a caravan for?

Mrs. Moltenberry, one of their heaviest depositors, said for the second time: "It looks like a storm, Mr. McKeith."

McKeith stared at her vacantly, beamed, and floated on.

Chapter Two

SNOW fell on Saturday. Gene Forrest called on Lily in the afternoon. Gene had grown to consider his twenty-four years, since settling down at law at Hendrickson's, as middle age. His face had a healthy Scotch look, wind-burned and full of heather, for he managed to get in considerable skiing and skating when not chasing around serving summonses or doing the dreary spade-work on briefs. The tourist sign at the gates, as he had been driving past the Elsert estate, had hit him like a blow. He just had to go in.

Sheffield smiled at him with pleasure as he took Gene's hat and coat. Lily, in the living-room, smiled at him too, but not with so much apparent pleasure. Gene felt foolish now that he was inside and actually sitting down beside her. What could you say, except that he had seen the sign?

He said: "I saw the sign, Mrs. Elsert."

"Oh, yes. Then the snow hasn't covered it?"

"No, it's perfectly plain."

"I had thought it might. A blizzardy feeling, don't you think?"

"Maybe. It's little snow, very fine. It could turn into a blizzard."

He felt hot and stuffy, and his wind-burn reddened more deeply. There were moments in a man's life when you either exploded or didn't, so he exploded.

"Mrs. Elsert, why don't you like me?"

"But I do, Gene. I've nothing whatever against you."

"That's a funny way of putting it. I don't mean to be rude, Mrs. Elsert. You know that."

"Of course, Gene."

"Everybody knows that the estate—well, wasn't what everybody thought it was; but that sign—I mean nobody ever thought it was as bad as that. You can't *do* it, Mrs. Elsert."

His intensity bewildered Lily.

"Tourists, Gene? They're nothing to take so desperately."

"No, Mrs. Elsert, not tourists. Nan."

"What on earth has Nan got to do with it?"

"You sha'n't sacrifice her. I won't let you."

It had been a nervous, tiring day, and Lily's head ached badly. She could not, she thought, put up with a scene that was evidently to be predicated upon the emotional tempests of young (and thwarted) love. She saw the synopsis, of course, in Gene's earnest nut-brown eyes beneath their sun- and snow-bleached lashes: herself a tyrant mother offering Nan at the altar of some suitable wealthy match, grinding the petals of true young love beneath the excuse of knowing-what-was-best. Well, her head was in far too bad a state for any scene like that.

She said: "I know what you're thinking, Gene, and it's silly. I've no intention of forcing Nan into a rich match even if I could. Nan has an excellent mind of her own."

"Then what was the matter with *me?*" It was a relief in a way to get down to brass tacks like this, after weeks and weeks of doubt and worry, and of not knowing why or what. "Nan loved me, Mrs. Elsert."

"Did she say so?"

"No. I never asked her. I didn't have to ask her, Mrs. Elsert." He added miserably: "You sent her to Detroit."

"Gene, you must excuse me, but I'm not feeling very well. I gave Nan permission to go to Detroit. I didn't send her. You must believe that, and as I say, excuse me."

He stood up, his face no longer ruddy, but white.

"You've got to forgive me for busting in like this. Maybe I was wrong. You get to thinking things are so sometimes, just because you want them to be."

He held out his hand. "Good-by, Mrs. Elsert."

"Good-by, Gene."

Lily felt empty and sad and lonely when Gene was gone, in the way she supposed all mothers must feel when they've had the miserable satisfaction of doing something which they know is right. Having forgotten (she supposed this too) their own young assurances and fierce wants, in the mellow smugness of the simple fact of maternity and the broadening, deadening wisdom that had come with age!

The snow fell all through the dreary afternoon, muffling and whitening the earth, and Sheffield said to Lily as he served dinner: "I's done turned on the light on the signboard, ma'am."

"Oh. Thank you, Sheffield."

Of course Bellamy's would have arranged a light when they had put the board up in the morning, so that the sign could be read by strangers who passed in the storm. It chilled Lily faintly to realize that the die was so definitely cast, that at any moment at all, from right now on, all through the dark long night, the bell might ring and a stranger would walk in with the right to pay for shelter, to go upstairs and do all of the things which were so commonplace in a guest: bathe, undress, go to bed.

Wander. . . .

The word stuck, but Lily forced herself to think it out: wander about the house at night, perhaps leave it, on some mission which would be beyond her privilege to know, and then come back. In all the silent loneliness of the endless hours of the night, the house would be the stranger's to do in what he pleased.

The last mail came at nine. There was a letter in it from Nan, very brief, oddly restrained: the wire for fifty had been received; there were thanks, a warmingly deep expression of love, and a completely obscure sentence which read: *"Things just do happen, don't they, Mother?"* Across the bottom were the usual scratches of crosses, only there were more of them, and Lily thought they seemed feverish and as if they'd been crossed on in haste.

It snowed through Sunday, and by Monday a gale was whipping it into a blizzard, grounding all planes, blocking roads, and thoroughly disrupting traffic. The afternoon held the somber qualities of night.

The doorbell rang at four.

AS Lily entered the living-room, the stranger rose. She saw that Sheffield had taken his hat and coat, leaving him a dark, stocky man in a pin-striped serge suit that slipped over the borderline of conservative tailoring. Lily thought of his black hair as having a gangster gloss, and she thought that he could not spend very much of his time in the sun. His eyes, as she advanced closer to him, became more penetrating, and their expression of sharp concentration did not change as he held out his hand and his lips widened into a smile over strong, good teeth.

"Mrs. Elsert? My name is Parne—Chester Parne. It's quite a storm, isn't it? I didn't know you caught them like this in Ohio."

Lily took his hand, finding it cold and hard in, curiously, a lifeless sort of way.

"We've had more snow this winter than in a good many years, Mr. Parne." (What on earth did you say next? Baldly, the price? She had come to think during Saturday and Sunday and the earlier parts of today—all of which had been void of tourists—that none would apply, that the plan was a dud: a blessing that was far from being unmixed.) "Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you." Parne arranged himself with initial formality in a brocaded lounge chair, lifting his trouser legs to preserve their creases, then carefully placing his white, manicured fingers on his knees. "I hope you've room for me."

"Of course."

"Thank you. I'm heading East, but I ask you—"

His gesture encompassed impassable drifts and the biting, blinding coldness of the snow. Lily wanted to respond to his determined cordiality, feeling that it should have sprung from her rather than from him, but there were slender contradictions about him which stirred her uneasiness and set her nerves on edge. A cigar, she thought, a good hotel, T-bone steak smothered in onions, and whisky straight, an accomplished skirmish with the girl at the news-stand, with the girl at the telephone switchboard—all of such things would have been more in keeping than a capricious decision to pass the night in problematical comfort, and certain boredom, in a masked house.

"There is an excellent hotel in town, Mr. Parne. I'm thinking of your dinner. We've unfortunately few facilities for entertaining—for serving, I mean, meals."

PARNE settled back in the lounge chair and sprawled his legs a little, looking Lily over: Not bad. Very firm in all the right places, and still unholstered. In fact, to cut it short, very nice.

"Don't give it a second thought, Mrs. Elsert. I'm not hard to please. I always say that pot-luck sometimes produces the tastiest dish. Hotels!" Lacquered fingertips brushed them away. "Your sign assured me that I wouldn't have to drive another foot. You've no idea how bad it is out, and how glad I was to find shelter. What a magnificent secretary!"

Lily flushed slightly and said: "Yes, isn't it! A Sheraton."

Parne stood up and walked over to it, balancing expertly on the balls of his feet so that his movements seemed flowing. He rested fingertips on the wood's patina, softly stroking it, while his penetrating eyes flicked everything over. He *couldn't,* Lily told herself, walk off with that. But she knew there was nothing like that in his mind. Nothing (this conviction made it worse) so simple. A swift urgency to ask him to leave took shape, and she was trying to decide how to word it, how to *enforce* it, when Sheffield came in, looking futilely everlasting, like a pressed fern which any unaccustomed disturbance would crumble.

"The gentleman's bags are upstairs, ma'am. Would you wish me to go with you, sir, while you put your car in the garage?"

Parne turned reluctantly from the Sheraton secretary (it seemed to absorb him) and looked intently at Sheffield.

Lily said with a sharp edge of desperation: "Mr. Parne isn't staying. Mr. Parne will want dinner. He has been very kind about our lack of facilities, but I'm sure he will prefer the hotel."

Years of an ingrained and profound sense of hospitality forced Sheffield to leap into the breach before, in miserable confusion, he realized the impertinence of his move.

"We's a small roast for this evening, ma'am."

Parne's smile flashed at Lily, diligently encompassing her, broadly certain of its powers, which had never yet let him down.

"What did I tell you, Mrs. Elsert, about pot-luck?" The smile shifted to Sheffield. "Thank you very much. I hope the old bus will start. She's been coddled by a winter in southern California. Well, I'll be seeing you, Mrs. Elsert."

Lily heard Sheffield out in the entrance hall getting things from the coat-cupboard. It was like a mire where every step to extricate yourself only got you in deeper. Mr. Parne's bags were upstairs. Surely, in hotels, it must be done when any doubt existed. It would take ten minutes, possibly longer, to put the car away. She knew it stupidly vague, this expectancy, this dread that somewhere among Mr. Parne's belongings some clue would exist to focus his contradictions into an understandable explanation, no matter how melodramatic.

Like a gun (shoulder-holster and harness complete—Lily knew her Class B's) or thousands in hot money, or a sealed metal case: dope. She thought: "I'm the only dope. I started this tourist idea, and I'll go through with it. The man's probably some traveling salesman—with a larded wife and six little larded brats all bottled in five-rooms-and-bath in a suburb."

Lily thought this while her feet were carrying her up the wide curve of mahogany stairs. A case-hardened blonde was more likely, with a glass jaw and a speedily evanescing liver. She found Parne's bags in the endmost room of the north wing. Her faint hope that they would be locked vanished. Sheffield had opened them, and they gaped at Lily from a luggage-stand, all bright new pigskin.

Perhaps if she just ran her fingers through their contents, carefully, just felt. . . . She did this, and everything felt like clothes except for a leather case which held toilet articles. No gun, no hot money and no dope. Nothing whatever to pin a dismissal on, to place Mr. Parne among that sinister fraternity where she felt he belonged. Faintly, from downstairs, came the sound of a closing door.

Lorrimer McKeith called at eight.

Sheffield told him, while he took off his hat and coat, of the advent of Mr. Parne. Sheffield regretfully feared, remembering Mr. Parne's attack upon the roast and Mr. Parne's elegant little-finger movements while sipping from a glass, that Mr. Parne was not quite folks. Mr. Parne's table-talk, too, had at moments been weighted with a certain innuendo. Colonels, of course, sometimes had a gusto for that sort of thing, but not men of the breed of Parne.

McKeith's hair, had he been pelted, would have risen straight on end, when he went into the living-room and Lily introduced him to Parne. How like her (McKeith thought, briefly gripping the white, deadlike hand) to retain her charm of social courtesy even for this porker who was paying for his food and bed. Well, if Lily could, he could too!

"Wretched night, Mr. Parne."

"You've said it, McKeith. I certainly thank the little lady here for having a place to hole into. Local?"

"Oh . . . . yes, I live in town."

"What's your line?"

"Banking."

"I get it." Parne smiled jovially and patted McKeith on the back. "Well, it takes all kinds. Me, I'm in leather. —I'll use your library to get off some mail if it's all right with you, Mrs. Elsert."

"Certainly. The stationery—"

"I'll find it. Glad to've met you, McKeith."

They waited until Parne was gone.

"Lily—"

"I know, Lorrimer; but what could we expect? It's all part of the game. I'll shower you with clichés in a minute, like taking the bitter with the sweet."

"Lily, you can't be here alone with that man."

"But I'm not."

"Oh, those two!" McKeith shook Sheffield and Delilah out of the picture. "Look here—I'll get hold of somebody; I'll send my housekeeper up to stay with you."

"I'd feel like a fool. No, honestly, Lorrimer, just look at it from my point of view: I've started a business venture, and I'm going to run it as a business woman, not as a social violet. I'm not a social violet, Lorrimer. I'm tough."

"Very tough. Just the same, Mrs. Buck moves in."

"Seriously, Mrs. Buck does not. Very seriously."

"I'd sleep better. Honestly, I would, Lily."

"I'm afraid it's still insomnia."

The steel, it was out again from beneath all of her lovely softness, and McKeith wondered what on earth you could do. Wondered also whether she might not be right, or conversely, whether it mightn't be better if Lily were to get a stomach-full at the outset and then give the whole idea up. When you looked at it sanely, there wasn't any outright *danger*. The world was filled with Parnes, and they rarely, as individuals, ran amok, any more so than any other individuals. No, you really couldn't put a finger on any concrete objection, and his feeling about Parne was nothing but distaste, nothing more than plain snobbishness of the rankest sort. Yes, perhaps a good dose right at the start—

"I suppose if you insist, Lily."

"I do, Lorrimer."

He took papers from his pocket and Lily signed them, mortgaging the Benjamin West.

"I had hoped to stay for a while, Lily; but they've called some fool meeting of the Board of Trade." (To stay not only for the evening but for the night, a wakeful police-dog on the stubborn alert against Parne; but that would be something. Something for Laurel Falls! Funny, a total stranger could come along and hand over a few bucks and stay all night, and not so much as a tongue-tip would wag. But if a friend who had his own home in town did it—*Lord!*) "Your balance is good and healthy again at the bank. So any time you want to quit this, Lily—"

"Thanks, Lorrimer. And you know how I feel about everything you've done. Good night."

"Good night."

IT couldn't very well be Lorrimer coming back again—not at ten o'clock.

Lily opened wider the hall door of her bedroom. Possibly Mr. Parne had gone to the stables to get something from his car, and it was he whom she had heard closing the heavy front door.

A voice called faintly from below: "Darling? Where are you?"

There was no other voice like that one, certainly not for Lily, like Nan's. The swift surge of joy which she always felt whenever Nan, unexpectedly, would be near her was pricked by a stab of fear. What on earth had brought the child home? Lily thought: "I'm worrying again at shadows. I'll turn into a neurotic idiot if this keeps up." But the money Nan had wanted was concrete, and that puzzling sentence in her letter: *Things just do happen, don't they, Mother?* This sudden appearance on top of Mr. Parne—*with* a man like Mr. Parne dug in—in the house—

Lily forced herself to put the thought, with its nameless implications, aside. She managed to call loudly: "Nan, dear, I'm up here. I'm coming down. I'm so *glad,* darling." She managed, too, to run down the broad curved stairs, to look with welcoming eagerness at Nan, snowflaked and bundled in mittens and furs, glowing-faced, to take Nan in her arms and press her, all frosty, tightly to her. And smile.

"I had to come."

"But of course, darling."

"I lost my job."

"There—now the galoshes. . . . Do sit down, dear."

"I've used very little more out of the fifty than the busfare, Mother. There's scads left."

"Your hands are icy. Soup or hot chocolate?"

"Hot chocolate, please, Mother. Mother—that sign at the gates. I hadn't any idea. Oh, *Mother!*"

"Stop it. It's coming down tomorrow. Lorrimer's fixing everything until the mines are worked again." (Into the discard with any more Finer Feelings, let Sheffield's and Delilah's ceremented recriminations fall where they might. Mortgage—sell everything: the glass, the silver, the Vanderlin, the Rembrandt Peale. Sell Sheffield and Delilah. But have no more Parnes in the house with Nan at home.) "*Stop* it, Nan, I say."

"All right."

Sheffield, looking utterly unsalable, was coming along the hall.

"Miss Nan, I do declare! I's heard your voice. Well, welcome home."

NOW that's odd, Lily thought. Nan was doing nothing about Sheffield's greeting. Nan was looking over Lily's shoulder toward the library door—at Parne! Lily's heart stopped dead. It was later, much later during the insufferable hours of the night, before Lily was able to dissect the one intense look that passed between Parne and Nan, like a cold clear light in darkness, before a veiling mist set in. Only one thing was certain to Lily at the moment: they knew each other. Then at last Nan said: "Thank you, Sheffield. Do you think Delilah could produce some hot chocolate?"

"I jest knows as she can, Miss Nan."

Lily felt her lips saying, "Nan dear, this is Mr. Parne. Mr. Parne is taking one of our rooms for the night. My daughter."

"I'm pleased to meet you, Miss Elsert."

"Mr. Parne."

"This is surely no night to be abroad in."

"It is pretty grim."

(They weren't looking at each other now. Just talking. Holding their eyes, with a certain care, just off each other's faces.)

"Come from far?"

"From Detroit by bus, Mr. Parne."

"Well, I bet it was tough going, although I must say those babies can pound over the road, no matter what the weather is. It beats me." Then once more he looked at Nan directly. "Yes sir, it does beat me—Miss Elsert." Parne's good, strong teeth flashed brightly at Lily. "Would it be all right if some of that proposed hot chocolate was shared by the lodger?"

"Of course. Shall we go into the living-room?"

Lily had never felt like this. It was like being pushed suddenly onto the lip of dying, she supposed. She started walking toward the living-room doorway. . . .

The clock struck one.

Lily turned on the reading-lamp beside her bed. She realized it was useless to try to sleep. And it was then, after moments of thinking, that the look between Nan and Parne became finite: there had been recognition in it, and on Nan's part, shock. Recognition had lain in Parne's, but

there had been no shock; rather, after an initial touch of surprise, almost an expression of satisfaction. A satisfaction at something unexpectedly—Lily tried to segregate the proper word—helpful.

Five people in the storm-swept house. Herself and Nan here in the south wing, with Sheffield and Delilah on the floor above to the rear; and in the north wing, Parne. It gave Lily a curious satisfaction to focus this factual picture in her mind, like a map stuck with bright-headed pins. Nan's rooms were separated from her own by the suite that had been Milton's. Lily had wanted, in her deep worry, to suggest to Nan that Nan spend the night with her, in the hope that during the peculiar intimacy of the close warm darkness, the years would be effaced and Nan would tell her what the trouble was, as she always had when she was little—would tell what definite fright had brought into her eyes that look of shock.

Fright—fear—the words were out now, and Lily thought she might as well face them. Nan *was* afraid, the way a young animal is afraid of something formless but which comes closer and closer with an inexorable sense of fate. It was so stupid to tell yourself that you were stupid, to upbraid yourself for what was done. It had seemed so wise to Lily to place distance between Nan and Gene Forrest—at the time. But now, even with Gene's record of past capers, with his youth, with *anything*—how much better it would be!

The clock struck two. . . . Three. . . . Four.

Lily went into the bathroom and bathed her face with cold water. She pulled a chair up close to the basin and sat for a while, wetting the cloth and pressing it across her grating eyes. It didn't help much, and she wondered just what would help. Waiting wouldn't. Just waiting never had. Attack? Go straight to Parne and clear this fog and find out precisely where the field of battle lay? Go and face him, and tell him that she knew that he and Nan knew each other, and she knew that he had come to the house purposely (though she didn't, not *know* it, but she had to) and what was there between them?

Then fight him for Nan. Just as ever since Nan's birth, Lily had fought for her, shaping her own thoughts and every course as a pathway which would give Nan a route through life that was fine and right, and with as few ambuscades as it might be within Lily's power to prevent. Lily felt this crumbling, all of her work, beneath the pressure of a showy pin-striped serge and one occult, frightened look. . . . She dried her face and feverishly tugged at the zipper of a negligee.

Five o'clock struck as Lily let herself out into the hall. She had taken several steps before the darkness struck her like a blow, making this house, which was her own, seem unfamiliar, for she had never moved about in it before without lights. She went more swiftly through this inimical strangeness, to the left, past the wide vault of the stairway, to the left again, and then on until her fingers brushed Parne's door. Any hesitation would have defeated her; so she rapped lightly, waited, and then rapped again.

"Mr. Parne?"

There was, Lily realized, small need for any whispering. She doubted whether even a scream could be heard by Nan or Sheffield or Delilah in their distant places in the house. She rapped more loudly, and said more loudly:

"Mr. Parne?"

A REVULSION of fear overcame her as she recalled her earlier pictures of a stranger wandering through the rooms, moving with stealthily investigating footsteps along the halls. Suppose Parne were behind her, standing perfectly still, and listening and watching, and making up his mind just what he was going to do. Her fingers closed on the knob in panic, and she opened the door.

She said into what was still just further darkness: "Mr. Parne! This is Mrs. Elsert, Mr. Parne!"

He must be gone, because she caught no sound of breathing. If he wasn't just lying there quietly and holding his breath. Lily found the switch for the ceiling-lights, and pressed it.

Parne grinned at her from the floor. . . .

He was dead. Lily stood there without effort, feeling no weight on her feet, while she thought of the Latin for that grin which at times twists the lips of the dead. *Risor—risum—mortis;* and all the while she floated on air over closer to Parne. Otherwise (ignoring the grin) he was so neat.

Saffron silk pajamas were opened at the throat, exposing a V of thick black hair shaved across the top in a straight hard line. Leather slippers were on his feet, and a Roman-striped linen bathrobe over his pajamas. His head was across the sill of the bathroom doorway, his leather slippers toward her.

Then, thoughtfully, his tongue stuck out.

LIGHT was a faint gray against windows when Lily came to, with Parne beside her, dead on the floor. She felt stronger and far more sane. She got to her feet and looked at Parne's wrist-watch on the bedside table. Six o'clock. Sheffield and Delilah would be waking up, then getting up, then coming downstairs, and very soon finding that Mr. Parne was a corpse.

Shot.

Blood on the bathrobe told Lily that. The gun told her that. It lay just inside the hall doorway. She recognized it as the small pearl-handled .22 which Milton had kept in the drawer of the secretary down in the living-room. The Sheraton. It had to be that gun. Pearl handles were so rare that they scarcely existed any more. Lily had known it was kept in the secretary; Nan had known; and Nan had known Parne, and Parne had known Nan. . . . A second surge of faintness forced Lily to sit down before she should fall down: a detestable momentary weakness during which her years of strength seemed to choose this instant to betray her.

She desperately wanted advice. Lorrimer McKeith could advise her; so could Dr. Colin Starr, who had attended Milton during his final illness. Gene Forrest could. But none of them could. Because she would have to say: "A man has been murdered, shot by a gun that we kept in the secretary in the living-room, and Nan knew him." Never (this at least was clear and final) must anyone ever know that Nan knew him. . . .

The letters!

The letters which Parne had gone into the library to write. There might be references, something in them to establish a connection between himself and Nan. Lily fought back her faintness and stood up. . . . Ten terribly careful minutes satisfied her that there were no letters in Parne's clothing or in the room—unless they were in the open bags on the luggage-stand.

Sheffield and Delilah would, by now, be out of bed.

Lily went over to the bags. This time she didn't just run her fingers through them. She took everything out. That, of course, was why she had missed it before: flat on the bottom of the Gladstone. Staring straight up at her. It was a picture: a cabinet photograph of Nan.

She took it out of the bag, thinking: well, it's true. No chance had brought Parne to the house. That, naturally, was final. His coddled car in southern California, his heading East, his avid relief at the signboard which had spared him further storm-harried steps, all of those fictions could be jettisoned with surety. What had there been, what *could* there have been, between a man like Parne and a girl like Nan to (yes, face it!) have driven Nan into taking the little pearl-handled gun and—

Sheffield and Delilah would now be nearly dressed. . . .

Then something about the portrait held her. It wasn't Nan at nineteen, at now. For more than a year Nan had been wearing her hair fairly short, with a careful Lindbergh carelessness that had satisfied, apparently, Nan's nascent spirit of revolt—whatever it had done to her appearance. The hair was up in the picture, far off the face, in the fashion of a couple of years back, when hats had stayed on only after hours of tactful effort and collusions. And the hair seemed longer.

The mat was embossed with the Detroit branch crest of Endermann & Endermann.

Two years ago Nan *had* been away for six weeks during the summer, taking a course in design in Cleveland, working daily at the studios which were run by that Austrian woman who had never got over batiks. In Cleveland, not in Detroit. Not, however, so very far from Detroit. . . .

Delilah would be putting their bed in order, and Sheffield would be ending the intricate knotting of his tie. . . .

Nan on the witness-stand. The polite district attorney. The motive. The suddenly tough district attorney. The motive—the motive—the motive. There must be no murder. No. Mr. Parne was not murdered. Mr. Parne committed suicide. The gun would have to be put closer. It would have to be put into Mr. Parne's dead hand. Lily

picked the gun up and wiped it with her negligee. That wasn't enough.

Doorknobs.

Mr. Parne dragged easily: a loose, fluid weight. His slippers came off, showing nicely tended feet. Must remember to put them back on. Lily wiped the knobs of the hall door, letting Mr. Parne lie on the floor. Then she pressed his right, complacent hand on both knobs. She pulled him back again so that his head once more lay across the sill of the bathroom doorway, because there was some blood on the floor, and he ought to be beside it as he had been. She tore the cabinet photograph into small pieces and flushed them down in the bathroom. She put the slippers back on Parne's nice feet. The gun looked all right in his hand, even though his fingers were indifferent about gripping it.

Lily backed away from the bathroom doorway, hysterically fascinated by Mr. Parne's broad grin. . . .

It was her room. It was her bed. The clock struck eight.

Lily roused, under the slight shaking of her arm, from the warm blessed confusion of exhausted sleep into which her breaking nerves had plunged her.

"Oh—good morning, Delilah. What time is it?"

"Good mawning, madam. It is eight."

The full force of recollection pierced Lily. Somehow, instantly, she must warn Nan—no, not warn, but must be constantly near her, strongly close to her, to say clearly, firmly: "Suicide." When the body was found.

"I thought you had better know, madam."

(Here it was.)

"Yes, Delilah?"

"We just got us another tourist. He's a pleasant-spoken gentleman from Kansas City, Kansas, and he's gone got himself all tuckered out from fighting that there blizzard through the night."

"No—Delilah, we can't—I mean I've arranged things at the bank. The sign is coming down."

"Wish I'd've known of that, madam. I reckon it's too late. As I done said, he was a dead tired gentleman, so I showed him straight up to the room next to Mr. Parne's. He said he planned on just to take a good hot tub and then turn in. I done explained to him, madam, about the bathroom being in between."

Chapter Three

HOW do you dress for the death of a stranger? Lily amended this into: How do you dress for the death of a stranger when you (still) don't know about it? She kept her eyes just past Delilah's face, which had acquired with the years the texture of a placid coconut, and thought: "Every hour from now on I must be on guard against mistakes such as that. They are the little sign-posts which lead the mind trained in criminology into unmasking you." A minute-by-minute vigilance against the fatality of minor slips. "I know nothing. Mr. Parne is—was a stranger who applied for lodgings out of the storm. At eleven o'clock last night he said good night to my daughter and to myself and went to bed.)"

"Have you the gentleman's name, Delilah?"

"Yes, madam. Mr. Horace Hangaway, from Kansas City, Kansas. Maybe it's jest because he's so tuckered, but he's a mighty peaked-looking gentleman. His eyes appears like they been all burned up."

"He—how long has he been here?"

"Why, he's jest come, madam. Sheffield is putting his car away, because he was too far wore out to do it by hisself. Will I take breakfast up to Mr. Parne, or do I wait until he rings?"

Lily's hand did not quiver on the counterpane, but lay there placidly—almost (she thought) as though it really belonged to her.

"I would wait, Delilah, until Mr. Parne rings."

"Yes, madam. May I draw your bath?"

"Please. And the gray wool, Delilah."

"Yes, madam."

It was important to be dressed, to feel the bulwark of clothes about you when the climax should be faced. You could not dress in seconds, not bathe and dress, not with casual normality; and surely seconds were all that would be granted. If even that. If only Delilah for once wouldn't putter, and be deliberate about bath temperatures: would simply turn on water, then rip the gray wool from the closet, and then go!

THE sound of water peacefully pouring came from the bathroom; then it was stronger, and finally it steadied down. Perhaps Mr. Hangaway of Kansas City, Kansas, had not been able to "take it" any more than Lily had: the neatness of Mr. Parne, and the impersonal quality of his protruding tongue. Mr. Hangaway with his general peakedness and his clinker eyes might have fainted too.

Knuckles rapped briefly on the hall door.

"Delilah!"

"Yes, madam?"

"See who that is, please."

"It's I, Mother," Nan's voice called through the panels.

"Darling—come in."

She looked like a schoolgirl across the room through the muffled light which the storm gave with its still-falling snow, until she got close to you; and then it was obvious to Lily that Nan hadn't slept, and Lily thought: "She *isn't* a child any longer; she's getting the woman look."

"Did you sleep well, dear?"

"Yes, Mother. And you?"

"Perfectly."

Delilah was satisfied about the bath. She was laying the gray wool on the chaise-longue, removing its hanger, smoothing its folds.

"The dark oxfords, madam?"

"Please, Delilah."

(*Go—go—go*—but no, now don't go, don't leave me alone with Nan, with this girl-stranger who must be waiting just as I am waiting, with a wall of glass between us.)

"Shall we breakfast in here, Mother?"

"I think not, dear." (Just as with clothing, the defensive properties of one of the public rooms would be safer for the blow.) "There's the extra work, with Mr. Hangaway, with Mr. Parne."

"I can manage, madam."

"We will breakfast downstairs, Delilah."

"Yes, madam."

Delilah went, leaving Nan standing close over by a window with her back turned, and with nobody knew what expression of despairing bleakness in her eyes, which studied, presumably, the falling snow. Lily slipped on a robe and started calmly toward the bathroom.

"I sha'n't be a moment, dear."

"All right, Mother. Is there—is there somebody else?"

"Yes. A Mr. Hangaway came this morning. Delilah didn't know—that the sign was coming down, I mean. She arranged for him to stay." Irresistibly Lily went over to Nan and took her in her arms and kissed her, because she had to feel her and somehow recapture the very fact of their relationship to one another; but the wall was still there, even though her arms went through it. "Don't worry, darling."

"Of course not, Mother." Then Nan did turn sharply. Her face was still in shadow, because of the snow-glow behind it. "Worry?"

Lily said swiftly, "About the tourist problem, dear," and went into the bathroom and closed its door.

Lily used no soap, nothing, none of the pleasant array of accessories which Milton had always wanted her to have for leisurely, scented bathing. Just into the water and out, and a rapid drying. There was something wrong, from the very fact that the blow had *not* fallen before now. Mr. Hangaway's door of the bathroom might have been bolted on the inside, of course, by Mr. Parne; and Mr. Hangaway might be waiting until his neighbor would be through—might even, in his exhaustion, have decided to skip the proposed hot tub, and have tumbled his peaked and tuckered-out body straight into bed. That would be worse, as the waiting would be prolonged.

Only the gray wool now, and the oxfords.

"Nan, darling."

"Mother?"

"Gene Forrest was here. He called yesterday afternoon."

"Yes?"

"Lorrimer McKeith seems to think rather well of him, about his prospects. He thinks Gene has steadied."

"Oh?" Nan's voice was toneless.

"Yes. Gene noticed the tourist sign in passing. It upset him. He felt the vocal touch about it, the baying of the wolves." (Keep talking, just talking.) "I reassured him, I hope, that we were still divorced from imminent starvation, and I also felt rather as if I'd underestimated him. I liked him, yesterday, very much. . . . Well, shall we go down? Popovers, I think, and eggs? Bacon?"

On the lowest step of the broad curved stairway Mr. Hangaway was seated: a gaunt, dark bundle in the hall's uncertain twilight. He was wearing a stained woolen bathrobe from which his wrists and shins stuck out, pipelike. His neck was pipelike too, and seemed far too reedy for his bony, large head, which possessed the merest minimum of flesh. He made no move to get out of their way as Lily, followed by Nan, neared him, but sat on, a lonely bundle of spindles, in some remote world of his own.

Lily said quickly: "Go back upstairs, darling. Delilah told me that Mr. Hangaway was—worn out."

Hangaway's voice was frightening because of its strength. You were unprepared for such power from that skeleton source. He did not bother to look around.

"I'm not worn out. I'm sick. There's a dead man in the bathroom. Go and take a look if you don't believe me. He shot himself."

Lily's arm was around Nan, pressing her cruelly close and tight. The cue had come so smoothly, with such profound relief.

"Suicide?"

"Yes. The gun is in his hand. His head is over the sill, and I might have stepped on it. God, but I am sick!" Hangaway's head dipped forward until it swung between his knees, a large ripe melon on the thinnest of stems. "Get me a doctor, please. And maybe you'd better do something about the police."

"A doctor, of course—Doctor Starr—possibly, I mean, it's so difficult to be certain about death—"

"Don't worry about that. He's dead, all right. Like mutton."

DR. COLIN STARR viewed the morning with distaste. The blizzard had not died with the night, and outdoor movements would be on a level, he supposed, with the popularized version of Balto's dash (plus serum) to a stricken Nome. A prospect which gave him no pleasure. He stoked up heavily on rashers of bacon, on eggs, having because of his build plenty of bunker space. The early forties became him.

His younger years were comparable to Lorrimer McKeith's, only it had been Andover and Yale rather than Groton and Williams, and medicine instead of banking. But his roots were the same, deeply bedded in this section of Ohio's soil, and he was a happy and contented man.

Starr sometimes reflected on the sharper brilliancies of the larger world, of the greater centers, the more rapid tempos of nationally famous minds, and always decided his own puddle to be preferable. His large fine house, which his grandfather had built in the solidest tradition of mansard roofs, with its garden, and its lawn that faced on Onega Drive, satisfied him completely as a good shelter and a good place for his work.

Starr's secretary, Miss Wadsworth, came hurriedly into the dining-room, looking very upset in her frame of stiff white starches.

"Mrs. Elsert has just phoned, Doctor. A man, a tourist—she thinks he is dead. She thinks that he shot himself. Mrs. Elsert had decided on taking in tourists, but not any longer. I mean now that *this* has happened. Oh, I am so sorry for her."

"Yes, of course. I never realized things were so bad."

While Starr drove his car through the storm, he felt he had not realized that Milton Elsert must have left affairs in such a state. He could not picture Lily Elsert as a hostess for uncertain strays. She lacked the mettle which such a job required. This suicide business was pretty shocking, especially if the man were dead. Even if he weren't, it was bad enough, even if the man were to pull through. Starr damned the drifts, the ruts, the blinding, dark pall of the ceaseless storm. . . .

An hour after he had reached the house, and after he had finished his business with Parne's body, Starr sat with Lily in the living-room downstairs. Lily decided that this was going to be tough, worse than the police had been, and District Attorney Hefferfield, during their brief and polite initial questioning of her when they had arrived.

Lily liked and admired Starr very much, because he was solid and kind, and although he too had that protective look, it was a comfortably general one which encompassed humanity as a lump, not just specifically her. . . . But he knew you so well. No matter what your lips or your face might be saying, Lily felt he knew what you were really saying on the inside to yourself.

She appreciated the futility of trying to deceive him. She wouldn't think of trying it if it were just for her own sake; but nothing, not even his peculiar powers for sensing the truth in you, was going to prevent her from trying because of Nan.

"I'M terribly sorry that all this should have happened, Mrs. Elsert," said Starr.

"Was there nothing could be done?"

"Done? Oh, no. He died several hours before I got here, somewhere in the neighborhood of four or five o'clock." (Lily bit her lips sharply to prevent them from saying: "At five, Doctor, because of the tongue.") "We're arranging to get Mr. Hangaway out of here shortly."

Lily didn't care about that. She cared nothing about Mr. Hangaway and his inability to stomach the shock of a look on sudden death. It was of Parne that she wanted to hear: what Starr thought, what the police thought, if they were satisfied that Parne had taken his own life.

"Was Mr. Hangaway so seriously shocked, Doctor?"

"No, it isn't shock. I've sent for male attendants and the ambulance. He'll be taken to the hospital."

"Male attendants?"

"Yes. It's all right for you to know, now that the danger is over. The man is an addict. The morphine and syringe, the usual paraphernalia, they were in his bag. You've had a lucky escape, Mrs. Elsert—you and your daughter."

"He might have been dangerous?"

"Very dangerous. You never know how a man of that type is going to jump." Starr smiled at Lily reassuringly, brushing aside with a vague gesture the appalling shock it had been to him when he had realized that Hangaway might have passed a night in the secluded loneliness of the house with Lily Elsert and her daughter, and with nothing to deter him but the mothlike fragility of two old negro servants. He kept carefully from showing in his eyes his case-history knowledge of what addicts like Hangaway had done.

"Just when did Mr. Hangaway reach here, Mrs. Elsert?"

"Shortly before eight."

"Yes, so Delilah told us. We were interested in having you confirm it."

"I know it was then, because Delilah woke me at eight and told me he had just come." (This was leading up to something. You could tell that. Above the still-untasted horror of Mr. Hangaway's being an addict, there were arrows that pointed toward Parne.) "He told Delilah that he had been driving all night, and that he felt worn out."

"The district attorney was rather hoping that he'd come here sooner."

"Mr. Hefferfield? Why?"

"Yes. He wondered whether there might not have been some connection between the two men, under the circumstances."

This was it, all right. You didn't say a thing like "under the circumstances" if things were smooth and unquestioned and slotted in their grooves.

"Does Mr. Hefferfield feel that Mr. Hangaway could have been responsible for Mr. Parne's suicide?" (A stereotyped plot-pattern presented itself, and Lily seized it.) "Something of a nemesis, Doctor? Mr. Parne felt that Mr. Hangaway was catching up with him, and killed himself rather than face—whatever it was he had to face?"

"No, Mrs. Elsert. I hate putting this on you all at once: Mr. Parne was killed. He was shot in the back, just below the left shoulder-blade. I imagine from some distance. The bullet didn't come out."

Lily shut her eyes for one moment while the betraying weakness swept through her. All of her feverish gestures in the night in that room, born of her sickness and terror, had been a waste and a mocking futility: the fingerprints on the doorknobs, and the gun, all of that dragging and lugging of Parne with the feel of his loose, loose limbs away from and then back again to the blood on the floor. Why hadn't she thought of examining the wound?

Then the concern split into her that the negligee which she had worn while going into Parne's room was red. Red upon its redness, there might well be a spot of blood. Upon something of Nan's, whatever it was that Nan had worn on her own desperate mission, some touch of the damning carmine might be, too.

"It is so incredible, Doctor. It makes me doubt fact. No one was here last night but Mr. Parne and ourselves."

"Yes, we know. It's what bothers them. It's why Hefferfield is still hoping that some connection may turn up with Hangaway. It would be so logical if it would, because an addict of Hangaway's nature wouldn't have the slightest scruple about killing, no matter how tenuous the motive. Hefferfield feels it too coincidental for credence that a potential killer, such as Hangaway, should turn up here just by chance on the heels of a homicide."

"Can't they make him talk, Doctor?" (How useless, Lily reflected, this eagerness which she pressed into her voice. Mr. Hangaway could talk his head off, and nothing would efface her withering knowledge of a link between Mr. Parne and Nan, of the fright in Nan's eyes, of Nan's picture, and of Milton's own little pearl-handled gun.) "Can't they find anything in his papers, his things?"

"No, there's nothing of any value to the police in his papers, and he won't be able to talk for some time. He had started to get pretty violent. I gave him an injection. Mrs. Elsert, these are just the abominable situations which sometimes we have to go through. We'll take Hangaway off very shortly; and they're arranging about Mr. Parne. Within an hour or so your house will be your own again."

A flood of unbelievable relief went through Lily.

"Do you mean that Nan and I—we could go away?"

Starr looked at her curiously. There was something there. Something deeper, of a more violent urgency than a simple desire to leave a house where tragedy had occurred.

"I'm afraid I couldn't say. That possibility isn't within my province, Mrs. Elsert."

"No, I appreciate that, Doctor. When anyone meets death suddenly—"

Starr said earnestly: "You've nothing on earth to worry about." He felt, after he said it, that his attempt at lightening the situation fell far short from being effective: "Neither you nor your daughter is the type to shoot a stranger. I can assure you that the thought hasn't even been considered, and that Hefferfield, that everyone, has nothing but sympathy for you and will get you through the necessary steps as simply as they can."

"Just what are the necessary steps, Doctor?"

"They're entirely unalarming. They're looking for signs of forcible entry by the killer during the night. They'll trace the gun. They'll make an exhaustive search of the house and outbuildings and grounds. Then they won't bother you here any more. They'll concentrate on checking Parne's past."

LILY'S slender fingers tightened slightly. "Do you know how they do that, Doctor?"

"I don't exactly, but they've astonishing facilities for it. However, that's nothing for you to worry about. The only other thing they'll want you to stay around for will be the inquest."

"They can't—they won't want Nan at that?"

"Perhaps it could be arranged, but frankly, I doubt it. She did meet Parne last night and talk with him. They're likely to insist on having all the first-hand evidence about the man they can get." (Starr thought: "Here's a woman who is badly in need of help. Why on earth doesn't she loosen up and tell me what's really worrying her? It's beyond money-trouble; it's beyond Parne. There's something feral about it, a guarded tigress touch. Good Lord, perhaps it's there: her young.") "About her, Mrs. Elsert—about your daughter."

"Yes, Doctor?"

"I know how this has upset her; but beyond that it struck me when I talked with her, that things weren't quite right. As if there were something on her mind."

"Well," Lily managed to smile, "she did lose her job."

"In Detroit, wasn't it?"

"Yes; Nan has been doing free-lance fashion designing. I suppose there was the new-broom angle about it, in that her start was such a success. You knew she won a competition which our Laurel Falls newspaper conducted. It gave her a good deal of publicity and brought her in quite a lot of orders. She even had her picture" (the bright smile on Lily's face froze into a grimace) "in the papers, Doctor."

Starr smiled back at Lily, while appreciating the grimace, and while wishing he could shake her into being sensible and into getting this incubus off her mind. It was not necessary for him to remind himself that most of his women patients went through initial periods of stubbornness which would have sated a mule.

"Then I suppose," he said, "that people just stopped being fashionable?"

"Something like that, Doctor."

"Well, she'll get over it. The young do. At least, she's at home again, and that's something for all of her friends here to be thankful for. Will both of you dine with me tonight, Mrs. Elsert?" (Gene Forrest—Lorrimer McKeith—Gene's mother—the Tomlindon kids—they could be rounded up.) "Some of your daughter's friends are coming. I'm sure you'll both sleep better after a change of—well, scene?"

Quite suddenly Lily started to cry. Not much, but she knew it would be the beginning of a good case of hysterics if she didn't instantly stop it. Goodness, kindness, they were the things she couldn't stand up against right now. They turned her strength into water.

"This is stupid of me, Doctor. We'll be glad to."

Starr stood up and held out his hand. He ignored her tears entirely.

"Then at eight?"

"At eight."

Chapter Four

THEY removed Mr. Hangaway at eleven.

It took two burly attendants from the psychopathic ward to do so; and even they failed to muffle his strong voice with its initial outpouring of obscenities when they started to force him down the broad curved stairs. Lily heard them, sitting in her private living-room with Nan, and talked calmly through them, raising her voice a little as a baffle, then sinking it again as Mr. Hangaway's stridency would diminish.

Mr. Hangaway was out. Out of their lives forever. Which left, simply, Mr. Parne. Just herself and Nan, and Mr. Parne's murdered body in between them. It, and the wall of glass which Lily insisted on keeping there, because she knew that the moment she let into her full consciousness the first concrete shape, the first absolute fact, she would no longer be a strong protector but would go to pieces. Nothing but complete ignorance of truth could be her safeguard and her armor.

Sheffield knocked and came in, and said that District Attorney Hefferfield would be pleased if Mrs. Elsert would consent to join him downstairs in the living-room.

"I'll be back shortly, Nan, dear. We'll lunch up here. Something simple, Sheffield. Tell Delilah that sandwiches will do, and tea."

"Yes ma'am."

"You might ask her to have some ready for the gentlemen of the police. If they are still here."

"Yes ma'am."

Lily had met District Attorney Hefferfield casually at various affairs at the country-club, occasionally at the houses of mutual friends. She thought him a pleasant man, one normally tinged with a preoccupation in his work, and knew that officially his terms in office (he had served two) had been highly satisfactory to the town.

He turned from a contemplation of the still-curtaining snowfall and came over to greet her, taking her hand and smiling with, it seemed to Lily, an unusual air of formality. She thought: "I'm sensitive to shadings right now. I must keep things in their true proportions."

"I must thank you, Mr. Hefferfield, you and Doctor Starr, for arranging about Mr. Hangaway."

"I suppose the Doctor told you how lucky you were? What an escape!"

"Yes. Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you." Hefferfield smiled briefly, almost boyishly, in fleeting concession to his hearty liking of Lily Elsert, and of everything he'd ever heard about her. "I'm sorry you find me in my official personality."

"Naturally, Mr. Hefferfield. In fact, you find me in mine—a dispenser of lodgings. It turned out a rather disastrous one. I'm doing it no longer."

"I should hope not. I can't understand how Lorrimer McKeith ever let you."

"He did try to dissuade me. I put my foot down."

Here was the trouble, Hefferfield reflected, with dual personalities: you had to goad into action the one which you knew became you least.

"I don't suppose you noticed the gun, Mrs. Elsert? The one that was in Parne's hand?"

"No, not really. I did see a gun there, and then Mr. Hangaway had spoken about it when he told us that he had found Mr. Parne."

"Well, the gun was one of Mr. Elsert's. The case for it was in that secretary over there."

"Milton's? He had one, of course—but of *course,* Mr. Hefferfield. I remember it now."

"Yes, Mrs. Elsert?"

"Mr. Parne had scarcely been here more than five or ten minutes when he noticed that secretary, because it's a Sheraton. I remember he went over to it and examined it quite carefully. In fact," (yes, thank God, Sheffield *had* been here) "Sheffield came into the room while he was doing so, and asked Mr. Parne about putting away his car."

"Good. That does help a little. You've no idea how hard it is to get things clear. Did Parne strike you as a man who would be especially interested in antiques?"

"Frankly, he didn't. But he did recognize that the secretary was good."

"We'll naturally know more about that angle when we know more about Parne." Hefferfield's gray, solid eyes turned toward the windows. "Our blizzard is a quiet one, Mrs. Elsert. No howling winds. It has a muffling quality about it. Did you hear anything, any unusual sound whatever, in the house during the night?"

"No, none at all."

"It's a curious situation. We know that somebody must have come into the house, but we don't know how. They have a good man on the force for this forcible-entry business, and he's decided that there's nothing doing. Whoever killed Parne must have been let in through one of the doors—let in by someone already here."

"But that's impossible."

"No, we think that possibly Parne let the man in himself." He could not look directly at her. "We've *got* to think that, Mrs. Elsert."

Lily said equably—she hoped so fervently that her voice did sound equable: "But why would he?"

"We don't know. It would presuppose a rendezvous, wouldn't you think? I can't see Parne coming downstairs and letting in a stranger. Possibly Parne went outside the house and met him at some appointed spot in town, but I can't figure him then bringing the man back here. No, we've got to presuppose that Parne came to this house not through any chance, not as a passing tourist, but intentionally, and that his killer knew that Parne was going to do exactly that."

"I can think of no reason on earth why Mr. Parne should have come here."

"No more can we. And still, any other supposition seems to make less sense, if we want to connect the two men. Parne and Hangaway. Then there must be a motive. Every murder has a motive, Mrs. Elsert, even for a dopefiend like Hangaway. Our chief difficulty is that the motive probably lies in the past, and we don't know Parne's past. We don't, so far, know a thing about him. You've not remembered anything further that he said last night, Mrs. Elsert?"

"No; he spoke of the West Coast, that he was driving East. That's all, beyond the most general sort of conversation," she said, as if concentrating on Parne's arrival.

"WELL,"—Hefferfield looked at Lily for one penetrating instant and then stood up, smiling, and holding out his hand,—"thanks for helping us about the gun. We can think of Parne as finding it himself in the secretary. That will do for a starter. Perhaps of his coming downstairs after you and Miss Elsert had gone to bed, and looking at the secretary again. This time, looking through it, and finding the gun. Then either meeting his killer outside and bringing him back here, or just letting him in. Then the killer took the gun away from Parne and shot him, and fixed things up to look like a suicide. I'm afraid that it couldn't be thinner, but any picture does for a beginning. Doctor Starr tells me that you and Miss Elsert are dining with him tonight?"

"Yes. He thought the change of scene—"

"And a very sound thought. Incidentally, we feel that you may be nervous for a night or two. It wouldn't be natural if you weren't. I've persuaded the Chief to have a man stay here nights. You and your daughter will feel more secure. He won't be a bother, but will just sit out in the hallway—if that will be agreeable to you, Mrs. Elsert?"

"Quite." Lily forced the smile on again, thinking that by now it must be pretty threadbare. "It's good of you, very kind of you to think of it, Mr. Hefferfield."

MR. PARNE, in a basket, left at three.

Lily's eyes were leaden. It seemed to her that she had never slept. The brief hour and a half that she had caught last night in her exhaustion was nothing. Wave after wave of wanting to sleep flowed through her, dragging down her eyelids and drugging any coherence in her thoughts. If she could rest some, really rest for several hours, then she felt that she could handle things as they came along.

She took the red velvet negligée from its hanger and went with it over to a window. Blood, she instructed her drugged intelligence, did not stay red. It dried out something darker: a brown. She saw nothing on the short, soft pile; but after her tired hot eyes had begun to glaze with red, her fingers found a patch of stiffness. Naturally, blood would harden and get stiff. Stupid not to have thought of that. It was there, all right: quite a patch of it, under the right sleeve, which was cut very full and flowing, where her arm had encircled Mr. Parne's dead-weight looseness while she had been pressing his willing hand upon the doorknobs. Well, water washed out blood.

Lily filled the washbasin in the bathroom with lukewarm water (hot either set blood or didn't, cold, ditto), and let the right sleeve of the negligée sink in it and soak. Casually, the water grew pink and then pinker, a pink that meant but one thing to Lily: Mr. Parne. He was materializing before her vague eyes like a print in a tray of developer. Neatly, just as he had been neat.

She would have to put her fingers into the water and stir Mr. Parne up to get rid of the last drop of him. Then rinse, and rinse, and rinse. Well, she couldn't.

Lily stood for a while just pressing her hands down flat on the cold white marble and wanting to go to sleep. It would be so sensible to go to sleep and just permit the sleeve to float there and soak, then to wake up and find the last trace of the man gone. . . .

She had no idea for how long Nan had been standing behind her in the bathroom doorway. Time was an element of such inconsequential relativity that Lily, for once, and never again, enjoyed a thorough comprehension of the theories of Einstein. Then the red in the water, and Nan, made sharp sudden sense, and almost with a reflex action, Lily's fingers reached swiftly and opened the drain, while her whole being jumped wide awake. Her fingers, regardless of repulsion, sank into the tepid water, lifted velvet folds, freeing the drain, and hastened the exit of pink, which sank and gurgled and at long last vanished in a minor wail.

Lily turned quietly, said quietly: "Darling, I thought you were going to rest?"

"I couldn't, Mother."

The child's lips were positively stiff. She couldn't help but have seen the pink water from the doorway: not being blind.

"I'm always being disillusioned, Nan, dear."

"What, Mother?"

"This wretched stuff is supposed to be fast. It appears to run."

"I think it's supposed to be dry-cleaned only."

"I realize that now, and I hope to live long enough to learn that there's nothing so expensive as a petty economy."

"There was—something on the sleeve, Mother?"

"Tea."

Lily squeezed the soft velvet in her hands, squeezing tighter and tighter, because it was easier to do so than to treat the blood of Mr. Parne with any repellent delicacy.

"Mother."

"Nan, dear?"

"Do you know something?"

(No—*no*—cling to the wall of glass, keep it hard between us, if even for a little while longer, until the worst of the hurdles were passed.)

"Honestly, darling, the older I grow, the more I believe I don't. This notion that wisdom comes with age is nothing but a solace for wrinkles and double chins."

"Oh, this is just it. Just as it's always been."

"What is, dear?"

"We're never close. We've never been close. Can't parents and children *ever* be close, Mother?"

The negligée dropped in moist folds to the bathroom floor. No, Lily reflected, they couldn't be. She hadn't been with her parents, and she hadn't been with her own child. Not truly so. Not in the sense of being vibrantly inside of one another in the way that happened at rare times within two people of a similar generation, in rare marriages, with rare friends.

Love, and respect, even a fine companionability, all of the sane, decent, nicer bonds could be there; but Nan was right: never could there be any honest closeness, just two loving images which strove throughout life to live up to the best of what each thought the other saw in each. Well, here was a moment for breaking a rule like that. Letting everything tumble and taking Nan in her arms and opening every bit of herself to that cry from Nan's heart.

Lily held out her hands.

She had a feeling that death was striking her right on the spot, when she saw the tightness of Nan's lips draw tighter, and Nan's eyes glance swiftly at and away from the hands which were wet and still dripping a little from their rinse in pink.

"I guess I will rest, Mother."

Lily watched Nan back a step or two—not turn—then walk—not run—across the living-room and out into the hall. It was extraordinary what swiftness could exist in a complete about-face. Of one's mental attitude toward a thing, and one's interpretation of it. That was the bother with being so dead tired. Clearly, now, Lily saw Nan running outside there in the hall to her rooms. Saw Nan grabbing up whatever it was Nan had been wearing last night on her terrible mission. Letting water into her washroom basin and (again) draining out some more of Mr. Parne.

Lily picked up the negligée and went to a boxed-in radiator, spreading out the wet right sleeve, smoothing it to dry evenly over the heat. That was when she noticed the piece that had been clipped out of it, about the size of a quarter, from about the center of about where the center of the blood-patch had been.

That will be, Lily thought, the State's "Exhibit A."

Chapter Five

LORRIMER McKEITH left his house at twenty past seven. Normally it was only a ten-minute drive to Lily's, but the drifts and the ruts and the falling snow would slow him up tremendously. His car was a coupé, conservative, expensive and black. The house which he left (bowed out by Whittle) was conservative and expensive too: pale sandstone, smooth in line, a gem of rich simplicity.

Genevieve, his divorced wife, had thought the house unexcitingly stupid, a bastard compromise between the rococo and the new. Her opinion of Whittle, of course, was unprintable. They had despised each other, virulently on sight. Well, all that no longer mattered. Genevieve was a hot scarlet flame of the past, getting weaker with every year, and no longer capable of producing the slightest burn.

Lily. . . .

Lorrimer closed a beaver collar more warmly about his throat, tightened fur-lined gloves, and reflected dreamily on all the worth of a comfortable solidity. Surely, in face of this horrible business of last night, the wretched, cruel shock of it, Lily would defy the conventions (just as he was prepared to defy them) and let him take care of herself and Nan. Let him bring them both within his shelter, no matter how few the months were that Elsert had been in his grave.

They could marry quietly and go away. Rio de Janeiro was enchanting at this season of the year. Quietly (but not too quietly) in its warm Latin gayety Lily could bloom and Nan could have a good time. Then, after several months of colorful lassitude (parrots, maxixes, jalousies, exotic flowers, the Belasco harbor), they would come back to Laurel Falls and settle down to a vista spread with fallow fields of a peaceful domesticity. It never occurred to him for an instant but that Lily would agree to all of this, because that was the way one felt about Lily.

BUT the good-looking young uniformed cop in the hall was something of a shock. You couldn't escape the youngster's presence; and still he seemed to flatten into a backdrop of the scene: there, and yet not of it. A bright red bulb of danger, bare and unshaded, in the toned glows of this lovely house. Sheffield succeeded admirably in acting as though the cop weren't there; so Lorrimer did too.

Lily and Nan were ready, waiting, cloaked and with galoshes on, in the living-room. They came out and joined McKeith immediately.

"You were an angel, Lorrimer, to have thought of coming for us."

"Of course I'm an angel, Lily. Hello, Nan."

"Hello, Mr. McKeith."

(*That* would all stop pretty soon. He'd be "Lorrimer" to her in practically no time at all. Nice, to have such a fine daughter all fully grown.)

"Still storming?"

"Lily, this snowfall is going down in history. Like that midget affair they're still boasting about in New York."

They heard, as they chatted in the warm richness of the coupé, the staccato explosions of a motorcycle behind them. It became impossible to ignore them.

"Glad the boys are taking such good care of you, Lily."

"Mr. Hefferfield was sweet about it. Have you heard about our dope-fiend lodger?"

"Ladies, I have heard everything. Our local sheets are plastered with hot details to the point of indigestion. I've read every one of them. If Hefferfield hadn't posted guards at your house, I'd have got out Betsy and camped there myself."

"I thought it was Roscoe."

"And they say guns are sexless!"

"Crowding you, Nan dear?"

"No, Mother."

"I suppose Doctor Starr won't mind if we leave early? After all, after last night—"

"I imagine he'll force you to, Lily."

Lily looked young in beige, and Nan very young in white. Mrs. Forrest, Gene's mother, was not so successful in plum velvet, and Alice Tomlindon (Harry's twin) needed nothing but a wire hook and a Christmas tree for her candy-striped taffeta. It was all very gay.

It was, Lily thought, determinedly so: murder, addicts, the patient watchful eyes of the law, were deliberately suffocated beneath a wealth of social pleasantries in this handsome, turn-of-the-century drawing-room of Dr. Starr's. Only Mrs. Forrest was a false note, in her plum. Lily didn't blame her. Ida Forrest naturally must feel that Gene had been treated—well, shabbily. It would be unnatural if a sense of resentment were not present, both against Nan and against Lily herself.

Starr said to Lily over cocktails: "I know you must be interested, so I'm bringing it up. It's about that man Hangaway."

An excellent phonograph was softly full with a bright song of current vogue, and Lily smiled. "Yes, Doctor?"

"He got back to normal during the afternoon. He's still in the hospital and under observation, of course. Hefferfield has tried his best to get something out of him, but he's turned sullen. He just refuses to talk—that is, about anything that counts."

"About a possible connection with Mr. Parne?"

"Yes. His story is one of those simple tales which seem infernally impossible to check up on, from a police point of view. Nobody can be pinned down to an hour-by-hour accounting of what he was doing while driving through a blizzard. Hangaway says that he started out around seven o'clock last night from Detroit."

"Detroit!" (Nan—the same vague finger of murk, of unnamable dread, its tip in Detroit, as the picture of Nan among Mr. Parne's belongings had been taken in Detroit. . . . What was it—*what was it* that linked her child with a Parne, and now with an addict—the vicious center lying in Detroit?) "But I thought Mr. Hangaway came from Kansas City, which—Delilah insists—is in Kansas?"

"He does. But he stayed over yesterday in Detroit, and didn't start out until evening. That would have made the driving time to here all right, with the road conditions what they were. He says he's a free-lance writer, and eventually expects to put Sinclair Lewis out of business. He says that Lewis has a complex and never gets any closer to real life than in pictured reflections of his own private moods."

"Mr. Hangaway certainly *is* a dope-fiend."

"Oh, that part is real enough, and he does have his amusing points. Addicts can. It's one of their main dangers. They lull you with their pleasantries into a false security before—well, the other side of them comes out."

"He says he only stayed in Detroit just yesterday?"

"Yes. He told Hefferfield he was on his way east to look up a literary agent in New York—when he went into the bathroom and found Parne. He stops right there. Nobody's been able to get another word out of him. . . . Now, that looks like dinner." Starr eyed a maid in the drawing-room doorway. "Let's go in."

McKeith sat at Lily's left, and Mrs. Forrest faced her directly across the table. The others didn't matter. Lily felt the current of these two interests strongly turned on her. She understood Ida Forrest's perfectly, but not so well Lorrimer's. She found it too accomplished, in the sense of something having been already settled, and which she had not been consulted about. It was (except that he was seated at her side) reminiscent of the sort of feeling she had had when dining out with Nan's father and with Milton Elsert: The feeling of being a wife.

It both saddened and annoyed her. Some day, if Lorrimer wanted her to, *still* wanted her to— But he wouldn't. He wouldn't even right now, if he could see the pictures which were chasing through her deadened head. She thought: "I'm the mother of a girl whom I love more than I love life, who has shot a man, no matter why, no matter with what justice, or driven by what sense of appalling fear, and my hands have washed out his blood. She was connected in some way with that man, and with an addict who takes morphine. Some maelstrom trapped her."

It would never fit with Lorrimer's honest, rugged fineness and all of his decent gentility. None of his qualities could stand up against it, and certainly not the friendly complacency of mere love. Because it was love, of course, and no blind passion of the type which made a habit of considering the world well lost.

It was too bad, because if things were different, if *that* thing wasn't there, Lily would have been glad to marry Lorrimer. He would let her sleep. She said in her thoughts, too, to Mrs. Forrest: "Don't worry, Ida. Nan won't marry Gene, either. Nan will see to that herself, so do take that anxious look off your face."

She said to Lorrimer, while still thinking all this: "I'm sorry, but I *don't* make raised rolls. I don't cook. Nothing. Oven temperatures betray me."

"You'll never have to, Lily."

"If anything should happen to Delilah, my life would roll on from can to can."

("No, Ida," she went on—in her thoughts—to Mrs. Forrest, "Nan's like me, like that. She'll never hurt you through Gene, any more than I'd hurt Lorrimer through himself. We're taking this gracious respite, this kind, good respite of Doctor Starr's, until a piece of velvet, the size of a quarter, is chemically analyzed and its stain has been determined as human blood. Don't resent us for it. It won't last long.")

THERE were two rubbers of bridge, while the phonograph muted through the background-tones of a Debussy group, while brandy-and-sodas were served, and the party broke up at eleven. Lorrimer drove them home, still in the manner of a husband driving his family home, still implying with every comfortable word and gesture that *that* was settled. He stood in the hall for a while, frosty-cheeked, healthy, so implacably sound, prolonging his farewell before Sheffield's visionary eyes, and the handsome young cop's black shoe-button ones.

"Tomorrow, Lily, shall the three of us lunch at the club?"

"Thank you, Lorrimer."

"All right with you, Nan?"

"I'll be glad to, Mr. McKeith."

"I'll call for you. I'll call for you at one?"

"We'll be ready."

"There's that new picture at the Bijoux. I thought that after lunch we might drop in?"

"Why not?"

"They say it's gay."

"By all means let us be that."

"Well—good-night, Lily."

"Good-night, Lorrimer."

"Nan—"

"Good-night, Mr. McKeith."

He looked at her dotingly.

"Nan, I'd forgotten that you still curtsey. At nineteen. Not much—but there's a trace of a curtsey still there."

"I'm an anachronism, Mr. McKeith."

"I honestly think you are. One in wolf's clothing, but of the very nicest sort. Good night."

The heavy front door closed, shutting Lorrimer and all of his world out into the snow, closing Lily in tight with Nan. Lily opened her cape and started peeling a glove. She went over to the handsome young cop. He stood up, and she said: "No one has told me your name."

"It's Suffolk, Mrs. Elsert, Roy Suffolk."

"I'm worried about your comfort, Mr. Suffolk."

"Oh, I'll make out all right."

"I'd like Sheffield to show you the kitchen and where things are. He'll leave sandwiches, but you'll want your coffee when you want it, and you'll want it hot."

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Elsert."

"Will you attend to Mr. Suffolk, Sheffield?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Then good night—good night."

NAN went upstairs with Lily. They parted on the landing. Nan went to her rooms. Lily went to hers.

The bed looked so inviting. It had never looked better. Turned-down white percale, smooth as glass, the pillows plumped and waiting to be dented, the wool, the folded satin-covered fleece, all said: "Come along, forget everything. Kill your thinking apparatus and come to bed."

It didn't work.

Lily understood why. Your body and head could get too tired to be tired. Motorcars sometimes used to act that way, just kept on running for a while even after the ignition had been shut off. From residue, searing heat. Which was sometimes also why they exploded or burst into flame after smashing head-on into a blank wall.

Which were no thoughts to put her to sleep.

They all had to be blanked out: Mr. Parne's corpse, the morphine-addict Hangaway, two basins of pinkish water, a thick-lensed chemist testing for human blood, Ida Forrest's bitten, hardened eyes with their defensive frosts, and Lorrimer. And Nan's connection with the whole sickening mess. . . .

By one o'clock the thoughts were still alive and eagerly active in the profound hush of the sleeping house. No, Nan wouldn't be sleeping; and neither would that handsome young patrolman Suffolk. Well, maybe he would: it was a fundamental rule of the service that every watchman only remained awake when he was not on guard.

Lily turned on the bed-lamp. It was still close enough after one not to matter. You could walk, of course; just up and down the room in slippers and a wrapper, until you stumbled and tripped yourself to sleep.

Lily guessed walking wouldn't work, either. It simply made her feel foolish. This is the way, she reflected, they do it in the monthly releases from Hollywood, in their latest super-refurbishment of prison stories. That wasn't fair, though, because they had given up the pacing-my-cell scene during the past few years, along with the fashionable establishment of a man as a villain by having him kick a dog.

Prison. . . . *Prison*. . . .

She had to see Nan. That was at the base of her not being able to sleep. Right now she had to face her own daughter, just as last night she had steeled herself into a determination to face Mr. Parne. Lily stopped short and stared. It seemed that Nan must have had the same thought too.

The hall door of the bedroom was opening. It was the click of the latch which had told her so, strangely sharp and metallic because of the imponderable stillness.

"Nan, darling? I'm awake. Come in."

Mr. Hangaway hesitated on the threshold, looking at her.

Lily caught the glitter in his eyes. She was far from devoid of a knowledge of addicts and of crimes-of-sex,

even though she lacked Dr. Starr's case-history data. The newspapers had frequently supplied her with enough. A scream died in her throat: killed by the thought that if ever she had protected her daughter, she must protect her now. . . . . If it were not already too late.

Mr. Hangaway stepped softly into the room.

He closed the door.

Chapter Six

HANGAWAY was in no hurry. He had all the time in the world, and didn't bother with any further movement after shutting the door, but just stood quietly and contemplated Lily with his shiny bright eyes.

Lily didn't make any move, either. She couldn't. Within the drained and terrible empty feeling of her body, her mind suggested several impossibilities. Each held an ultimate conclusion in Hangaway's death, because that struck her as the only state in which safety lay for any of them: the one sure defense against his glitter.

While he continued to contemplate her, Lily's mind considered the job in detail: you shot, or stabbed, or hit, when you wanted to kill somebody; and the first two methods were out. As far as that went, so was the last. The fragility of the bric-à-brac and *objets d'art* with which Milton had so lovingly bedizened Lily's room would simply strike Mr. Hangaway as funny, and serve as stinging goads to thrill him toward his purpose.

That left her hands. It also left the tigress which Starr had sensed in Lily earlier in the day, crouched and desperate for her cub.

Hangaway seemed satisfied with his leisurely observation, and finished with it.

"I'm glad you're being sensible, Mrs. Elsert. Screaming women irritate me. That flatfoot downstairs was good enough to let me in. He won't bother us any."

The vagueness of his statement chilled her, with its definite demolishment of that bridge of escape, the slender hope that young patrolman Suffolk might have been in the kitchen making coffee, and might, under the emergency of a scream, come to their help.

She forced herself to look unflinchingly at Hangaway, thinking: "This man is a drug-addict. Never, for an instant, let his apparent quietness deceive you. And don't corner him." Somewhere, Lily reflected, she had picked up the recipe. Because if you cornered them, they never hesitated any longer, but just struck. Maybe that only applied to maniacs, and referred to humoring them. Maybe you couldn't humor an addict.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Hangaway?"

"Well, I don't know. I mean I can't be specific, because I'm not absolutely sure myself."

"Will you excuse me for a moment? I'll change into a house-dress—"

"Just hold it, Mrs. Elsert. Sit down." He nodded sleepily toward a slipper-chair, and then nodded again with faint approval as Lily sank into it. "Quit figuring out ways for leaving this room, because that irritates me too."

Hangaway stepped unhurriedly over to the foot of the bed and sat down on it, sticking out his pipelike ankles, and shoving his thin hands deep into overcoat pockets.

"Where's the girl's room, Mrs. Elsert?"

"Delilah? She and Sheffield—"

"Don't get smart! The kid."

"My daughter is spending the night with friends."

Hangaway sighed.

"Look, Mrs. Elsert: Among other things, I've got a gun. See?" He took a service revolver from a pocket and showed it to Lily, then put it back in the pocket. "I took it away from young Handsome downstairs after I knocked him out. I used a tire-iron, so better not go expecting him to be bright for quite a while. What you've got to realize is that I've got something on my mind, and I don't want to be"—he searched thoughtfully for the precise word—"to be brooked."

"No—of course not, Mr. Hangaway."

"And don't humor me. I know what you're feeling and what you're thinking, and you're wrong. You're wrong about what you're thinking, at least. The kid doesn't mean a thing to me that way. Not so much as *that*."

He snapped skeleton fingers and glittered at her earnestly. Curiously, Lily believed him, and a tide of relief flooded through her until she remembered that remark of Starr's before dinner, concerning addicts: "It's one of their main dangers. They lull you with their pleasantries into a false security before—well, the other side of them comes out."

Not that Hangaway's attitude of abnegation toward Nan was a pleasantry, but it had undoubtedly been offered to put her at her ease. This was a thought which forced Lily to stifle an hysterical laugh.

"I amuse you, Mrs. Elsert?"

"I assure you that you don't."

"You're lying, but it's quite all right. You know how repulsive I'd be to your daughter—or to you, for that matter. No women care for me much, not with any real feeling. It's because of the way I look. I've got quite used to it."

The voice *was* lulling, and held none of the strong strident tones of Hangaway's morning performances. Rather, it flowed reasonably, with reason, and Lily found herself saying with a desperate calmness: "I think you are being unfair to yourself, Mr. Hangaway."

"No. I know. Whenever I want any love, I've got to take it. It's never given to me. Nothing's ever been given to me, Mrs. Elsert. I suppose you'll think this funny, but as a kid I had to steal the milk my mother thought I ought to drink. She was a terrible person; I can't remember her ever having been sober, except on the night when she killed the man she said was my father. He was quite a package himself. Was a college professor once. I never did know exactly what they canned him for, but you only needed a couple of guesses after you'd looked at him. They made a great team, all right. You mustn't think I'm asking for sympathy?"

"No, certainly not."

"I'm too old for it. I was too old for it at birth. The point is just this, Mrs. Elsert: I always had to take things. Everything. Now it's a habit. Which room is the kid's?"

"My daughter is spending the night with the Tomlindons, Mr. Hangaway."

He sighed again.

"I *did* tell you that I don't want to be brooked."

The repetition of the phrase pleased him, but in the light of a practical example of his distaste at obstructions, it struck him as rather weak. It left a lack of a proper appreciation of his power—his strong and serviceable power. He got up from the foot of the bed and stepped softly over to the slipper-chair, and then, still softly, kissed Lily on the lips.

"You don't like that, do you, Mrs. Elsert?" He bit her cheek sharply, and with a skeleton hand, almost succeeded in stifling her cry. "Now that sort of treatment you don't mind so much. Just take it easy. Write it off as a lesson in behavior. You see, I understand women like you pretty well. You can take a beating easier than you can take a kiss on the mouth."

IDLY he observed the tiny blood-bead on Lily's cheek, her tense trembling.

"I know the gun didn't impress you," he said, "but I think that that object-lesson will. It's funny how little you realize what worlds we are apart. You in orderly fields, and me in a jungle. Oh, I've no illusions about myself, none whatever. Your sort of life, love on rose-leaves, I'd simply get no kick out of it. I *like* it to be sordid, illicit, in caves of darkness, obscure corners of a barn. Wipe off your cheek; there's blood on it. Go ahead. I'll let you."

Lily stood up and went to a dresser. She took a handkerchief from a drawer and pressed it to her cheek. There was a nail-file with a silver handle among the articles on the dresser. Lily covered it with the blood-spotted handkerchief, looking at Hangaway's very bright eyes as they stared in reflection at her in the mirror.

"I doubt if you'd know where to put it," he said.

"I beg your pardon?"

"The nail-file, Mrs. Elsert. People have such funny notions about vital spots. They seem to think that all you have to do is to stick something sharp into a man's body, and he dies. Now, I've seen a man with fifteen or sixteen stab-wounds in him before anything happened of any importance. They used ice-picks, and even then he almost got well. That wasn't because he was tough, but simply because the job was sloppy. Wait—"

He held up bony fingers and shook one warningly, while

both of them listened to the rapping on the door, then to Nan's voice saying: "Mother, are you all right? Did you call just now?"

Lily did not stop to think, to figure anything out. There wasn't anything you could figure, beyond trying to block Mr. Hangaway. Surely just the sheer weight of your body would act as an anchor, and you could stick for at least as long as you could breathe. She threw herself at him and clung to him in her great despair, without much to cling to but his overcoat, which bunched softly in her hands and felt slippery.

"Nan darling—run—*run—get out of the house—get help—*"

Hangaway looked down at Lily derisively and disentangled her arms, like threads; then he cupped his fingers tight over her mouth and pressed cruelly, and shoved her hard backward, and sent her staggering backward into the slipper-chair.

He opened the hall door.

"Come on in, Miss Elsert."

NAN stood and looked at him, while her face changed from bewilderment into horror, the terror of comprehension. She ran past him, straight to Lily, and cowered down on her knees by the chair, while that animal look of fright was in her eyes, the helpless look of stark dread, and her voice shook.

"What's he doing here? What's he doing to you, Mother?"

"Nothing—just be quiet, darling."

Nan said to Hangaway, so weakly that it seemed silly to expect him to hear her: "What are you doing here?"

He shut the hall door and sat down on the foot of the bed again, idly observing the two tense, shaking women, pleased with the picture in its satisfactory presentation of utter rout before his remarkable power. The kid's voice was as it should be, too: a proper bleat. A very pretty dish. Maybe, if there was time, he'd see how he felt about it.

"Well, as I said to your mother, I don't exactly know. I tell you what, Miss Elsert: We'll start with Detroit. Just what gave you the first lead?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

He looked pained. She was obviously going to be irritating. Maybe she would need an object-lesson like the one he'd given her mother. Her cheek was very fresh and very inviting. So was her neck. Sock the old one cold first, naturally.

"I've gone to some trouble to explain to your mother that I don't like being irritated, Miss Elsert. I'm after information, and I won't be brooked. How did you get wise to Worthby Hainestead?"

"I don't know him."

"Well, this looks like it's going to be tough. How much did you shake him down for?"

Lily said fiercely, seeing what she saw in Hangaway's eyes, and no longer caring how foul the maelstrom might have been: "Tell him anything. Tell him anything, darling, that he wants to know. You know that I love you, darling—will always love you, darling."

"But I've nothing to tell him, Mother."

"Why don't you listen to her, Miss Elsert? She's giving you good advice. You can't handle this thing right, not alone. Even if your mother's in on it with you, you'll both end up short. Hainestead is hard—as you know. He'd see to it that somebody wrapped you up in cement just as quick as he'd pick a daisy. You'd better turn the proof over to me."

He stood up suddenly, and you hardly noticed him moving, but he was beside them, leaning down with his big bony head, and he reached out and touched Nan's cheek with a finger.

He said, with a stealthy softness: "Did Parne get them last night and hide them?"

His finger went on stroking Nan's cheek experimentally, like a fleshless bone making circles on a peach. It felt downy and soft to him, and he thought: "Power *is* everything in life."

Power was way beyond bodily perfection and pretty looks, in the things it could get you. He was glad that he wasn't pretty. Pretty boys never got anything much for themselves, because too many people wanted them, and they didn't last. Decay set in quick, and then they were sunk, and everybody who had liked them gave them the go-by, and looked around for something fresher. Sometimes it even discouraged them into suicide, and they killed themselves as a last grab after the limelight and being important.

He said again: "*Did* Parne get them, Miss Elsert?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know Worthby Hainestead?"

"No."

"You didn't know Parne?"

"No."

He said with quiet indifference: "You're a liar, Miss Elsert."

"Oh, tell him, darling—*tell him!*"

"She will."

"I can't."

Nan's shaking increased, and sobs suddenly choked her. Lily thought: "She is lying about Mr. Parne. That much I know. Maybe I'm the one who's keeping her from talking. Just by being here."

Hangaway seemed suddenly to lose interest in them. He was thinking: "Now what does that black ape want?"

"I's telephoned for the police, madam."

"Sheffield—go—go—"

He stood uncertainly in the hall doorway, with a great sense of dignity touching him, with his vague eyes staring from their distant past into a far more distant future, out of that black and old serene face.

"So you have phoned for the police."

"Yes sir, Mr. Hangaway."

Hangaway went to a window and looked out upon the dark snow-laced sky, on the white silence of the ground, into the whole deathlike hush of the shrouded night. There was no hurry. Even if the police had been able to make it with dog-teams, they could no more put a finger on him than they could on an elemental force. Still, it was irritating, these bothersome little people all harassing him.

"You—Sheffield—come over here."

"Yes sir."

"No, come right over. Come real close."

"Yes sir."

"I guess you're pretty pleased with yourself."

"I wouldn't know, sir."

"I don't mean about the police."

"No sir."

"I mean about coming in here like this." Hangaway's voice slipped into a sneering purr. "To offer your protection to the ladies."

"I is in their service, sir."

"God, what a world!"

Hangaway thoughtfully considered Sheffield's old face for quite a while. It seemed all lighted up, strangely, through its blackness. A dumb and patient glow. Like mugs and martyrs. Like a better grade Tom-show, with heaven throwing an overhead spot from the flies, and *Legree* all set with his whip raised to crack. It was definitely sickening.

Hangaway sank his fist with plenty of satisfaction into the face.

Then he left the room.

THE chair was a recipe too: tilted at an angle, and its top wedged under the knob of the door—a Chippendale guardian between them and Mr. Hangaway until, after a battle through the snows, the police would arrive.

While you kept moving and doing things, it was all right, while the pressure of immediate danger was upon you, surfacing your fears and rejecting any impulse to think them out. Oddly, Lily reflected, even while Hangaway had been in the room, it had been better, because he had been perfectly correct in his premise that torture of the body was preferable to torture of the mind and of the heart. With physical pain, you at least knew where you stood.

Lily pressed a cold cloth on Sheffield's face, which was a dark oval on her lap, and thought: "That's a foolish notion, and I guess I must be crazy. I wanted him out of here more than anything on earth. But I've got to be honest. I felt that way about him, in terror about him, only up to the moment when I didn't know what he had come here for. When I thought he was simply driven by a drug-crazed lust for attack and violence. Then he started in on Detroit." That was the time when it really got bad. You could always push a thing a little way back into your mind as long as you really didn't know. While actual words still hadn't been spoken like a plain *no* or *yes*. . . . Or before you had been faced with a positive lie.

"Darling—a cold one, please."

Nan took the towel.

"Yes, Mother."

The lie was such an inescapable light. Nan *had* known Parne. It shone its bitter, illuminating gleam on all the rest. Nan had shot Parne, because certainly Mr. Hangaway had not. You could pin a good deal on addicts, but there was a limit.

There could be no sane or insane reason for Hangaway to have come to the house in the morning, to have returned for his obscure purposes tonight (with its inclusive assault on the law) if *he* had killed Parne. Because he would have got what he wanted at the time of the murder. What he wanted, and what Parne had wanted.

(What Nan still had?)

"Thank you, darling."

"Mother—why don't they hurry? Why don't they get here?"

"They will, dear. The roads. The drifts, I imagine."

THE photograph loomed impressively in Lily's sickened thoughts: the cabinet portrait that Parne had had, of Nan, with her hair on the top of her head, with a younger look of the summer-in-Cleveland period of two years ago. It was important, the picture. It had to be. Otherwise Mr. Parne wouldn't have carried it, buried it beneath the things in his Gladstone. And otherwise (what else could you think?) Mr. Parne might not have been killed.

Sheffield made faint sounds and opened his eyes.

"I's sorry, ma'am."

"I'll never be able to repay you, Sheffield."

"Thank you, ma'am."

He made great efforts and stood up, swaying a little, and resting palsied fingers on a chair.

"Does it hurt much, Sheffield?"

"No ma'am. It don't hurt me now, not at all."

Lily's fingers clenched.

"I could kill that man with pleasure."

She caught Nan's swift, odd glance, and then Nan went back into the bathroom with the cold wet towel.

Sheffield wandered toward the hall door.

"With your permission, ma'am— I is worried about Delilah."

"How cruel—how thoughtless of me! We'll all go, Sheffield."

"I done left her when I grew uneasy and suspected that I heared sounds."

"Nan, darling, we'll stay close together, the three of us."

"No ma'am. You jest put the chair-back under the knob when I is gone."

Lily reflected that it was extraordinary, honestly, what profound fright gripped her at the thought of being alone with Nan. Unreasonable, unnatural, and sheer; but there it was.

"I feel certain that Mr. Hangaway will have left the house, Sheffield."

"I does feel that way also, ma'am."

"Come, Nan." Lily removed the chair. "We'll go."

She led them along the lighted hall. It was inimical in spite of its lights, peopled in its air and deep hush with brooding, angry wraiths whipped from dark fastnesses of the brain. Lily walked swiftly, feeling Nan and Sheffield close behind her, up the stairs, and opened a door into a room where a bed-lamp cast long shadows.

"Delilah—are you all right?"

Delilah looked queer, sitting up on the bed, clutching a bright pink nightgown tight about her withered body.

"I feel a touch of the misery, madam."

"Did Mr. Hangaway come in here?"

Delilah's eyes, in spite of their sharp intent, managed to look vague.

"I did not know the gentleman was here, madam."

Lily felt an obscure uneasiness about the immediate moment. She studied Delilah's blank, reserved face and could read nothing, any more than she'd ever been able to. She said: "We feel reasonably certain that he has left the house. The police will be here shortly." (You simply *didn't* use such phrases.) "Is there something wrong, Delilah? Are you certain that you feel all right?"

"Yes, madam." Her eyes were veiled again, staring a long way off at nothing. "If madam will excuse me for not getting up?"

"Of course, Delilah. I'm telephoning Doctor Starr. I believe it's quite safe to leave you." (Was it? *Was* it?)

"We must see what we can do for the patrolman. We don't know how badly he may have been hurt."

"Yes, madam."

The nagging doubt increased.

"Just the same—I think after we leave, I'd bolt the door."

"I will, madam."

The queer procession recurred through the night-filled, silent house, with Lily silently leading, leading two mutes. The front door stood ajar, letting soft vagrant flakes of snow on the chill night air. Young Suffolk lay sprawled on his face on the floor. A tire-tool was beside him. There was some blood. His breathing was heavy and painful. You could hear it with extraordinary clarity through the hush.

Lily said, with intuitive correctness: "I think it's serious, and we'd better not move him. Close the door, Sheffield. Cover him with blankets. Keep him warm."

Lily went to a telephone in the cloak-room. She dialed Starr's number, and he answered directly.

"This is Lily Elsert, Doctor."

His voice was immediately awake, greatly concerned.

"Yes, Mrs. Elsert?"

"Mr. Suffolk, the policeman on guard here, has been struck on the head by Mr. Hangaway. I don't like his breathing."

"Are you safe? Is Miss Elsert safe?"

"Yes. He's gone. We found the front door ajar. The police are on the way."

"I'll start at once. I'll arrange for an ambulance and have them get things ready at the hospital. It sounds like concussion."

"Thank you, Doctor. Is there anything we can do right now?"

"Nothing. Don't move him. Keep him warm."

"Yes, Doctor."

There was a small couch in the cloak-room, a brief affair, smugly elegant in striped satin. Lily lay down on it. She lost consciousness as her head touched it.

Chapter Seven

DR. STARR and Mr. Hefferfield were both there. Dr. Starr was sitting beside the bed. Mr. Hefferfield was standing at one of the windows, with his back to it, looking across a shadowed space of room straight at her. Lily saw small sympathy in his look, and for a moment thought it odd. She had been accustomed for so many years to friendly eyes. Dr. Starr's, too, seemed reserved even though they did have sympathy in them, plenty of it.

"How is Nan, Doctor?"

"Fine, Mrs. Elsert. I'd say she was tough as a brick, if it made any sense, but it doesn't. How about you?"

"I'm afraid I fainted."

"You did. You've been up here for a couple of hours."

"Delilah? Sheffield? That poor young policeman?"

"The misery, a bad bruise, and a slight concussion. It was an outrage to get me out of bed."

Lily smiled back, feeling restless through her weakness, and at a disadvantage, lying down like this. She sat up and went into immediate attack against the look in Hefferfield's steady eyes.

"Have you caught him, Mr. Hefferfield?"

He stayed by the window, just straightening a little into a stance of more rigorous formality, with stiff shoulders, and with stiffness in his voice: entirely a different man.

"Not yet, Mrs. Elsert. We know he must still be in the vicinity. Nothing is moving. The roads going out of town are completely blocked."

Starr touched Lily's pulse, smiled at her reassuringly.

"Is it wise to talk? Are you sure it wouldn't be better just to rest?"

"But I feel splendid, Doctor."

"Very well. Mr. Hefferfield is somewhat anxious. He has an impression that you can tell him a few things. Don't let him tire you out. Quote me, if you feel he is doing so. Just look at him frigidly and say: 'Doctor's orders.'"

"Thank you, Doctor."

Starr left the room, taking a lot more with him, Lily reflected, than just his body: like a steady anchorage

which mists from view beneath the gathering murk of a storm.

"I will join you in my living-room in a moment, Mr. Hefferfield."

"Thank you, Mrs. Elsert."

He bowed slightly, stiffly, and went into the adjoining room, closing the bedroom door. Lily took off the wrapper and slipped into a tea-gown, got into stockings, slippers, made swift slight repairs to her hair. The mirror showed her the marks which had been left on her cheek by Hangaway's teeth. She saw that Dr. Starr must have disinfected them, and he had put on some sort of dressing.

("I'm afraid I fainted. You did. You've been up here for a couple of hours.")

Just what, during those two hours, had Nan said? How much had she told? How solidly, by now, was District Attorney Hefferfield entrenched in Detroit? Lily's own special problem never occurred to her, except in its possible repercussions on Nan. Had the child held to her grimly desperate refusal to speak? It was the premise upon which Lily felt it safer to act.

IT was a funny thing about a door. Even if you knew what was on the other side of it, actually you didn't know. Lily felt that right now she knew nothing about Mr. Hefferfield at all.

She went into the living-room and found him still standing, stiffly formal. There was no shred of concern in his manner for her, for the appalling experience which she had just been through. He was a portrait of himself, brushed woodenly on canvas by a third-rate hack.

"Will you smoke, Mr. Hefferfield?"

She held out a cloisonné box.

"Thank you, Mrs. Elsert."

"That chair has a degree of comfort. Its shape is deceiving. Actually, it fits."

"Thank you, Mrs. Elsert."

He lighted her cigarette and waited for her to sit down, then permitted himself to be fitted.

"I'm curious to know how Mr. Hangaway escaped from the hospital, Mr. Hefferfield."

"It simply never occurred to them that he would. Or that he wanted to." Hefferfield took two polite puffs and then crushed out the cigarette. "Nor did it occur to anybody that he would come back here."

"I rather wish that it had."

At long last, and reluctantly, it dragged out of him.

"We're sorry about that, Mrs. Elsert."

"Have you ever read about a typhoon? Either that book of Conrad's, or that one by Hughes about Jamaica?"

"I've read Conrad's, yes, Mrs. Elsert."

"The strongest impression they gave me was that a relatively brief stretch of time could seem so never-ending. Both books dealt with a question of hours, and yet the feeling was one of an eternity while the storm approached to its height; there was the central lull, and the storm went away."

"You mean that Mr. Parne was killed only yesterday morning, and still—"

"I mean exactly that. The part that terrified me most in both of those books, Mr. Hefferfield, was the lull."

"Yes, there is something frightening in feeling that you've got to face the same thing through again."

"Quite frightening."

"Just why do you feel that way now, Mrs. Elsert?"

"Perhaps because I've had no sleep."

"Only that?"

Lily said with helpless sharpness: "Just how far do you think that nerves can stretch, Mr. Hefferfield?"

"I'm terribly sorry." At the moment he meant it. But the moment was brief, and he was all stiff again. "I'm sorry about this, having to ask you things when I know that you need rest. It's my job. I'm one of the people who are being paid to find out why Parne was killed, and by whom."

"Naturally; and as a matter of fact I don't feel awfully tired. I suppose after you've had no sleep for more than—"

Red flowed slowly up across her cheeks, and Hefferfield said patiently: "For more than how many hours, Mrs. Elsert?"

"It's again the typhoon. Actually I've only been up since eight yesterday morning; but there you are—I feel aged enough to be a stand-in for Methuselah."

He refused to be amused.

"You have already told me that you heard no sound during the night before last. Was that because you slept without waking?"

"Yes. Mr. Parne said good night to my daughter and to me about eleven, and Delilah woke me at eight."

"I would like to go back to Mr. Parne's arrival here in the house."

"Yes?"

"You see, Mrs. Elsert, we have had to give up the thought that Hangaway had anything to do with Parne's death."

"You could find no connection between them?"

"No, it isn't that: that angle may still be there. It's an alibi. I believe you know that filling-station about a mile or so north of here."

"Yes—Oke's."

"Oke?"

"That's what I call the boy who runs it."

Hefferfield permitted this to expire.

"Well, he read about Hangaway in the evening papers. They carried a good description of Hangaway, also one of those press snapshots. The boy came and saw me around ten o'clock, after he got off. He said Hangaway had stopped over at the filling-station from four in the morning until about half-past seven, when he left for here. Hangaway drank a lot of black coffee and went to sleep in the station."

"Simply no tradition is safe nowadays."

"I know it. He asked the boy quite a lot of questions, Mrs. Elsert. He asked him how to get to this house."

"But why?"

"I don't know. When he found out that the boy sometimes serviced your car, Hangaway also asked him if your daughter was home, Mrs. Elsert."

"That is odder—it is more absurd still."

"Yes, it would seem so, but he did. The boy said he didn't seem to act as if he knew your daughter, but just was interested as to whether she was home or not. The boy told Hangaway he hadn't seen her, and that as far as he knew, she was still in Detroit."

"I am positive that Nan knows nothing about him."

"Yes, Miss Elsert has told us that she doesn't. Either about Hangaway or Parne. It's quite puzzling. I understand that Parne got here about four o'clock in the afternoon."

"Yes?"

He said suddenly, miserably, with the years and all his stiffness dropping away and leaving him naked in his 'teens: "Can't you see how I hate all this? Questioning you, shaking out all the whole damned bag of tricks in my job? I've always admired you, Mrs. Elsert, and I guess that's stronger than merely liking a person. There's something very right and fine about you, and I can say the same thing about your daughter. Will you be honest with me? Will you make things easier for me by being so?"

Lily felt better, happier, and then infinitely worse; she wanted to tell him everything, not only every act but every feeling and thought and fear that she had endured during the past wretched hours. She wanted to do so not so much because it would make her feel better, but because she thought it would make him feel better. To repay him for this abrupt letting down of the bars, and this friendly show on his part of wanting to do her a kindness.

REASON checked the flood of words welling up in Lily, and she thought: "I'm a selfish fool. I can't say a thing without endangering the child I love. Just a couple of words of truth, and I might as well never have given her birth, never have fought and struggled through those early tormenting years, never have shaped my course with her as the star to set it by."

She said coldly: "If you will tell me a little more clearly just what you want to know, Mr. Hefferfield? I am sure you will understand my being somewhat confused."

It was a blow in the face, in a way, and he felt it like that, a dash of icy water which made him grow implacable, whereas before he had just felt officially hard.

"I want to know the moves you made concerning Parne's room after he got here, Mrs. Elsert."

"Moves? But I still don't understand!" said Lily. "Delilah arranged the rooms, and Sheffield showed Mr. Parne to his."

"Then we are to understand that you yourself were never in Parne's room?"

(Lily thought swiftly: "He's all business now. I've both antagonized and hurt him. I left fingerprints in the room, beyond the ones on the doorknobs—perhaps on Mr. Parne's luggage when I found Nan's picture. I wiped the gun, the doorknobs, but not the luggage.")

"No, I naturally went up to see whether everything was in order, Mr. Hefferfield."

"Was this after Parne came?"

"Yes. It was after Sheffield had taken Mr. Parne's bags upstairs. While they were both putting the car into the garage. I thought it better to check on towels, linen, the usual things. It's so long since we have used the rooms in the north wing." Lily smiled brightly. "I believe I even became a porter for an instant, and moved Mr. Parne's bags from the floor to the luggage-stand."

"Yes."

(So it had been the bags. He knew that: that she had touched them.)

He said, after a moment: "That would have been shortly after four o'clock—in the afternoon. Did you return to the room later on, Mrs. Elsert?"

"Later? Why?"

"I should like to know."

"There was no occasion to, Mr. Hefferfield."

"Then you want us to understand that the next time you were there was after Hangaway had told you about finding Parne dead?"

"Yes."

"Would you mind details?"

"No, of course not."

"Tell me what you did that time."

"Why, I just looked in; then I telephoned to Doctor Starr, and the police."

"No—please—more in detail, please."

"But how?"

"I want to know where you stood, how far into the room you walked, how close you went to Parne. That's what I want, Mrs. Elsert."

Lily was deeply puzzled, and clammy with fright. That was all she *had* done: just stood in the doorway and looked at Parne, briefly renewing her impression of the picture which she knew so well. But it was obvious that Mr. Hefferfield felt that some further move had occurred, something on which he seemed to be placing a wealth of importance. Well, at least with this instance she could stick rigidly to the truth.

"I did not go into the room at all, Mr. Hefferfield. I stood in the doorway, as I say, and went no further."

He looked at her with a curious mixture of contempt and pity. There was a dash of horror, too, of the fascinated sort when suddenly in a lovely garden you observe the placid sunning of a pretty snake. He stood up, and for an instant seemed embarrassed.

"Well, thank you, Mrs. Elsert. And good night."

"Good night, Mr. Hefferfield."

Again the stiff half-bow, the oddity of faint rigor in his walk. At the door he turned and glanced at her penetratingly. Once more he said: "Good night."

Chapter Eight

IDA FORREST heard the faint sound of the telephone bell and was instantly awake. There was only one instrument in the house, downstairs in what had been her husband Jason's study, and which was now Gene's, except that Gene never used it. This always faintly irked Ida, because she had an orderly mind and liked activities, as well as things, to be in their proper niches.

The telephone went on ringing.

Ida hoped that Gene would not hear it. Normally he would not, as he slept like a log; but Dr. Starr's dinner party had been upsetting emotionally, because of its dark undercurrents, and Gene might easily be spending a restless, sleepless night.

It continued to ring.

Ida knew it would be connected in some fashion with the Elserts. The hour was after three, which automatically divorced the call from ordinary social or business matters and shoved it into the perquisites of drama.

The bell stopped on the seventh ring.

Either they had hung up, or Gene was downstairs answering it, because the regular number of rings was ten. Ida sat upright, in the strictest of nightgowns, and listened more intently. Her hearing was remarkably acute; and soon she caught a faint and remote rumble of Gene's voice. She got out of bed and put on crocheted slippers and a woolen bathrobe, and went out into the cold hall.

Ida's eyes were sharp and frosty with concern, and she said as he came hurrying up the stairs: "What was it, Gene?"

"Lorrimer McKeith, Mother."

"At this hour?" (It was strange, but then it wasn't, really. Besides being an executor of her estate, Lorrimer's sheep's-eyes at Lily during dinner had been obvious enough: the connection with high drama still held.) "What does he want?"

"He's at the Elserts'."

Ida stepped back to let him join her on the landing, and said impatiently: "Of course he is, but what does he want with you?"

"He thinks I ought to be there."

"Why?"

GENE'S nut-brown eyes were faintly irritated and dark with worry. He was growing increasingly impatient of apron-strings now that, at twenty-four, middle age had set in. It wasn't that he wasn't very fond of his mother; definitely it wasn't that. It was simply that he *had* to live his own life just once, utterly and completely and without even a minor trammel, before he slipped swiftly into his declining years—with zest all spent.

Capers (now out) had never really satisfied him, because he had always been leashed gently back with looks, with unshed tears, onto the hearth. (Ida was a past master at implication: not even taking second place to the favorite steel engraving of her generation, the Wounded Doe.) Even a knuckling-down to business with old Hendrickson, who was in his dotaged fifties, hadn't helped much, hadn't proved Gene's right as a solid, substantial counselor to an unquestioned management of his own thoughts and movements and affairs.

It was very discouraging, really, because there were so few avenues of decent escape left to a man except marriage, or the Foreign Legion. Marriage, of course, would have been dandy with Nan and a cottage and a garden, himself the wise and loving master, with Nan clinging to *him*. Well, that dream had gone, leaving the Foreign Legion and what the hell.

"Mr. McKeith said that he was worried about the situation."

"What situation? Why is he there at this hour anyhow?"

"The dope-fiend got loose and broke in."

"Mercy!"

"Yes."

"Mercy!"

"He only knocked the cop out. It isn't that."

"What isn't?"

"It's business, Mother."

"Well, what business?"

"Mr. McKeith thinks I ought to be on hand in case they need advice."

"I do wish you'd make sense, Gene. You're not Lorrimer's lawyer, and you certainly aren't the Elserts'."

"I know it. That's just why."

"Why haven't you got your bathrobe on? And no slippers! —Why is it 'just why'?"

"Because Mr. McKeith thinks I could be there as a friend, just pretend that I came because I was worried about what happened to them, and still be handy to give them legal advice. He doesn't want to bring old Wellburn into it, because it would be too obvious—show that they were scared."

"What *did* happen, Gene?"

"Nothing, as I told you, Mother; but Mr. McKeith is a little uneasy about the district attorney's attitude."

"Mercy! Then there was—then she did—"

"No, there wasn't, and she didn't. It's just an attitude. I've got to dress, Mother."

"Gene, I don't want you to go."

"No, I figured you wouldn't. But I'm going, Mother."

"Then I'm going with you."

"No."

Ida permitted the line to run out a little.

"But it will be perfectly all right, Gene. I shall simply be doing what I can for Lily Elsert. Her friends must stand by her at a time like this."

"Mrs. Elsert is asleep."

"I'll be ready by the time you get the car around, dear."

"I'm not taking you, Mother. This is business."

Ida dressed anyhow, rapidly, warmly, sensibly. A fever possessed her to be on hand and keep Gene from diving overboard into any heroics or sea of pity. Last year when he had first fallen in love with Nan, the match had struck Ida as highly desirable, but she took no chances. It was never in her nature to do so.

She had gone about the difficult business of digging into Lily Elsert's past, and at the Mansion House period of sixteen years ago, had come up against a stone wall beyond which she could not penetrate. Some vista lay there—that much Ida knew; and some day there would be a break in the wall, and the vista would show. For, as Ida also knew, the past never dies.

Here beyond question was that break. It must be: the murder of a stranger, the advent, escape and return of an addict, and District Attorney Hefferfield's "attitude." Ida wanted no part of it for Gene, who still, in her private eyes, wore short trousers. She buttoned tweed and fur more snugly. The young, blessed and impetuous young idiot would always, until the last minute that she lived, have to be saved from himself.

Downstairs, the front door slammed with a bang.

Ida hurried down. She stopped at the coat closet and put on galoshes. Then she stepped out onto the porch to wait for the car. It wasn't so terrifically cold, because the wind had fallen and the snow now fell in languid, endless flakes.

Ida had a great deal of courage, moral courage. It took plenty, because she knew perfectly how Gene felt about her constant, intimate concern for him, for his well-being; and it would have killed her if he ever were to grow away from her, to become actively antagonized. She couldn't help herself, even though there were moments when she knew she was stretching his complaisance to the breaking-point.

Broken links of a chain clattered sharply in the profound stillness, and the car came around the corner from the garage. It did not slow up. Ida called loudly: "Gene—Gene, dear, I'm going with you!" The car went on. The clatter diminished, was muffled up by distance.

She stayed on the porch for a while, mulling this open rebellion, testing its milestone nature, and trying not to be frightened about it. She began to feel not older exactly, but a little old. She impersonally faced the fact that, in May, she would be fifty-six.

How far would affection, would complaisance, really stretch? A barren emptiness of ending years seemed the gamble; but what, with Nan, would Gene have to face? As the son-in-law of a woman with a shrouded past, and one who was now at least attitudinized into being a murderess and a goal for drug-addicts!

Thoroughly shaken and miserable and frightened, Ida went down the porch steps and along the path to Onega Drive. She headed north, an odd small figure in the huge immensity of the silent night, the drifts, the gentle snow. Her course held a quality of the Last Mile, and she did not delude herself as to her reception by the Elserts, or by Lorrimer, or (the knife twisted painfully) by her son. Still she plodded and stumbled on.

SHEFFIELD'S jaw was definitely swollen, and offered Ida the first odd note. He spoke with difficulty, greeting her politely, insisting on removing her galoshes and snow-laden coat. In all the phantasmagoria of the stupefying night, it never occurred to him to question Mrs. Forrest's being there, or to wonder for what purpose, at a quarter to four in the morning, she had come.

"Mr. Forrest is in the living-room with Mr. McKeith and Doctor Starr and Miss Nan, ma'am."

"Thank you, Sheffield."

Ida left Sheffield putting her coat on a hanger, and walked to the living-room doorway. She sensed a funereal hush, a feeling of orderly death in the house, diverse from the electrifying tensions and nervous crises which she had expected and built up during her exhausting walk.

Logs glowed on the large hearth. Lorrimer stood straddled before them, toasting: the perfect country gentleman, calm, successfully collected, in the face of All. Dr. Starr, in a near-by club-chair, smoked his pipe. In the shadows, on a rose damask Knole sofa, were Gene and Nan. The quiet sound of their voices died abruptly, and they looked toward the doorway, at Ida.

Ida was pretty good. She walked directly over to Nan and kissed her.

"I thought that at a time like this your mother might need me."

Nan looked into Ida's frosted eyes, and knew.

"Thank you, Mrs. Forrest. Mother is resting."

"For heaven's sake, Ida," McKeith said, "how did you get here? Surely you didn't walk?"

"Why not, Lorrimer? The wind has dropped. After Gene left, I changed my mind, and thought I ought to come."

Starr smiled at her, and offered her a chair.

THOUGH Gene still said nothing, his wind-burned face was setting, slowly, into chalk. Ida smiled at Starr and thanked him for the chair, then sat down with an immeasurable sense of loneliness in this world of her self-devised terrors. She thought: "I'm a terrible fool, I suppose. If he'd only just look at me!"

She said: "Why aren't you resting too, Nan?"

"I tried to, Mrs. Forrest. I can't."

"Mother—"

"Gene?"

"I'll drive you home again. Nan will explain to Mrs. Elsert that you were good enough to come." He continued to look at McKeith rather than at Ida. He said to McKeith: "I don't suppose Mr. Hefferfield will return for at least several hours?"

McKeith held his face beautifully impersonal.

"No, probably not. I think it might be a good idea if you were to come back, though."

"Of course I'm coming back. Nan—how about some air? Come with us, won't you?"

Ida said sharply: "There'll be small pleasure for Nan in bouncing in and out of ruts and drifts, Gene."

It wasn't only Gene: they all seemed against her, ever so politely and in the very nicest way, shoving her out and away from them, pressing her with kindly bred fingers into her remote world of alarms.

"I don't mind, Mrs. Forrest. I'd be glad for some air," Nan said. "I'll be glad to go, Gene."

Starr walked with Ida toward the door. It came as a shock to her to feel, for a moment, his arm about her shoulders, the slightness of a squeeze. An alarming warmth brought the frost in her eyes perilously close to melting.

"Lots of things have a way of working out for the best, Ida."

"I hope you're right, Colin."

"Selfishly, of course, I'm delighted that more people don't realize it. I'd be out of a job if people wouldn't fuss so much. It raises hell with their stomachs."

"Bless you, Colin."

"You too, Ida."

Ida's front door closed on Ida.

Gene was back in the car again alone now, with Nan. It was the darnedest thing, he reflected, how he could feel like this about her, as if he had just met her. How could two months in Detroit (of all places) have changed a woman so? Paris, now, or New York City—heaven alone knew what alterations *they* could make not only in months but even in a few weeks.

Or London.

He revived his alarm at the return of one girl he knew who had gone over with her parents for the Coronation and had come back with her mouth filled with feathers and hot potatoes. You simply couldn't understand a word she said. Like a barrage of flutes. Very limp.

Well, you could still understand Nan, all right; and yet you couldn't. Her talk was all surface, like a hard pavement spread over what she really meant. In fact, everything about her now seemed hard, and there was a glassy look over her otherwise perfect eyes. It was funny, too, how he still felt crazy about her, even this new hard self.

"Mothers," he said, "surely can be hell."

"Do you think so? I've never found it so."

("Just wait, my rock," he thought, "until you find cut the fine mess yours has got herself into. Maybe you think mine's a caution, but just wait.")

"Well, you know the way I mean it, of course."

"Do I?"

"Sure you do. What's come *over* you, Nan?"

"Oh, really, Gene, has anything?"

"You know darn' well there has. Why, I've never seen anything like it. You go away for a mere couple of months, and come back hard as nails. Why did you go? Nan—Nan, honey, tell me why you went to Detroit?"

"Please, Gene! That's all over. You know it's finished."

"No, it isn't. Not with me at any rate."

"Please, Gene."

"Why won't you tell me? I've got to know, Nan. I figured when I saw your mother the other day, that I was washed up. And then I figured maybe she'd stretched things a little. Maybe that she'd made you think you wanted to go to Detroit, and then, when you asked her, she said, yes, you could. But it was her thought, wasn't it, Nan?"

"I went to Detroit because we needed money."

"Golly, don't talk like that. I don't mean the words; I mean the way you say them. Anyhow, that's silly. How did you expect to earn enough money in Detroit to run a joint like yours?"

"I didn't expect to earn it."

"Hey, listen—you what?"

"I did not expect to earn it."

"Well! Our young Miss Raffles, I presume, or is it Kid Two-gun Nancy?"

"Nothing quite so *plein-air,* Gene. It simply struck me that the field was larger in Detroit than it is around here."

"What *are* you talking about?"

"Marriage, of course. What did you think?"

Well, a man certainly never knew. Last month when he'd boggled a ski-jump, and had landed, among other places, on his ear, it had seemed a blow. And now, by comparison, it seemed a pat. The sickening thing about the sickening thing was that she meant it. She could put some things on, but she couldn't be that good. Its conviction had a ring. This wonderful, wonderful woman had gone chasing after pelf like a common ordinary tramp. This creature of ice. This metal spike. This—no, not a serpent's tooth.

"And," he said politely, "you found the field was not having any, so you came home?"

"That's right, Gene. It wasn't having any."

"Home to your collection of old gloves and cast-off shoes?"

(Well—oh, my God! She was crying. She was crying fit to bust. Wet, broken noises.)

He stopped the car.

"Hey!"

"Don't touch me."

"I'm not touching you."

"Well, don't."

"Hey—Nan—"

"What?"

"I don't care about Detroit."

No soap.

"Nan—quit that a minute."

"Gene, if you don't take back that arm, I'll get out of this car."

"Like fun you will."

He started the car. She kept right on streaming, and nobody seemed to be getting any place. He reflected bitterly that it was very, very like life. Away you started with a bang, and bang, there you were right back again on the line.

"You'd better dry up before you get home."

"I will."

"Look, Nan, there's one thing about me: I'm steady. I don't change, Nan."

"*Please,* Gene."

"All right, Nan."

Chapter Nine

STARR watched McKeith set the scene. He liked McKeith, and enjoyed him: liked his substantial, fine qualities, and was amused by his foibles. He considered McKeith's habit of dramatizing his several selves as a good thing, as an excellent safety-valve against repressions: the Banker President, the Suave Clubman, the Modest (but still par) Golfer, and—right now—the Old Boy, standing by.

Standing by Lily Elsert.

He thanked McKeith for replenishing his brandy-and-soda, and watched McKeith replenish his own and then return for further toasting before the logs. The stage, at last, seemed right: intimate, slightly conspiratorial, very man-to-man.

JUST how far, Starr wondered, would McKeith stand by Lily Elsert? He would see her through, of course. There was no doubt about that. But what then? What about after the bitter sequences which seemed inevitable? The arrest, the arraignment, the grand jury with its indictment, the waiting weeks in jail, the trial?

Then the verdict.

Starr held no illusions about Hefferfield's opinion or Hefferfield's purpose: all of the sordid sequences were intended to occur. The case against Lily Elsert was closed, with the exception of some single link. Undoubtedly there lay in Hefferfield's possession the most damning of evidence and clues, painstakingly documented and weighed, and ready to strike her down as with a club on the moment when that last link should be obtained.

It was a bond, Starr believed, which would tie her understandably to Parne, one without which the State's case was likely to collapse, because in that bond must be the motive for the crime.

McKeith started his obliques.

"How frequently, Colin, one can paraphrase *Hamlet.*"

"To talk or not to talk? That is her problem?"

"Yes; and I'm afraid we must consider that it truly is. I honestly don't know what to advise Lily to do. I'm sure we both agree that Hefferfield is a very sound, a very intelligent man."

"Also an open-minded and a just one."

"Yes, and it's quite obvious that he is simply waiting, just marking time."

"For the link? You feel that too?"

"For whatever it is that connects Lily with those men. We've got to face that, of course—the fact that neither Parne nor Hangaway came to this house through mere chance."

"Why specifically Mrs. Elsert, Lorrimer? Have you thought of the possibility that the tie-up might lie through her daughter?"

"Nan? Absurd. She's a child."

"No, not any longer. Up to the time when she left for Detroit, if you wish. She's a woman now."

"Oh, come, she's only nineteen."

"That was Mrs. Elsert's age when Nan was born."

"Well—you're right. It really had never occurred to me."

McKeith reviewed his private images and did not want them changed: Lily *had* to remain a gracious lovable woman with whom, side by side, he would spend his remaining years, and Nan had to remain a charming daughter already fully grown.

Desperately, above all else, McKeith wanted no link to exist between either of them and Parne, even if the crime were to remain forever vague. At any cost he wanted no dirty brush to smear its grime on Lily. He wanted the past from where such a brush would naturally arise to stay battened down and dead.

McKeith willfully blinded himself to the truth that he owed it to Laurel Falls, as his forbears had ever owed it, to marry wives whose natures would be akin to the wife of Cæsar. Genevieve, of course, although not starting any runs on the bank, had certainly brought a faint tarnish to the McKeith escutcheon. His divorce from Genevieve had fortunately removed the film; but if again, if with—No. He refused to think. Unhappily, he must, however, continue to be active and to do everything in his power to protect Lily while doubt remained.

He said to Starr: "We may need your help. I don't mean medically; I mean in the way you've handled those other criminal cases around town."

"Gladly, Lorrimer."

"Thank you, Colin. Although I don't know what under the sun you could do."

"I don't myself. The medico-legal angles of Parne's death were childishly obvious." Starr added uncomfortably: "They lacked the most elementary professional touch."

"I know what you mean. But we'll fight up to the last. And even then."

"Of course."

"Does nothing strike you? Nothing at all?"

Starr said again: "Only Nan."

"No, I can't. I won't believe it."

"And I cannot eliminate the thought. It persists in nagging me. Look here—you play chess, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, think of your pawns."

Crisp and faintly sharp from the deathlike stillness of the outer night came the metallic clatter of a broken chain.

"I want you to explain that, Colin. Not right now, however, for they're coming back."

The clatter grew loud, definitive; it increased. It stopped on a single loud clap. The front door opened and closed, and after their coats had been disposed of, Nan and Gene came in. They both showed strain, and Nan at once excused herself and said she was going upstairs to try and get a little rest. McKeith caught again with a rush of relief the faint hint of a curtsey as she said good-night, and then she was gone, and Gene announced that if ever a man needed a drink, he was that man. He poured himself a stiff brandy-and-soda.

Ten minutes later they heard the scream.

HE too, as Parne had been, was freshly dead.

He was a well-built man in his late forties, conservatively, expensively dressed, with a stubble of beard on his chin, and a dusty, rumpled look about his clothing. He lay on his back just as Parne had lain, and his eyelids were slightly opened, showing crescents of an oyster white. A black hole in his temple oozed blood. He was not lying, as Parne had been, across the bathroom sill, but was stretched at length between the bed and one of the windows.

Blankets and sheets lay in a heap on the floor. The mattress had been slit in a dozen places from which its stuffings had been explored and pulled. The pillows were half empty of their feathers.

There were two guns. One was gripped in the dead man's hand. The other was in Nan's.

Only the bed-lamp burned.

Lily reached the room first, the room which for one night had been Mr. Parne's. She had caught the sound of footsteps pounding up the broad curved stairs as she had run past the landing. She would have one instant of grace out of eternity, while they determined where to look for the source of the scream.

Lily took the gun out of Nan's hand and held it in her own. Its metal felt warm to the touch, and a slight and acrid tang of powder still hung in the air. She opened a window swiftly and threw the gun far out into the banks of snow, then closed the window and gathered Nan tightly into her arms. She murmured incoherently:

"Be still, darling. Say nothing—nothing! Be still, my dear—be still—"

Gene's shout brought the other two men, brought Sheffield, but not (the thought struck Lily briefly) Delilah. It was a stilted scene which revolved around and before Lily slowly in a stunned sort of confusion: Starr on a knee by the body, examining, pronouncing the man dead. Gene and Lorrimer looking blankly stricken. And only Sheffield looking dispassionate and tired.

Starr stood up and said gravely: "Do you know who this is, Mrs. Elsert?"

Lily hadn't looked. She went closer to the body, and Nan still clung to her, moving the few steps as she moved, clinging to her in a torment of intermittent shaking. Lily looked. It was strange to be able to stand there quietly, and look not at the man so much as through him, and through that filter, backward and further backward through the years. Heavier, solider, more flesh about the jowls (which had been lean and curiously fascinating and strong as a beast of prey's), but—yes, she knew him.

"He is Nan's father, Doctor."

So—Starr thought—the link.

A GREAT LITERARY EVENT!

In our next (September) issue we will begin the publication of a great novel which we believe will be read by more people than any other book since "Gone with the Wind."

Its title is

"Fame Is the Spur"

Its author is

HOWARD SPRING

who wrote "MY SON, MY SON"

WELL, then, here was the end.

All of the swing through the past nineteen years was over, and there Lily felt herself right back at the start—with Robert! Plumper, jowlier, less excitingly feral, and dead; but still Robert.... She reflected on its cruelty and deep injustice: that a biological trap which so many years ago had sprung and inflicted its scars should have the power once more to reopen them.

Lily thanked Starr for the tablet, for the glass of water, and leaned back with a lassitude of dead indifference on the *chaise-longue* in her upstairs living-room, her face pallid and oddly serene against a champagne-toned French corduroy. Starr drew a chair up close. He offered Lily a cigarette, for which she thanked him, but which she refused.

"Our time may be brief, Mrs. Elsert."

"I know that, Doctor."

"I have told Lorrimer that I will do everything I can."

Lily was vaguely glad that he should want to, and that Lorrimer should have asked him. It was terribly difficult to attempt to concentrate. Her head seemed to have gone to sleep, the way a leg can, and she thought that if she were to move it even slightly, it would begin to hurt and tingle. The present, too, was asleep: Lorrimer and Starr, and murder and another murder and Laurel Falls. Only the past was awake, and only the dead Robert possessed the attributes of life.

"Doctor Starr, do you believe in fate?"

"Yes."

"You do? You, a physician, believe in it?"

(Starr thought: "She's at it again, like all of them. There's no time for this. If I'm to help her in the slightest fashion, I must know everything which tonight, and yesterday, and years of yesterdays, she has husbanded in her secret mind. I dare not jounce her—again, the trouble with the stubborn brutes!—I must let her drift along.")

"Fate is a term," he said, "that scientists hold in a bondage of disrepute, simply for the protection of their precious formulæ and equations. They insist on the inflexible rule. It's their mental as well as their physical bread and butter."

"Physicians also?"

"Yes, to a lesser degree. I'm sometimes inclined to wonder whether the alchemists didn't pull off a sounder job than we do, by kissing the occult on both cheeks, whereas we only peck at one of them. But for heaven's sake, don't quote me."

Lily smiled faintly.

"I sha'n't. Well, I am a victim of it."

"I felt so, obscurely. As I say, we've little time. There are many confusions." Starr added earnestly, "Won't you clear them for me, Mrs. Elsert?"

"I think you ought to know that I did not tell a literal lie when I came here. There was a basis of probability, of reason."

"When you came to Laurel Falls?"

"Yes, sixteen years ago. I called myself a widow. I had begun to hope, in fact to feel, an assurance by that time that I was one."

(Starr thought: "She's getting at it. I still can't press her or she'll dry up. We've only ten or fifteen minutes, at the best.")

"You believed that your husband, that Robert Wardley, was dead?"

"It was kinder to believe that. Much kinder."

"Why, Mrs. Elsert?"

"He left me on the night Nan was born. This will seem strange to you, Doctor, but I never realized until then how much I must have loved him. I knew it because his leaving me hurt so."

"And he?"

"Oh, Robert never loved me at all. That's obvious, isn't it?"

"I don't know. There are so many aspects. Any number of things can dam up love temporarily, and still it will flow again if it gets a chance. I've known of cases at childbirth where a man has hated his wife because he was hating himself for what she was going through. Sort of a defence-complex thing. Did you never hear from him?"

"Nothing."

He left her sinking for a moment in this torment of the past, and reflected how pointedly Robert Wardley's death would motivate Hefferfield's case: bigamy, the scandal of it reflected, no matter how innocently, on Lily and on Nan; no district attorney could want a better handle.

"Did you accept his death as a fact, Mrs. Elsert, or did you take any steps to try and prove it?"

"I had a little money, Doctor. Too little for any exhaustive and expensive search. I think that even if I had had a great deal of money, I would have been ashamed to use it in that way. I waited for five years, and then got a divorce on the grounds of desertion. Naturally, the case was uncontested. I waited two more years, Doctor, and then arranged that he be declared legally dead. That was in 1929, four years before my marriage to Milton."

Starr felt profound relief.

"But Mrs. Elsert, that's splendid. Don't you see? There goes the mainstay of Hefferfield's case."

(Lily thought: "Oh, no, it doesn't. It isn't as simple as that. It's as complicated as Parne, as Hangaway, as Detroit, as Robert's dead body, as the three of them all converging out of Detroit and into this house.")

"I wish, Doctor, that it could be so."

She was right, of course, and Starr felt his exhilaration draining away, because motives for any murder could be legion, whereas authenticated proofs were rare as truth, and Hefferfield must hold a lot of them in his hand. He studied Lily's limp indifference toward the deadly urgency of her position.

He thought: "We've all been focused on her. She has held us like a strong beam shining in twilight. She has obscured the *mise-en-scene*. . . . Can that be it? *Can that be it?*"

HEFFERFIELD had read several biographies of public executioners, and considered them distasteful to a point that touched on the horrendous. During his two terms in office he had only once, metaphorically, wielded the ax himself. He had asked a jury to give a man a verdict of death. The jury had, and now the man was dead. The man had shouted at him: "It's you, not them, that kill me. Just because you are bright."

It was very, very true.

The man had sliced his mistress' throat, and thoroughly deserved an official execution; but Hefferfield had not known the well-carved mistress; whereas, during the months of waiting and during the weeks of the trial, he had come to know the man. That was what had made the difference when, by being bright, he had had to kill him.

And now he had to be bright again.

He wondered if when the time came Lily would shout something at him too. The probability seemed incredible, just as did the fact that Lily's loveliness and gentle nature and all-around kindness was nothing but a deceit: a spell woven by the blackest of arts for the confusion and death-by-violence of two men. He felt a little sick when he recalled his surge of fierce joy and high determination upon taking the oath of his office, his bemused and stuffy vision of himself in shining armor, blind, as Justice is blind, to everything but the right.

You couldn't *be* blind about Lily.

SHE had left the *chaise-longue* and was seated in an armchair when he came in. She seemed to be hung on hooks against the back of the chair, a marvelous replica of herself in wax, and stuffed with sawdust. This general effigy-effect was further emphasized by her air of disinterestedness both in him and in his secretary, Chester Minkle—a thin young man with lush eyes—sitting at a desk with a thoroughly false attitude of blasé boredom.

Hefferfield made his voice purposefully sharp.

"Mrs. Elsert."

"Yes?"

"We have reached a point where I am restricted to every legal nicety of my office."

"Yes?"

"I want you to know your rights. I want you to reconsider, if you wish, your decision against having Gene Forrest here to advise you."

"But I still see no reason why I should, Mr. Hefferfield."

This irritated him into a gesture of genuine impatience.

"Really, Mrs. Elsert, I know why Forrest's here. I know why Lorrimer McKeith suggested his coming."

"You must appreciate Gene's interest in my daughther."

He said again: "Oh, really! We both know that's an evasion. If you won't have him up here, you won't. I shall advise you that my secretary is taking this inquiry down verbatim, and that all or any part of it may later be used. This is simply another way of saying that anything—"

"I know. I do not want to seem rude, but I know, Mr. Hefferfield."

"All right, then. Why did your husband come here, Mrs. Elsert?"

"I'm sorry, but I honestly do not know. I did not even know that he was living until I saw him in that room. And then he was dead."

"Why did you go to the room?"

"I—" ("Nan screamed, and I heard Nan scream, and I ran to the room and saw Nan with the gun in her hand.") "I don't know."

"Why did you scream when you got there?"

"Because of what I saw when I turned on the lights." ("That's right, *I* screamed. It was *my* scream that brought Nan running, brought the rest running.") "There was the general disorder—Robert lying on the floor, shot."

"Then you recognized him immediately?"

"No—not until Doctor Starr asked me whether I knew him."

"And still you did recognize that this strange man lying on the floor was dead?"

"Yes."

"And that he had been shot?"

"Yes."

"In other words, you were close enough to observe the bullet-hole, and still you did not recognize him as your husband?"

"I didn't then. Not then."

"Your daughter joined you?"

"Yes. Nan heard my scream."

(What did he know? Had he questioned Nan? What had she told him?)

"How long were you and she together before the others came?"

"It could scarcely have been a matter of seconds."

"When did you raise the window? Before or after your daughter came?"

"Window?"

"Please, Mrs. Elsert. You must place some credence in our efficiency. Your fingerprints were on it. They were not on it earlier in the day when the room was examined in connection with Parne."

"I remember about that now, Mr. Hefferfield. It is really inconsequential. I felt faint. I raised the window for air, and then closed it again."

"Before you screamed?"

"No; naturally, afterward. After the shock."

"But before your daughter came?"

"Yes."

"We've tested it, Mrs. Elsert, and it has been estimated that between your screaming and the arrival of Doctor Starr and Lorrimer McKeith and Gene Forrest, not more than eight or nine seconds could have elapsed. And yet you want us to understand that you screamed, you felt faint, so you opened the window and were revived, and then you closed it again, all before your daughter arrived, all within the implausibly short space of three or four seconds?"

"I'm afraid I must."

"Why did your husband come here?"

"You have already asked me that."

"Can you suggest any reason, even though you know of no definite one?"

"No, Mr. Hefferfield."

"Would you prefer us to accept a statement from you that you opened the window to throw something out into the snow?"

"No—no, I felt faint. I've told you that too."

"People have the funniest notions about the concealing qualities of snow. They think it just swallows things up, and that's the end of it. They think a subsequent fall, or a continued fall of flakes will cover all traces. Well, in some cases it does."

"Yes?"

"But there are ways. The snowfall since you opened the window has been negligible, Mrs. Elsert. There's that to begin with. Then there was the light."

"Light?"

"Shaft, really. We took a spotlight and shafted it almost horizontally over that area covered by the window. It narrowed the field amazingly by showing the indentations and making them quickly obvious. We found this by digging."

Hefferfield took a gun from his pocket and placed it on the piecrust table beside their chairs. Lily looked at it. It looked like the gun, all right; and the spotlight business did make sense. It irked her strangely to have to remain so stubborn, so willfully unseeing, but there was no other course. She could admit nothing, agree to no point whatever, without her whole defence crumbling and leaving, not her, but Nan naked to the State's attack.

"I understand your contention, Mr. Hefferfield. I do not admit any knowledge of that gun, and certainly I refuse to change my statement that a feeling of faintness caused me to open the window."

"Just as you wish, Mrs. Elsert."

He left the gun lying there for Lily to look at, in the accepted tactic of it being a disturbing factor to prod her sense of guilt, and in the hope that it would help him swiftly to break her down. As the ax must fall, he wanted to wield it quickly, to have this former deeply admired friend confess *in toto* her horrific sins and throw herself upon the mercy of the State, accept a lesser plea and languish for twenty-odd years at some penal tasks, but at least escape with her life. As he would then in turn escape from her ultimate and nerve-destroying shout when the death-penalty would be imposed. He held no question as to Lily's guilt, but he did hope for palliative circumstances, and he wanted to find them out.

"Let us go back, Mrs. Elsert—way back. To when you and your daughter came here to Laurel Falls."

"I've done so just now, Mr. Hefferfield, to Doctor Starr."

"Then repeat it, please, for me."

LILY did. She gave him the bones of the framework with their dates, and ignored any of the flesh, which was the really important thing and consisted of her years of distress when she had suffered as a brutally deserted woman. Hefferfield considered them briefly in silence.

"I feel better, Mrs. Elsert. We return to a normal groove. I am accepting your statement as to the divorce and the legal declaration of your husband's death, because both can be checked at their documentary sources. Frankly, it spoils my thoughts on a motive. Equally frankly, it presents me with a more unpleasant one."

"You will forgive me if I fail to follow you?"

"It occurs to me that the coming of Parne and Hangaway and your first husband to this house begins to make sense. We have Parne's initial interest in the Sheraton secretary. We have your husband's search of the room which Parne occupied and in which he was killed. I refer to the slits in the mattress and the opened pillows, the general disorders of a search. Papers, documents of some nature, naturally spring to mind. Equally so, your documentary proofs of the divorce and the declaration of legal death also spring to mind. I suppose you kept them here, Mrs. Elsert? Or are they at the bank?"

"No, I kept them here. Because of my early contention of being a widow, I preferred to hold them privately."

"Where?"

"I have kept them since Mr. Elsert's death in the Sheraton secretary."

"Well, we've searched it, and there's nothing of their nature there. Or are there secret compartments?"

"No. There is a locked drawer for more private papers. I kept them in that."

"Yes, I know the drawer. It has been forced. By Parne, I imagine."

DEEPLY bewildered and puzzled, Hefferfield frowned. He forgot for a moment, in his concentration on the problem, the relationship that currently existed between himself and Lily, with himself a bloodhound baying slaveringly after this once delightful, delicate creature as she skipped with such pitiful indecision across her perilous and tipsy cakes of ice. His manner changed to one of a man who is having an impartial discussion about a knotty problem with a friend.

He said: "I suppose we must consider it that way, that Parne found them in the secretary and took them, and that your first husband was looking for them when he was shot. Only why? Can't you see how foolish it is?"

Lily couldn't. She was beyond seeing anything much—that is, as to its folly or brightness; and a dreadful, passionate longing to go away some place and lie down and sleep was betraying her again. She meditated about this absently, thinking it queer; because of all times, it was right now when she should be lively and electric, and in all ways on her mettle, ready with parry and thrust to beat off this important gnat who was bent on destroying her.

"In what way is it foolish, Mr. Hefferfield?"

"Because they are not documents-of-source. Anybody could go to the place where you got your divorce and look it up in the official records; and it's stupid to consider that *they* could be done away with."

He looked for understanding in this now impartial friend and saw none. Her lovely eyes with their deep shades of blue and violet seemed a touch out of focus, and windowed with glass. He wondered for a scandalized moment whether she had been paying any attention to him at all, or had just remained wrapped up in her glassy daze and throwing him mechanized replies in the manner of an intelligent automaton.

He said sharply: "The same thought holds true, of course, with the legally dead business. So why all this frantic to-do about getting hold of your copies?" An odd idea took shape in his mind, and he stared at her strangely. "Why do you call that man Robert Wardley, Mrs. Elsert? Don't you know that his name is Worthby Hainestead?"

Lily's pale face grew paler as the blood left it slowly; and she thought, becoming at once awake: ("That's the name Mr. Hangaway asked Nan about. He asked her if she knew Worthby Hainestead, and Nan said no. He asked her how she had got wise to Worthby Hainestead. He asked her how much she had shaken him down for. He had said to Nan: 'Hainestead is hard—as you know. He'd see to it that somebody wrapped you up in cement just as quick as he'd pick a daisy. You'd better turn the proof over to me.'")

"Worthby Hainestead? I'm afraid not, Mr. Hefferfield. I have never known Robert otherwise than as Robert Wardley."

"Were the divorce and the other papers issued under that name?"

"Yes."

"And the name Worthby Hainestead, Worthby Hainestead of Detroit, means nothing to you, Mrs. Elsert?"

"Nothing. Absolutely nothing, Mr. Hefferfield."

He seemed unbelieving and astounded that it should not, and Lily thought that Robert—or now Worthby Hainestead—must be a man of some importance. She tried to imagine Robert, her earlier cruel and ferally exciting Robert, as being now a man of importance, with his (she hoped) unique tendency toward putting people in cement.

A startled look of sudden shock spread over Hefferfield's face.

"Mrs. Elsert, why did you send your daughter to Detroit?"

"I didn't. I didn't send her. Nan herself suggested going. She won a design contest conducted by our newspaper. She is a graduate in fashion design. That is why Nan went to Detroit, Mr. Hefferfield."

WITH the very essence of her heart Lily tried to have Hefferfield believe this, because so far as she knew, it was true, and she wanted to make the truth of it so ringing that he would have to accept it. She watched the alarm fade from his face, and his expression change to one of disgust and pity, like the look, she reflected, reserved for all the feet that ever were of clay.

He started addressing a jury, not Lily.

He said: "The roots of these crimes lie in this house, Mrs. Elsert. They lie in those documentary proofs. But the tree and the branches spread over Detroit. Parne and Hangaway are shadowed by them, and so is the man whom you call Wardley and whom I know to be Hainestead."

("Lord," he thought, "but this is silly. I'm talking to her as though I were summing up. She ought to throw me out of the house. She can't. She can't do a thing but sit there and listen to me, to my cheap pseudo-oratory, and hold her neck out until it pleases me to slice it with an ax.") He was back to that image again, the bloodhound rôle no longer of use, because he had her. He had her right on the block. He wanted to apologize for his bombast, but did not dare permit himself the least weakening into softness. He took some notes from his pocket and studied them for a while.

He said to Lily: "A shorthand transcript wasn't kept the last time I questioned you, but this is approximately what you told me, Mrs. Elsert. I shall ask you the same questions again, and my secretary will take down your answers. Please consider them well, as you may care to answer differently than you did before."

"I feel certain that I sha'n't, Mr. Hefferfield."

"This is about the way it went: I asked you what you did concerning Parne's room after he got here. You said you went up to it while he and Sheffield were putting his car in the garage. You checked the linen. You lifted his bags from the floor to the luggage-stand. The only other time you went to the room was immediately after Hangaway had told you about finding the body. You then went up and stood in the doorway, but did not enter the room at all. I guess that was about it."

"Yes. It still is, Mr. Hefferfield."

"Wait, please. I shall put the questions to you somewhat differently, and Mr. Minkle will take down your answers. When you went upstairs to check the room, had Parne been in it as yet?"

"No, he did not go up until after he had put the car in the garage."

"Now, in regard to his bags, Mrs. Elsert. Sheffield has told me that he placed them on the luggage-stand. You tell me that you did."

"I'm afraid that Sheffield is mistaken. Perhaps I am myself mistaken. The matter seems very unimportant. So very many more important things have happened."

"Still, if you will forgive me? Were the bags unpacked?"

"No."

"Why did you search them, Mrs. Elsert?"

("Because I was looking for a gun or hot money or a case of dope, and later I searched them looking for the letters he had written in the library and which might contain references which would connect him with Nan, and this later time, I found the cabinet photograph of Nan which had been taken in Detroit. You can see how that proved that there *was* something between them. Are pieces of cardboard carried away completely, or do they sometimes remain, and do the police examine the traps and the drains as a routine procedure in the expectation of finding just such incriminating things?")

"But I didn't search the bags, Mr. Hefferfield."

Hefferfield went off on a tangent. He said angrily, in anger at the entire situation: "There is this about a person's statements, there is this about the truth, about knowing anyone personally and believing him a truthful person. You catch him out in a lie, even in a little lie, but you know it to be a deliberate one. Everything else he says, everything he has told you before, collapses. Surely you understand that?"

"Of course I do."

"And still you tell me that you did not search the bags, and that they were not unpacked. And still your fingerprints are all over the smooth leather of the case in which Parne kept his toilet-articles, a case which had not been unpacked, but which was inside his Gladstone bag. What in heaven's name do you want me to think, Mrs. Elsert?"

"If you will give me one moment—"

"I will give you all the time you like."

Not that one moment or one year or one eternity would do any good. What was the use of a respite, no matter how long, if you were to spend it in this state of utter unliveliness—for she was back in *that* condition again—and were incapable of anything but the most febrile sort of fencing, because your head was asleep and all the rest of you was dead on its feet.

"As I have said, Mr. Hefferfield, there were so many more important things which have intervened—but I must have lifted the bags to the luggage-rack, not Sheffield—you both forget and imagine things easily after you've turned a century, and some people believe that Sheffield has. And the dressing-case must have fallen out of the Gladstone when I lifted it. I am certain that the bags were open, Mr. Hefferfield. I can swear that the bags were open."

He looked at this puny effort and brushed it aside. What under the sun did she take him for? A complete chump?

"Do you know anything about blood, Mrs. Elsert?"

"Blood?"

"About the four groups into which it's divided?"

"Yes, in a general fashion. You read so much nowadays about blood donors. Some people make quite a living out of it, don't they?"

He snapped a "Yes" and stuck to business.

"The groups are called One, Two, Three and Four. Sometimes they are referred to as Group O, Group A, Group B, and Group AB. It happens that Group AB is rare."

"Is it, Mr. Hefferfield?"

He wanted to stick not one, but many and long pins into her.

"Parne's blood was of Group AB."

"Yes, Mr. Hefferfield?"

"I shall ask you this, Mrs. Elsert: While Parne was alive, were you at any time in his room while he himself was in it?"

"No."

"Now, after Parne was killed, you tell us that you stood on the threshold of his room but did not enter it. I shall ask you, did you in any fashion contact his body? I shall forget all former statements, Mrs. Elsert."

LILY saw now where this was heading. It hadn't been simply blood which she had rinsed out down the sink, but a rare and special kind of AB blood with which, surprisingly, Mr. Parne had been filled. Surprisingly, because nothing else about him had struck her as rare. She said after several moments, coming up from nightmare depths like swimming up through smothering treacle to a surface which would even be worse: "Yes, I think I did."

"Just tell me about it. As you now remember it, Mrs. Elsert."

"I think the shock, the fear at later finding blood on the sleeve of my negligée, I think that is what has kept me from mentioning this before."

"Yes, Mrs. Elsert?"

"I did go into the room. My memory continues to be confused because of the excessive faintness I felt at the time. I think I tried to determine whether Mr. Parne was still alive. The blood stained my negligée then."

"How?"

"How?"

"Yes, Mrs. Elsert, how?"

"Why—by coming in contact with the wound, I suppose."

"My dear Mrs. Elsert," (pins, even the longest of them, were too short, and he wanted spikes), "Parne was on his back. He had been shot in the back. There was no wound of exit in his chest. There was no blood on his chest. What blood there was lay beneath him on the floor."

"Then—I must have put an arm beneath him."

"Yes?"

"To raise him up."

"Yes?"
"To see whether he was still breathing."
"Minkle!"
"Sir?"
"Find Miss Elsert, please. Ask her if she will join us."
"Yes sir."
"No—not Nan, Mr. Hefferfield. Ask me what you like, but please not Nan, Mr. Hefferfield."
"Sorry, Mrs. Elsert. Go get her, Minkle."

HEFFERFIELD said briefly: "It's about Detroit."
Nan said: "Yes?"
"And about your father."
"Yes, Mr. Hefferfield?"
"I want you to tell me first about your father."
"But how?"
"Tell me everything you remember about him."
"But I don't. I don't remember anything."
"Miss Elsert, you are young. We've both known each other casually for a good many years. I can remember seeing you as a very little girl as far back as the Mansion House. I've seen you grow. And—well, mature."
(She had, too, now that he had pinned the thought down with words. There was a riper look which had supplanted her general legginess and other awkward-colt effects, a sort of tightening up and smoothing out. All this on the surface of course, and he imagined that the same processes must have been also going on inside; otherwise she never could have got herself involved in this infernal mess.)
He went on a bit less paternally: "I am telling you as I've told your mother, that my job here is distasteful. It is especially so from the fact that I know both of you and have always liked you. I realize that the truth is hard, but I earnestly want you to appreciate that you will be doing yourself a kindness in the end by sticking to it." He added uncomfortably, as if wishing to make untrue a fact about which he had no doubts: "There is no escape."
Lily said: "Nan, darling, would you like Gene to be up here with us?"
"Oh, *no,* Mother. Why?"
"To advise us, dear. To advise us what to say?"
"Oh, *please* no, Mother. Honestly, Mr. Hefferfield, the first thing I knew about Father, even about such people as fathers, was when Mother told me that mine was dead. I think I must have been about four or five then, Mother?"
"Yes, darling."
"Four or five." Hefferfield made mental calculations. "Five—that would be the year, or rather at the end of it, when your mother obtained her divorce. You were told about that, of course, Miss Elsert?"
Lily said sharply: "No! Nan has never known."
"But I did, Mother."
Lily looked blank and stunned. She thought: "Nan has known about it all these years. She has known that her father was alive. She has said nothing. Never by any word has she indicated this knowledge." It was an affront, rather, and verged on duplicity, a lingering duplicity that had obviously continued through adolescence right down to now. It occurred to her how right Nan was about the littleness with which they truly knew each other.
"Did your mother tell you about the divorce, Miss Elsert?"
"No, Mr. Hefferfield. I don't think either you or Mother appreciates how much a girl of five or six really knows. I think when people get older, I mean a lot older, that they forget about the time when they were five or six themselves, that they had thoughts and wants and feelings even then, really strong feelings, Mr. Hefferfield, and that they could figure things out. They forget all that and simply —well, they make pets of boys and girls—like animals—"
"Darling!"
"It's *true,* Mother."
"You still haven't told me, Miss Elsert. I mean about how you knew?"
"That was perfectly simple, Mr. Hefferfield. I simply saw the papers on Mother's desk and read them. I just wanted you to understand."
"Understand?"
"Yes, why I kept it a secret. Because I knew it was a secret of Mother's, and I didn't want to *violate* it. I would dream and think about it, and I know now how young I was about it, and how I dramatized it, how I thought of my mother as a tragic figure, and how much it made me love her, and how much—how much—"
"Darling!" (How unspeakable to have thought it duplicity, to have been even faintly affronted!) "Oh, Nan darling—"
This, thought Hefferfield, is simply fierce. Even Minkle's lush eyes seemed damper than usual. As for Lily and Nan Elsert, in an instant the two of them were likely to be dissolved, fused in the saltiest of floods, and his ax would fall through butter. He thought: "I am as fit to be a district attorney as a marshmallow puff." He hadn't the faintest idea what such a thing was, but it sounded right.
"Miss Elsert!"
"Yes, Mr. Hefferfield?"
"Are you getting this, Minkle?"
Minkle gave him a moist nod.
"Did you also know that your father had been declared legally dead, Miss Elsert?"
"Yes, I knew about that too."
"Now I want you to tell me, please, the real reason for your having gone to Detroit."
"Why, I won a contest—"
Hefferfield deliberately forced himself to be rude. How else could you remain unmelted? He broke in on Nan impatiently with: "I know that. You won a contest in fashion design, and being a graduate in fashion design, you went to Detroit and got jobs in fashion design on the strength of it. Why?"
"Why?"
"Yes, Miss Elsert. You had a home here. Your friends are all here. Your mother was left alone here—your mother, who had but briefly been bereft of her husband. You left her in that state of grief. Why?"
"My mother had also been left almost penniless, Mr. Hefferfield."
"Oh, come—really, please, I don't know what sort of commissions you made with your designing; but surely, Miss Elsert, they'd be drops in a bucket?"
"Nan darling, really dear, I never knew."
"There's a lot you've never known, Mother. I *will* tell you why I went to Detroit, Mr. Hefferfield. I went there to get money. I went to get a lot of money."
Hefferfield thought, now that the truth was at long last popping out at him: "I know you did. I knew it, you poor, wicked, sweet, nice kid!" (For she still *was* a kid, no matter how apparently a ripening one.)
"Make money by what means, Miss Elsert? I take it you had other plans than just fashion design?"
"Naturally."
"Well?"
"I sha'n't tell you. I simply won't tell you, Mr. Hefferfield. I've had one person despise me, and I simply shall not have you despise me, and I shall not have Mother. Or Mr. Minkle."
("Now, dear God!" thought Hefferfield.)
"Miss Elsert."
"Yes?"
It was like water. You got your hands on something that looked solid, and away it ran through your fingers. There was a bitter sort of comfort in knowing that you could put a stop to all such leakage by freezing it.
"How did you get on to the fact that Worthby Hainestead of Detroit was your father, Robert Wardley?"
"I didn't."
"Your mother told you, didn't she?"
"Mother? But this is sheer madness, Mr. Hefferfield!"
"Please, Miss Elsert, we're not dramatizing now. For God's sake, please realize how serious this is. Two men are dead. They have been killed. They have been murdered—in this house."

NAN suddenly stopped looking mature. She dropped her pitiful cloak of being a fallow and an efficient woman of the world, and shriveled into a terrified child.
"Yes, I know."
"Oh, *Nan darling.*"
"It's all right, Mother."
"Please, Mrs. Elsert, I'm handling this. You ask me to accept your statement that you did not know that Hainestead was your father, Miss Elsert, so I must do so. Will you also ask me to believe that you did not know Worthby Hainestead as Worthby Hainestead?"
"No, I knew him to be Worthby Hainestead. But I never *knew* him, Mr. Hefferfield. I told Mr. Hangaway that I didn't know him, didn't I, Mother?"
"Nan!"

"Oh—so you told Hangaway that, Miss Elsert?"

"Yes."

"I see."

He didn't see, of course, but the fact in a vague fashion seemed to fit, as any fact might fit in the obvious combine of Hangaway, Hainestead, and Parne. And, naturally, the two Elserts.

He said: "Just what do you mean by the statement that you knew him but you didn't know him?"

"I didn't *meet* him."

"Your dealings with him were through Parne, then, or Hangaway? They were your go-betweens?"

"Nan—don't answer that, Nan!"

Hefferfield slammed his clenched fist down on the pie-crust table. It became no longer a table. He ignored the wreckage. He ignored everything but his great confusion and his hot sudden anger. He ignored Nan. His hot, badgered eyes blazed directly at Lily, no longer lovely or a friend. A common murderess.

"Here's my last question for the record, Mrs. Elsert."

"Yes, Mr. Hefferfield?"

"Get this carefully, Minkle!"

"Yes sir."

"Mrs. Elsert, I have you on record for the following false statements: You opened the window on discovering Hainestead's body because you felt faint. A lie: you opened it to throw the gun out. You did not recognize the gun; but your fingerprints are on it. Now go back. You lifted Parne's luggage onto the stand. I believe, on the contrary, that Sheffield's statement is correct and that it was he who did so. You did not search Parne's bags. Your fingerprints are on the toilet-article case that was in his Gladstone, so you did search his bags. Now the blood."

"Please—I beg of you, Mr. Hefferfield, I want Nan to go."

"I want her to stay. I repeat, the blood—Parne's blood. You stated you never entered the room after his death. His blood is on the sleeve of your negligée. So you tell us you lifted him up, by shoving your arm beneath his back, to see whether he was still breathing. Mrs. Elsert, no child, and God knows, no jury, would believe any stuff like that."

"Go, Nan darling—"

"Stay right where you are, Miss Elsert. Mrs. Elsert, I am giving you your last chance. I submit to you that you were not only in Parne's room after Hangaway had told you about finding the body, but you were there *at the time of Parne's death!*"

"No—"

"I'm asking you to confess. I'm begging you to confess, Mrs. Elsert."

"No—"

Hefferfield's anger, his stuffed feeling of pumping blood, the hot ringing in his head, all dropped from him, leaving him a little shaken and weak. He shrugged faintly in a gesture of resignation which was, paradoxically, one of defeat at the very moment of his indisputable triumph.

He said quietly: "After you shot Parne, Mrs. Elsert, you wiped your fingerprints off the gun. You then dragged Parne's body to the hall door and placed his fingerprints on the two knobs. It was an awkward and an obvious job. The sleeve of your negligee became bloodied in that fashion. You dragged Parne back to the spot where he had fallen and then placed the gun in his hand."

His mouth had an ashy dryness, and he tried to moisten it by swallowing, before going on: "I will tell you how I know this: I have already explained to you that your fingerprints were clearly found on the smooth leather of his toilet-article case. Well, they were also clearly found on the smooth leather of his bedroom slippers, which came off his feet while you were dragging his body, and which you put back on his feet after you had accomplished your stupid purpose." He ended, almost lamely, almost apologetically: "As I have said, there is no escape."

LILY did not look at Nan. She could tell pretty well, without having to see it, about how Nan would be looking. She hoped in her great despair that Nan would not speak, but in her heart of hearts she waited for the word from Nan that would save her—ready to deny it, to deny anything that Nan would say, but wanting the love and the feeling and the comfort of it even if only to remember during that interval when she would be, to all human purposes, alone. She waited just a little while. And then she said: "How long will I have, Mr. Hefferfield?"

He said miserably: "There is no special rush, Mrs. Elsert. There's no earthly reason why you shouldn't stay here, in your home, while I'm arranging about the warrant. You can get your things in order." He started to hold out his hand, and then drew it back, flushing hotly. "I'll come for you, Mrs. Elsert."

Dull daylight grayed the windows, and a clock struck six.

Chapter Ten

THE kitchen was warm, with a cozy warmness from the range, and bathed in an eerie light from lamps which were absorbed and seemed vitiated by the strengthening gray of morning daylight through the windows.

Nan poured two cups of coffee and said to Gene, "Shall we have it black?"

"Yes, please. Black."

He meditated on the hideous quarter of an hour she must have just gone through, to get that wrung look on her face.

Nan said: "Not even sugar?"

"No, thanks. Just black."

"Here."

"Thank you."

"I've read that the first effects of coffee are to make you drowsy, the way any warm drink will, and that it isn't for over an hour or so before the caffein gets to work and peps you up."

"Really?"

"Yes. I read it either in a paper or in a book."

It must have been hell. But wasn't it coming to her, Gene reflected, when you looked at it impartially, with a man-of-the-world point of view? You elected your own rôle, or rôles, in life; and if you failed to put them across, you suffered the consequences. So just! So satisfactory! And so bitter. Fate felled you, regardless of the beauty, charm, or sweetness of your shell. It simply ignored all that, and reached inside and twisted your middles. Life was a pendulum— Nuts, he said to himself.

"Nuts," he said aloud.

"Gene!"

"Sorry. I was thinking."

"Well?"

Scarcely conversation, this. But who wanted it? It chilled Gene to realize what he really did want. He wanted nothing else, no single thing on earth, but to take this creature, this designing tramp, into his arms and let her cry her eyes out against his chest. The folly of it appalled him and vigorously insulted his matured and, now added, worldly sense.

"I'll have some more, please."

"Certainly."

Nan poured coffee with fingers that quite rightly trembled, making the lip of the pot a castanet against the cup.

"I was thinking about your prospects. I was thinking that the best thing you can do is to marry me and be damned quick about it."

"Why—you beast!"

"That's right."

Ida Forrest found them in each other's arms. Such, at least, was the accepted description for the knot they seemed to be tied up in when she came through the kitchen door. Anyhow, her son's arms were twisted in some complicated fashion with that girl's arms, and he was saying, "There, there, *there!*" at a great rate. Miss Elsert (as Ida now preferred to think of her, no matter how visibly Nan was being installed into a daughter-in-law stage) was because of a general wetness saying nothing.

They remained unaware of her presence, and Ida made no move to announce herself, further than by just standing inside the doorway and bleakly looking at them. What *had* been the use of it all, of Gene's planned and considered birth, of the envelope of care which she had wrapped around him, only to have to stand unseen like this and see him welded to the weeping daughter of a woman who had so freshly shot two men?

Although Ida had never in person experienced passion, she was not unaware of the effects of it upon, predominantly, the male sex. She knew by good repute its dynamite facilities for blowing up every sense, and most easily

of all the sense of filial duty, and the nice emotion of filial love. In fact both of those gentle arrangements seemed habitually to be shattered first. She accepted, on this kitchen battleground, defeat; for what on earth had she, against that tangle, to use for shots?

She decided to go upstairs and see Lily.

Ida found Lily packing some things in a suitcase. It was Lily, and yet it couldn't be. Not this drained wraith. Ida noticed that the clothes being folded by Lily were all in the nature of serviceable things, and that they seemed as devoid of frivolities as possible. There was a grim sort of justice in this, an earthly effect of the dust-to-dust *motif,* that gave Ida a fleeting second of pleasure, for her own frivolities had never advanced beyond the respectable material of velvet and the color-note of plum.

"Ida dear—this is good of you. It's *kind* of you, Ida."

For a terrified instant Ida felt that Lily was going to kiss her, which would have been the worst possible prelude to battle, because sheer reflex action would compel her to kiss Lily back, and you couldn't launch a broadside from any such station as that. But even without the demoralizing give-and-take of kisses, it was going to be harder than Ida had thought. Everything, every weapon and advantage was on Ida's side (how different from the arena downstairs in the kitchen where a blind and surely nothing more than animal passion held the field!) but there seemed nothing to hit at: only this wraith which the mildest breath could easily blow away.

"Packing, Lily?"

"Yes, dear. For jail."

HOW hollow such victories, and what Dead Sea fruit! It struck Ida with a speculative astonishment that Lily didn't seem to *mind.* Anything unnatural horrified Ida (it was only during recent years that she could stand the sight of lipstick), and if ever there was a manner against nature, it was this resigned and ethereally dewy one of Lily's, a woman twice a murderess, and now packing her bag for prison. The normal attitude, Ida considered, would have been a blue funk and a good deal of cowering—with, desirably, an overwhelming spirit of contrition.

"Lily, I must speak to you."

"Yes, Ida?"

"About my son and your daughter."

"Nan? Oh, don't worry about that, Ida. I wanted to tell you at dinner last night that you weren't to."

"But I do worry."

"Really, you needn't." Lily added a little less ethereally, beginning to sense the mass of armament with which Ida so pointedly bristled: "Nan would never dream of dragging Gene down."

"Lily, you don't know what you're talking about. I've just left them, and they're—clutching."

"Clutching?"

"Yes, in the kitchen."

"Oh, surely, Ida—"

"*You*" (think of that pre-Mansion House past!) "ought to know about passion."

"Ida dear, what has passion got to do with it?" This really was a little thick, to have a clutch, inspired by passion, added to everything else she had to worry about. Furthermore, Lily didn't believe it. If any such scene had or still was occurring, it was Gene who must have forced it, and Nan who was being clutched. She said aloud: "That's it, of course, Ida. You'd better go down and take another look."

Mad. That was a natural phenomenon and would explain all the rest. Lily was simply unhinged. Ida decided this, and cast tentative glances toward the door.

"Lily, I know what I saw, and I won't have it. I can't have it, Lily. Gene's all I've got."

"Ida, dear. Sit down."

Never. Oh, no.

"No, thank you."

Lily thought: "Oh, the poor *thing!* I do know what she must be suffering." In addition to her usual frostiness Ida had taken on a shriveled and a frightened look, and Lily suddenly wondered whether the trouble that was at the basis of Ida's fear might not be a dread of loneliness. Lily supposed, kindly, that a mother felt that more about a son than she did about a daughter, especially about an only son who showed symptoms of leaving the nest.

"Please listen to me, Ida: I've learned a lot of things during the past couple of days. I've learned how little we know our children. You'll find cut that that's true with you and Gene, just as I've found it out about Nan."

"Nonsense."

"No, it isn't. And what's worse, Ida, you'll some day find out how much they know *us.* Ida dear, don't hate me. Don't feel about me the way you do. We're both in the same boat, if you'll look at it sensibly—each the mother of an only child."

Ida felt outraged, with a good deal of justice, at being placed in the same boat with a murderess *en route* to jail (which took care of Lily's future), and with heaven knew what sort of an early Past. Simply on the silly basis of each having an only child.

She said with conviction: "You are a wicked woman."

"Oh, please don't be stupid, Ida. I know how miserable you are, and I'm sorry for you, deeply sorry. Another thing I've learned lately is that if a thing is important enough, your child is going to do it, and you might as well face the fact and like it. I gave birth to Nan when I was Nan's age. I know now what a fool I was about Robert; but nothing, no older person,—certainly no parent,—could have stopped me from marrying him. Mother tried, and I hated her for it. By the time I stopped hating her, she was dead, so I couldn't tell her so."

"Oh—"

"Yes. No matter what happens, don't get Gene hating you, Ida. It isn't worth it—not even trying to stop him from marrying the daughter of an accused murderess is worth it. You'll find out."

"You *are* wicked, Lily."

"Because I want you to face the truth?"

"I suppose that's it." Yes, it was it. "Oh, Lily—what shall I do? What shall we do?"

Ida did sit down. She had never felt so unusual before. Not even a few short hours ago when Gene had driven on in his car and had left her standing, stripped and deserted, in the cold snow. Lily wasn't mad. Not unless there was a lucid sanity in madness that went beyond Ida's powers of belief. What Lily had said was true. What was the use of anything in the world if you found yourself, at life's dreary end, hated by your son? What price was too big to avoid it?

Ida said reflectively: "I don't think you are."

"Are what, Ida?"

"A murderess. You can't be."

Lily grew suddenly unwraithlike and very solid, and her eyes were no longer dreamy, but shiningly clear. She said nothing.

Ida said: "Who killed those men, Lily?"

"Mr. Hefferfield is assured that I did."

"Why is he so sure about it? Doctor Starr told me downstairs that they were arranging to arrest you. That is true, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes. As I told you, I am packing."

Ida looked at Lily for quite a while. Ida thought it strange: these new and acute feelings that were so newly overwhelming her—not a renaissance exactly, but a fresh sort of birth entirely.

"Are you shielding somebody, Lily?"

"No."

"Well, I think you are."

"No, Ida—no."

"I think I know you. It's like meeting you for the first time. You just said you were sorry for me. I think that now I am sorry for you, Lily dear."

"Dear Ida."

It was very awkward. You couldn't discard a lifetime of whalebone stiffening just by shaking it away. Ida would have liked to make some gesture of tenderness, but she knew none.

She said: "I suppose you know that I'll be in a jail as well as you, Lily. In a sort of way."

IN the mirror, Lily was satisfied with the plain gray tailored tweed. She went out into the hallway. Its lights were still on, in competition with the sullen morning; and a uniformed policeman stared at her stonily for an instant and then shifted his eyes to an inch or so above her head. From the landing she saw Dr. Starr at the foot of the stairs, talking with another uniformed policeman. Lily waited until Starr seemed to have finished.

"Doctor Starr—"

"Oh—yes, Mrs. Elsert?"

"Would you mind?"

He came upstairs and joined her on the landing.

"I am trying to set things in order, Doctor."

"Yes?"

"I had meant to ask you earlier whether you would be good enough to take a look at Delilah."

"Is she ill?"

"I don't know. She has the usual 'misery,' which could cover anything. I'm a little worried about her. About her manner."

"Manner?"

"Yes. Sheffield and Nan and I went up to her room after Mr. Hangaway had gone. She apologized for wanting to stay in bed—with her misery—and her manner struck me as being queer. Will you come up with me now?"

"Of course, Mrs. Elsert."

They went upstairs.

Lily rapped on the door and said: "Doctor Starr is with me. May we come in, Delilah?"

Several seconds passed before Delilah's voice said: "Please do, madam."

They went inside, and Lily found the scene unchanged. The room was gloomily a little brighter, and the shadows from the bed-lamp were gone. Delilah still was sitting up on the bed, and clutching the bright pink nightgown tightly about her withered body.

"Good morning, Doctor Starr, sir."

"Good morning, Delilah. Which misery is it this time?"

"Just a general all-around touch kind, Doctor, sir."

GOING over to the bed, Starr felt Delilah's wrist, taking her pulse. His eyes widened sharply; and it seemed to Lily, as she stood watching him, as if his body stiffened. He kept his fingers on the wrist for a full minute, saying nothing.

Then he said casually: "What have you been eating, Delilah?"

"Nothing out of the ordinary, sir."

"Well, we'll see."

Starr looked penetratingly into the soft blank darkness of Delilah's eyes. He gently rubbed a fingertip across her upper and lower lips.

He said: "Nothing to worry about. You might take this prescription downstairs if you will, Mrs. Elsert, and ask one of the men to go to my office for it? Miss Wadsworth will give him the proper stuff."

"Yes, Doctor."

Starr took a prescription-pad from his pocket.

"My writing is the usual unintelligible scrawl that is always attributed to medical men, Mrs. Elsert. The worst thing about the libel is that it's true. Here's the proof of it."

He tore the sheet from the pad and handed it to her. A shock ran through Lily as she read:

Hangaway is in this room. Go outside and leave the hall door wide open. Do not summon aid. That is imperative.

Lily forced her voice to be natural and calm.

"Doctor Starr will have you fixed up in no time, Delilah."

"Thank you, madam."

"I'll join you downstairs shortly, Mrs. Elsert. I just want to take Delilah's temperature."

"Yes, Doctor."

Lily's eyes, as she walked toward the door, were conscious of the room: swiftly speculative even through her flash of terror as to where Hangaway could be hidden. The bed was angled from a corner, and Hangaway could be crouched behind the head of it, of course, and the door to the clothes-closet was an inch ajar. Her nerves jangled as each step seemed bent on becoming a prelude to some swift and narcotic-conceived plan of destruction, some weapon beyond the rational mind with the forces of mania directing the attack. Her fingers shook as they closed about the doorknob. She opened the door to its fullest extent. She went outside.

Starr shook a thermometer down.

He said to Delilah: "Just hold this under your tongue."

"Yes, Doctor."

Starr was vibrantly conscious of the moment's menace. He knew his maniacal minds. To combat them, you had to place yourself upon a comparable plane, matching oddity with oddity, thinking ahead if possible into that diseased morass where the very essence of bright cunning was bred. He favored behind the head of the bed as Hangaway's place of concealment. He judged that a knife or an ice-pick from the kitchen would be pressed between the ornamental ironwork and through the pillow against which Delilah leaned, as a grim reminder of what an injudicious gesture or remark on her part could lead her to expect.

He took the thermometer from her mouth and put it in its case, and back in his pocket, without looking at it, and staring all the while at Delilah, sending his wave of thought into the dark pools of her knowing old eyes.

"Ninety-nine degrees. Well, that's nothing. I'd go light on food today, Delilah."

"I will, sir, Doctor."

"Just stick in the neighborhood of toast and poached eggs. Some tea."

"Yes sir, Doctor."

With quiet fingers he loosened the bedding which lay above her lap.

"Have you pains anywhere? Any aches?"

Delilah looked at him earnestly, inquiringly, seeking his lead.

"Well, sir—"

"How's the chest, and the muscles in your back? Does this hurt?"

A strong arm slid behind her back; his other slid beneath her legs, and in an instant her withered fragility was gathered up swiftly off the bed, swiftly out into the hallway, where he set her down, and shut the door. He said to Lily, who was standing motionless at the stairhead: "You can tell them to come up now, Mrs. Elsert. Tell them to be quiet about it, and please suggest that a man be posted outside in case he jumps from a window."

"Yes, Doctor."

Starr held Delilah until she had stopped her fit of trembling.

"Go downstairs, Delilah."

"Yes, Doctor Starr, sir. I would wish in view of this blessed deliverance to—"

"Quickly, please."

"Yes, Doctor, sir."

She pressed his hand and went unhurriedly, a withered travesty in voluminous pink, a travesty that was negated almost entirely by the dignity which was innate in her.

Starr stood and looked steadily at the knob of the door. No sound came from within the room whatever. It was not a man, he meditated, who was in there, but an elemental force, a power and a strength which were cunningly motivated by the obverse of logical reason. A hundred weapons lay at Hangaway's hand, even if you excepted the probable one of the kitchen-knife, or the ice-pick. The barrenness of an asylum cell exampled that: its lack of any weight, or movable object, or cutting edge, or pointed thing with which to stab.

Starr's problem absorbed him. It did not deal with Hangaway. It dealt with Lily. He could himself, he felt, be a match for Hangaway, and the added odds of the other men in the house made Hangaway's capture or his death assured. Even a single tear-gas grenade would cover any of that.

But none of those things would cover Lily Elsert.

There was this about Hangaway as Starr reviewed it: he mustn't be captured and so turned into a sullen mute; he mustn't be killed during any attempt at escape; and he mustn't be permitted to take his own life. He must be left, and interviewed, at ease. Starr moved several steps away from the door and closer to the stairhead, picturing in his thoughts a probable view of Hangaway, who would now be crouched or standing in a speculative silence with an ear pressed against the door, a bemused finger resting perhaps on the home-shot bolt.

HEFFERFIELD headed the silent advance.

Starr motioned him to silence, and brought his lips close to Hefferfield's ear, whispering: "There is a bare chance that he may let me come in."

"Take this gun."

"No. It can't be done that way."

"He'll kill you. You should have seen him when he went berserk at the hospital."

"He won't go berserk if I can help it. He's got to talk."

"Talk about what?"

"The truth about why Parne and Hainestead were killed."

"What do you think he knows?"

"No one knows what he knows, not even himself. It's my job to find out."

"You're taking too great a risk. We'll sweat it out of him."

"You couldn't. This is a psychiatrist's job, not a policeman's. This is the time to do it. This moment might not come again."

"What's the difference? We've proved that Mrs. Elsert shot Parne."

"I've just got hold of as good proof that she didn't."

"What is it?"

"It's in connection with the blood-group. . . . Quiet—he's testing the handle of the door."

Slowly, in the hall's gloomy light, the knob revolved, went back, was still, in the stillness that was broken alone by the sound of men breathing.

"There may be some noise," Starr whispered. "He may have a flash of violence, but don't come in unless I call. Keep everyone below the level of the head of the stairs. He'll take a look out into the hallway. Hurry."

STARR waited until the men had retreated down the stairs. He went to the door and rapped.

"This is Doctor Starr, Mr. Hangaway. Will you let me come in, please?"

"You and who else, Doctor?"

"Nobody."

"What do you want?"

"You, Mr. Hangaway."

"You must be crazy."

"Possibly. I think I can persuade you that there has been enough blood. Are you in any condition to talk rationally?"

"Aren't you being insulting, Doctor? Stand away from the door."

"Certainly, Mr. Hangaway."

Starr moved back and stood against the opposite wall. The door inched open, then opened wider. Hangaway was a pipelike shadow against the dullish gray within. His large head turned upon Starr, and then moved and examined the empty hallway to right and left.

"Come in, Doctor."

"Thank you."

They went inside, and Hangaway closed the door, thoughtfully shooting home its bolt.

"I find that you interest me, Doctor."

"We mutually interest each other."

"Yes. Try that rocker. I understand that they're coming back again, as collectors' pieces of *virtu*. Funny animals, men."

"Very funny. In fact, their humors are endless."

"You must think I don't know."

"Know?"

"That there are men outside. That they're stepping softly up to the door. That they're waiting for me."

"Oh, that."

"I want you to take a good look at me."

"All right."

"Look at my face. Look at my whole general appearance. Would you want me as a friend?"

"I don't know. But if I should, your appearance would have nothing to do with it. It never does."

"You're wrong there, Doctor. It has a lot. I'm forty-seven, and about forty of those years have taught me."

"I'm afraid I still can't agree."

"Let me put it this way: I'll admit the matter is an obsession with me. Who are the malcontents in life? They're the ugly people—not your sort, because you haven't the kind I mean—but my sort, the type of ugliness which hints at, which verges on the repulsive. Look at your press pictures of the average communist, or agitator, or any sort of fanatic crusader. They're a proof of what I mean."

"I suppose your panacea for such discontent would be a blanket order on a plastic surgeon or a beautician?"

Hangaway smiled thinly.

"Well, there's nothing so fantastic in that. My point is that ugliness is a positive handicap. People do not seek you out. They either ignore you or avoid you, and make their voluntary contacts with people who are pleasant to look at. The inner soul, that inside shining goodness, is all tripe so far as I'm concerned."

"Yes, so far as you're concerned."

"Do you think I have none?"

"I think that you failed, or were prevented from cultivating it."

"No. No, it would have done no good. I'm not a malcontent in the sense we've been speaking of. I belong to the other group of ugly people, the ones who use their handicap as a springboard to leap into power and success. But there is a drawback common to both classes, Doctor. We live alone."

"Yes, that is true enough."

"We're single people except for whatever companionship is put up for sale. We've our sycophants and our court jesters in ratio to our money or our importance, but we have no friends. It becomes our one great dread."

"Solitude?"

"Yes, Doctor. That's why I let you in here. You took away the negro woman. I want company when I go."

"Aren't Parne and Hainestead enough?"

"They're dead already."

Starr smiled at the statement's simplicity.

"You're not going to die, Mr. Hangaway."

"I should find small pleasure in living behind bars, Doctor. I think our journey will be best."

"Your childhood is at the bottom of this."

"That's right. It and my face."

"It alone. You have a good many years left you in which to readjust yourself. I say that sincerely."

"I know you do."

"Just now you're at the apex of a pitch you've been working yourself up to during the past few days. Or has it been for longer than that?"

"It's been since the time the boys started getting wise to Hainestead."

"Do you mind telling me?"

"Not a bit. That jug's cracked. For me at any rate."

"I don't know Detroit very well. I suppose it all centers there?"

"Yes; and in the little town of Dumfrith, Michigan. Did you know much about Hainestead?"

"No, just the general outline which Hefferfield has given me: Able, energetic, and ambitious—the leading industrialist of Dumfrith, and already getting a foothold in Detroit."

Hangaway nodded.

"That's right. The strong, fearless, attractive type. A man's man, a friend of both capital and labor. His wife is very attractive, and is ambitious to be the most socially prominent woman in the State, and his daughter has her ambitions too." A look of awe came over Hangaway's face. "When this thing breaks!"

"What, Mr. Hangaway?"

"Why, that the kid's illegitimate, of course."

"His marriage—"

"Marriage? He was a lousy bigamist. He married Gertrude Witstock of Dumfrith two years before his other wife—now Mrs. Elsert—got her divorce. And the kid, the current Jennie Elspeth Hainestead, popped out on the nine-months' dot."

"You speak of the boys—"

"The people who dislike him—the local neighbors in Dumfrith and the fellows in Detroit who don't like his muscling in."

"And they know all this?"

"No, they suspect something like it, but they've got no proof. They know it the way a lot of big stories are known but never break. Doctor, you would be astonished at some of the stuff that is simply waiting for the first public false step before it is cracked down on the heads of a lot of important men."

"I suppose that's true. You say the boys have no proof in this case?"

"That's right. Parne came here and got it, of course, but he's dead, and Hainestead himself is dead, which leaves me. It's a shame, Doctor. Do you know something? I think I'll get out of here. I'm not going to waste this. I can still take Mrs. Hainestead and the kid for a million. I can take her for every nickel she's got."

CALMLY, reasonably, Starr argued:

"That's a pretty big order, isn't it? It means killing, killing me, killing Mrs. Elsert and her daughter, killing seven or eight armed men. I think it's stupid to figure on it, Mr. Hangaway."

"I suppose you're right. It's a pity, though. I don't like things to go to waste."

"You aren't being very clear about all this."

"How am I not?"

"Or possibly I'm a little dense. Possibly it's because I'm not accustomed to mixing with important men. What's plain to you seems a bit unreal to me."

"What things?"

"Well, Hainestead in Detroit; how Nan Elsert entered into it; the Elserts here—you speak of the boys getting wise—what put them wise?"

"That's easy. Miss Elsert's picture in the Detroit papers after she won the design contest did that. You could feel it run all through town: 'What's Jennie Hainestead from Dumfrith doing winning a design contest? No, it isn't Jennie Hainestead. It's some girl called Elsert from some town in Ohio called Laurel Falls. Well, would you believe it? You could take them for twins. But after all, everybody has a double. Look at the movie stars, at the doubles-contests, at any prominent person. So forget it.' So people did forget it, Doctor. But the wise boys didn't. Not them."

"Why?"

"Any pelt has some value, Doctor, and a political pelt runs into real dough. I don't have to tell you that. And remember that once Hainestead set out to cut some ice in the big pool, he was right out in front, all washed and combed, as a target for mud. Naturally they had dug back into his past. They traced it easily to two years before his marriage. That was when he first hit Dumfrith. He wasn't an ugly man, Doctor. He was one of the lucky ones."

"Yes, I could see that. He would be attractive to women, especially back at that age."

"Right. Young and dashing and gallant Worthby Hainestead, fresh out of the golden West. A smart boy."

"Just how, especially?"

"Because he announced San Francisco as his origin. Because he announced that his parents and every contact that could be authenticated about him were wiped out in 1906 during the earthquake and the ensuing fire—in fact, that the horror of it all upon his childish mind had made the whole thing practically a blank. That was very smart. You cannot substantiate nor deny any statements by poking about in cinders."

"No, you can't."

"Well, it was always in the back of the boys' heads. It was so good it was too good. So when Miss Elsert's picture broke in the press, they didn't watch Miss Elsert; they watched Hainestead."

"Of course—"

"Sure, you get that. Being a doctor."

STARR asked suddenly: "What does Mrs. Hainestead look like?"

"You're right. She's the general type of Mrs. Elsert."

"That so frequently happens with some men, with their successive wives."

"Yes, there's every reason why the half-sisters should look alike. The Hainestead girl is two years younger, of course, but she's lived harder. Honestly, Doctor, these débutantes!"

"They get over it."

"Sometimes. Well, there you are."

"I'm afraid I'm not. Not yet. What did happen in Detroit after Nan Elsert's picture appeared?"

"As I say, they watched Hainestead. Oh, he saw the picture all right, and so did Mrs. Hainestead and the daughter. The boys have Hainestead's chauffeur on the payroll so there isn't much they don't pick up. Mrs. Hainestead just commented on the likeness and forgot about it. So did the girl, after some occasional chit-chat about it among other girls in her set. It struck both of them as amusing but as very unimportant."

"But not Hainestead, of course. Hainestead knew."

"That's right. He fixed it to meet Miss Elsert. Casually. Only, the boys considered it wasn't casual. It spelled the first flicker to them and they knew they were on to something really hot. I don't know what happened at that meeting. I don't even know whether they actually met. All I know is that both of them were at the same cocktail party one afternoon—a big party. . . . I had my own ideas."

"What were they, Mr. Hangaway?"

"I like to look at all angles, Doctor. I figured from the other end: that maybe Miss Elsert had come to Detroit on purpose to put the bee on Hainestead. You see, the thing that held the boys up from the start was that they didn't know positively what Hainestead's name really was. They considered it might be Elsert, because they didn't know right away that Mrs. Elsert had remarried and that the daughter had legally taken the name of Elsert. They got a girl to contact Miss Elsert easily enough, but all she could find out was that there was a Mrs. Elsert in Laurel Falls, a widow, and that Nan Elsert's father was dead. Then the boys put Parne on it."

"Just who was Parne?"

"He was a guy who knew his way around. They used him a lot. But personally, I always thought he was overestimated. He lacked finesse. His usual method for getting the dope on a woman was a cross between the chief suspect in a horror film and a ham juvenile, with a good deal of lurking behind the arras. He certainly fancied himself, that boy."

"Why did they use him then?"

"Because he got results, no matter how crudely he got them. Then they'd get a laugh out of him, too. But the women wouldn't. Usually they'd be worried into fits by all of his hamming, and ready to come across with whatever dope he was after on his first serious pass. I know he started his usual routine with Miss Elsert. He began to flush her out, make her lose jobs, almost blacklist her. He'd show every now and then and let her get a look at his face with one of its most significant expressions. Lord, *what* a ham, Doctor. I guess Miss Elsert dreamed about it in nightmares."

"How do you know all this, Mr. Hangaway?"

"Well, I came into it around then. Right after the boys hired Parne for the job, Worthby Hainestead hired me."

"Why?"

"You don't get to be where Hainestead got by being a dumb bunny, Doctor. He knew what was going on. He knew they had sicked Parne on Miss Elsert, so he sicked me on Parne."

"You said a moment ago that you were doubtful about Miss Elsert, that you considered she herself might have come to Detroit to blackmail Hainestead."

"That's right. I knew definitely she was out for dough, but I figured now it was just the small-time stuff of trying to lead one of the money-boys up to the altar. I figure she must have doped Parne out as a bouncer for one of the First Families."

"Why were you in doubt at all about Miss Elsert's purpose if you were in Hainestead's employ? Why didn't you know?"

"Listen, Doctor: When you work for a man like Hainestead you know only what he tells you and you do only what he tells you to do. Miss Elsert and fifty other people might have been trying to throw their hooks into him and he wouldn't tell me about it, or anybody else about it, unless he had a purpose too. My job was Parne and just Parne."

"Just what kind of job? Or do you mind?"

"Not a bit, Doctor. It all centered around Hainestead's real name. They had found out by then all they could, in general, about Mrs. Elsert, about her coming here to Laurel Falls around the same time that Hainestead showed in Dumfrith, and about her calling herself a widow, Mrs. Robert Wardley. You can see what a job it would have been."

"To do what, Mr. Hangaway?"

"First they couldn't be sure that Wardley wasn't just a name which Mrs. Elsert had picked out, to cover whatever it was had happened before she got here. And even if Wardley was the right name, it would mean the impossible feat of checking every divorce record for years in the name of Wardley or Hainestead all over the country. Absolutely impossible, Doctor."

"Yes, of course."

"They felt Mrs. Elsert might have the documentary records here in the house, or in town, or else that Parne could get the information from her by his delicatessen tactics. Once they got her copies, or the dope from her, they could then check the records at their source. That's why Parne came here."

"AND you, Mr. Hangaway?"

"Hainestead gave me twenty thousand dollars with which to buy Parne over to our side. If Parne couldn't be bought—which is a laugh—or if he shoved the ante up too high, I was to use my judgment. That meant killing Parne and getting busy on the Elserts."

"You didn't kill Parne."

"I know I didn't." Hangaway's bright eyes grew speculative with interest. "Do you know who did? *I* know."

"Hainestead killed him."

HANGAWAY'S eyes gleamed.

"That's right. How did you dope that out, Doctor? They've got Mrs. Elsert sewed up and in the bag."

"If Hainestead were alive he could be sewn up in the same bag."

"But how?"

"Mrs. Elsert did a lot of foolish things, because I believe she felt her daughter was involved."

"Sure, but how do you pin it on Hainestead?"

"Blood."

"Yes?"

"Parne had Group AB."

"Rare."

"Yes. Mrs. Elsert got some of it on the sleeve of her negligee while she was holding up Parne's body, and putting his fingerprints on the doorknobs. Do you recall the layout of the hallway outside of the room Parne occupied, and outside of the one you yourself used so briefly?"

"Yes."

"There is a shallow alcove, if you remember, at the end of it. It has a door opening into a linen-closet."

"Yes, I know."

"That enters into my reasoning; but first about blood: Consider Hainestead. He was shot through the head. It was the type of wound that bled a little, but not excessively. There were the normal blood-trickles on his face, but there were also several bloodstains on the white cuff of his shirt. It bothered me as to how they could have got there, and there was the further fact that they were not fresh. You will understand my interest in Mrs. Elsert's welfare, that I wanted to leave no possible contradiction unchecked?"

"Certainly, Doctor. For a town like this she is O. K."

"Well, Hainestead's blood checks as Group O, whereas the bloodstains on the cuff of his shirt have just been identified as Group AB—that is, Parne's. Which places Hainestead as well as Mrs. Elsert upon the scene of Parne's death."

"Any D.A. could make it stick on her, in spite of that."

"There is more. I have just finished looking. There is another stain. It is on some linen in the linen locker where I believe Hainestead waited, resting his hand and freshly bloodstained cuff on the linen, after he had shot Parne and searched the body, and while Mrs. Elsert was doing her stupid and tragic act in Parne's room. Mrs. Elsert could not have transferred that stain from the sleeve of her negligee. It is on one of the higher shelves, where a man's hand would reach naturally for a rest, and where his cuff could leave it on the linen. Mr. Hangaway, Hainestead had hired you to do his work for him. Why did he come here himself?"

"Doctor, who can tell about a man like Hainestead? They get so smart they get too smart for their own good. This business meant the ruin of his career, if not of his life. He hired me, yes, but why should he take a chance? He would want to check me, if possible, with his own eyes. Then you have the blizzard."

"Blizzard?"

"Sure, the jams, the road conditions, all of it. Hainestead trailed me from Detroit, only I stopped off at that filling-station, and he passed right by it in the blinding snow and reached here alone."

"Of course—"

"Sure. He parked his car in town and walked here to the house and looked in the living-room window, and saw Parne at the secretary. Then he simply tapped on the window. Parne recognized him and maybe got scared stiff, or maybe saw a chance for a swell shakedown. Anyhow, Parne pocketed the pearl-handled gun that was in the secretary and opened the front door and let Hainestead in. They went upstairs to Parne's room, and Hainestead got tough and Parne pulled the gun on him, and Hainestead just took the gun away and shot him."

"Why didn't Hainestead leave the house at once and start back for Detroit?"

"Because Parne didn't have the papers. Hainestead tapped on the window before Parne found them, and Parne was just putting on a bluff. So Hainestead had to stick around here until he could get the papers himself. He used the rafters in the attic."

"When did he get the papers?"

"Well, what with the cops about, he didn't get a real chance until I came here from the hospital and knocked out that pretty boy on guard at the front door. He took his time going through Parne's room, and then he came downstairs and found them in the secretary."

"Where were you?"

"That was just when I had finished with Mrs. Elsert and her daughter and the darky, and while I was coming downstairs myself. Naturally I wanted to talk it over with Hainestead, and I had the cop's gun, so we went back upstairs and into Parne's room and talked. I told him how I had him for bigamy and for murder—and we talked for quite a while, but it was no use. He made a jump for me and I had to shoot him, and take my chances for a real shakedown with either the boys in Detroit or with the widow and the Dumfrith daughter direct. You were downstairs at the time with some other guy, Doctor, and Miss Elsert was just saying good night and coming upstairs, so I came up here and got behind the negro woman's bed. I kept her quiet with this."

Hangaway took an ice-pick from his hip pocket and tapped it gently against one pipelike knee. He said to Starr very quietly, "How did you know that I was here in the room, Doctor?"

"Because you had planned to leave it, to make your escape."

"Yes?"

"You had taped Delilah's wrists and her lips with adhesive tape."

"Yes?"

"When Mrs. Elsert knocked and asked whether she and I could come in, Delilah didn't answer for several seconds. During that time, you removed the tape and got behind the head of the bed."

"Yes?"

"Surely it is obvious, Mr. Hangaway? When I felt Delilah's pulse I also felt the sticky glue which remained from the tape about her wrist. I felt it also over her lips."

Hangaway shook his head slightly and sighed. A flash of sudden irritation made his fingers tremble.

"Just think, Doctor—because of a little thing like that. All of the trouble for nothing."

"I hope you are including in it the rather tragic amount of trouble that came to the Elserts."

"Them? Small-time stuff, Doctor. Just a couple of little people who happened to get in the way."

"Yes, I suppose you do look at it like that. That Hainestead looked at it in that way, and the boys did too."

"Why not?"

"Well—thank you, Mr. Hangaway. Are you ready to come with me, now?"

Hangaway looked at Starr steadily for a while. It was impossible to read a single thought behind the dull smoky glaze which was masking the former glitter in his eyes. He flicked the ice-pick impatiently in his fingers.

"You're coming with me, Doctor. Not me with you."

Starr took a small metal case from his pocket.

"You said that I interested you, Mr. Hangaway. I think that this will interest you even more than I do myself." He opened the case and spilled a hypodermic needle and a vial of pellets onto a table. "Morphine."

Hangaway grew rigid and sat very still. Slowly, the ice-pick dipped and dropped, ignored, from his twitching fingers. He gave a small strangled cry that was more animal than human and started to walk slowly toward the table.

Starr unbolted and opened the door.

"All right, gentlemen. You may come in."

Chapter Eleven

LILY took off the tailored gray. She did not want to see the suit again, with its reminder of the torment of the past few hours. She wondered about the house, too: whether it were spoiled for her forever, or whether time and the sunlight of succeeding days would cleanse it of its bitter memories. They were too vivid, and much too close upon

her now to tell. This room with the foot of the bed on which Hangaway had sat—the slipper-chair—the window at which Hefferfield had stood—the place where Sheffield, beaten, had crumpled and dropped—each step with its wrenching reminder.

This basin in which pink had spread while Nan—and that—and in the mirror, standing in the doorway, just as she had then been standing in the doorway, was Nan.

"Mother—"

"Darling?"

"It's stopped snowing, Mother."

Lily dried her hands, wondering what move to make, what word to say, and then she thought: "That's the trouble. She's my child. I've had to guard each word, each move, each minute of the past long days, and I'm still thinking in that groove. She's my child, and no words or gestures any longer matter, because there can't be any wrong ones, any longer. We've been frugal, both of us, with the things that really count."

She put the towel down and started to hold her hands out. But again, with vivid cruelty, it was like the night; they dropped to her side, and the marble of the basin was cold against them.

Nan moved a hesitant step, and was closer.

"I'm so glad about Gene, darling."

"I've been an awful fool, Mother."

"No, you haven't, Nan. Neither have I been. Things have to hurt you before you can cure them."

"Gene thinks it will be all right if we don't wait for so awfully long. Do you?"

"I think whatever you do. I always shall think that way, Nan."

NAN'S fingers touched her arm, warm, melting little spots of feeling which reached on back through the years, leaving to Lily Nan, a child once more cradled against her, with their futures blank to write on. And everything was fixed. Tightly, and so simply, just by this hanging on to one another, making up for the past, and sealing the coming years. If you could imprison a moment under a clear glass bell—

Lily thought: "I'm being foolish, because I'm happy and because I'm tired, and because we're close now. Close. Even when she's married to Gene we will be. She's never been so truly mine."

Delilah rapped and came in.

"I have arranged some breakfast, madam."

"Thank you, Delilah. We'll be right down."

Delilah too seemed to feel that it signified things, that the acts of nature were a link with the acts that happened in your living.

"It has stopped snowing, madam."

"Yes," Lily said, "I know."

LILY put on a house-dress of nile wool, feeling younger and refreshed and more forgetful with each second that passed. She went with Nan out into the hallway and thought it amazing how pallid its special memories were so quickly growing. How bright the tense whiteness of the morning made the hall below, with Lorrimer waiting stolidly down there in the bright white pool.

"I hope you don't mind," he said. "We all thought we'd like to eat. You haven't got rid of us. We're all here."

"I suppose there's nothing I can do about it."

"Nothing at all. Just be graceful, and pretend you're glad of it. I understand felicitations are in order, Nan. It's about time."

"Thank you, Mr. McKeith."

"I won't have that, Nan. Say 'Lorrimer' the next time you speak to your mother's imminent husband. Go ahead—say it."

"Lorrimer."

"That's better. You're a grown girl now, and it's time you had some manners. Are we going to stand here all day, Lily?"

"I'd like to, Lorrimer."

"So would I. Beat it, my good child, for a minute—will you, Nan?"

"Yes, Lorrimer."

They stood for a while looking after her, and Lily said, "I'm thinking of the other one,—Nan's half-sister,—and the mother. Must they be told? Is there anything that can be done, Lorrimer?"

"It has been, Lily. They're not to know. Chance brought them to this house in refuge from the storm, Hainestead and Hangaway and Parne, and that's the story. There'll be no trial, because Hangaway is admittedly insane. He'll never talk. Starr gives him just a little while to live."

"I saw her photograph, you know. I thought her Nan."

"You thought too much, you sinful woman."

"I'm not. I'm just a wreck."

"Nothing that a good overhauling won't fix."

"Lorrimer—"

"Lily— Lily— Lily." . . . And so, and so, and so. Forever after.

"THE FIRE AND THE WOOD"
A Complete Book-Length Novel
by R. C. HUTCHINSON

Next Month!

and A Novelette *by* ERIC HATCH

OUR NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST

In response to many requests we reprint herewith the rules of our photographic contest.

Who May Enter?

1: It is open to amateurs only. Anyone is eligible except professional photographers, and the employees of McCall Corporation and their families.

How Many Pictures May I Submit?

2: Entrants may submit as many pictures as they desire at any one time during the period of this competition.

Must I Use Any Particular Camera, Film or Paper?

3: Snapshots may be made on any type of film, but must not be made on glass-plate negatives. Any make of camera, film, chemicals or paper may be used.

When Should Pictures Have Been Taken?

4: Pictures must have been made after April 1, 1940.

Must I Do My Own Developing and Printing?

5: Developing and printing may be done by a professional photo-finisher or by the entrant. No art work or retouching is permitted on prints or the negatives from which they are made. No composite pictures, such as multiple printing or montages permitted.

What Size Prints Shall I Submit?

6: No print or enlargement more than ten inches in the longest dimension will be accepted.

How Will Pictures Be Judged?

7: All pictures will be judged solely on their general interest and appeal. Photographic excellence or technique, while important, will not be the deciding factor in determining prize-winners. The decision of the judges shall be accepted as final.

How Will I Be Notified, Should I Win a Prize?

8: Entrants who win prizes will be notified by letter within ninety days of receipt of their entries. They must then submit the original negative with print, and sign a statement that the prize-winning picture has not been entered in any other contest or sold to any other publication. If you do not hear from the photo editor within ninety days, you have not won a prize this time, so try again. The winning of one prize does not preclude you from winning another.

How Do I Enter the Contest?

9: To enter this competition, mail a print or prints of as many pictures as you desire, to Photo Editor, REDBOOK Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York, New York. On the back of each picture, print your name and address clearly in ink, also date of picture.

What About People Appearing in the Pictures?

10: IMPORTANT—If you take a picture which you expect to enter in our contest, and in which a person or persons appear, be sure to get the name and address of each one. This is necessary, because before your picture can become eligible for a prize, the written consent of the person or persons to the use of the picture in the magazine must be obtained.

Should I Give My Pictures a Title?

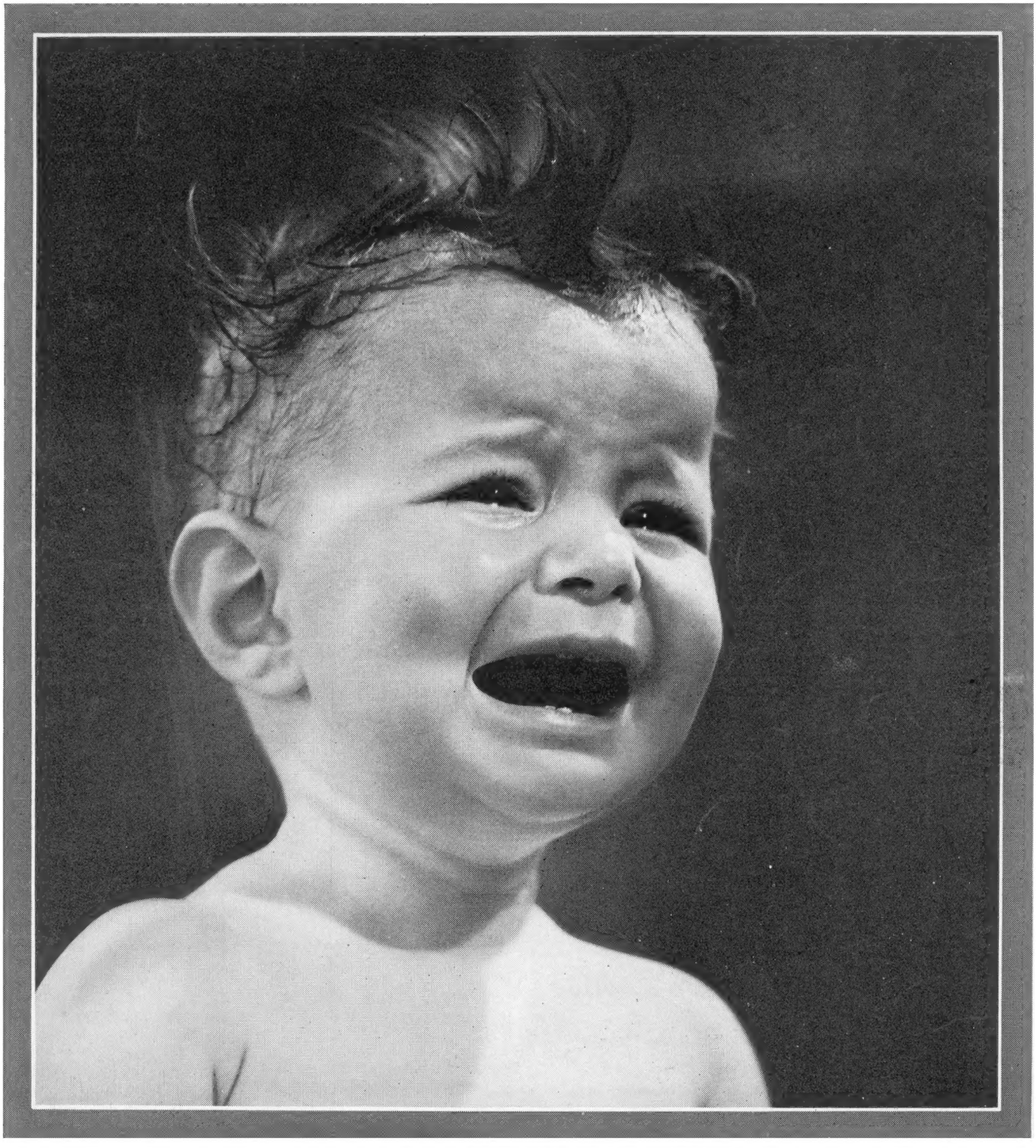
11: All pictures should be titled, as all prize-winners will be titled. However, REDBOOK reserves the right to edit or retitle all prize-winners.

Will My Entry Be Returned?

12: *No print will be returned.* Do not submit negatives with your prints. Keep them until requested by our photo editor. Only original negatives accepted. REDBOOK Magazine assumes no responsibility for negatives.

Must I Be a Resident of the U. S. A.?

13: Residents of all countries will be eligible.



Have a good cry!

IF YOU want to catch every mood of your youngster on film—and catch it just right—load your camera with Agfa ... the film that insures good pictures.

For general, outdoor photographs, use Agfa Plenachrome. It is one of Agfa's complete line of films, among which you'll find exactly the film you need for each type of photography.

All Agfa Films bring you that famous "extra margin of quality" which helps you get the best results under ordinary conditions and *surprisingly good* results even when photographic conditions are far from favorable.

Start using Agfa Film today ... and get better pictures! Every roll of Agfa Film is guaranteed: "Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free!" ***Agfa Ansco, Binghamton, New York. Made in U. S. A.***

Agfa Film

The only film that guarantees
"Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free!"

Agfa

At home, at work or vacationing, be sure to enjoy the distinctive, fresh flavors and fine quality of Beech-Nut Gum. It is always refreshing and restful. Your choice of 7 delicious varieties, including the *new* Cinnamon Beechies. Try all 7 and see which you like best!

Beech-Nut Gum

made with care, in country air, at Flavor-Town (*Canajoharie*), N.Y.

America's Favorite. Popular Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum.

New! Spicy cinnamon flavored Beechies.

Delicious candy-coated individual pieces in 4 flavors. Handy for pocket or purse.

Oralgum—made firmer in texture for mouth health. Chew with a purpose.

An extra-tempting flavor you'll enjoy!

GOING TO THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR?
Visit the Beech-Nut building. If you drive, stop at Canajoharie, in the Mohawk Valley of New York, and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

One of America's GOOD habits